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THE OLD HIGHLANDS

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Papers, no. 3

See Private, page x.

The Old Highlands

being papers read
before
the Gaelic Society
of Glasgow
1895-1906

with
an introduction
by
Neil Munro

Glasgow
Archibald Sinclair
MCMVIII

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PREFACE.

THIS year the Gaelic Society of Glasgow celebrates its majority. Founded in October, 1887, it has in its measure sedulously striven to realize its objects:—"The cultivation of the Gaelic Language; the cultivation and development of Celtic Philology, Literature, and Music; the elucidation of Celtic Antiquities; and the fostering of a Celtic spirit among the Highlanders of Glasgow."

Regular Meetings have been held during the winter months, at which papers have been read by every Celtic scholar of note in Scotland, as well as by some from England, Ireland, Wales, and the Colonies.

In 1891 it published its first volume of transactions, containing a selection of the papers read at its meetings up to that date. This was followed in 1894 by a second volume. And now, largely through the generosity of the late Mr. Archibald Gray Macdonald, of 8 Park Circus, Glasgow, who bequeathed to the Society the sum of £750, it is able to issue its third venture, "The Old Highlands."

This volume contains selected studies from papers and lectures delivered to the Society during the years 1895-1906. Many others of high value are not available for publication here, having already appeared in magazine or book form.

In addition to its literary work, the Society has all along advocated the teaching of the Gaelic Language and its Literature in the University of Glasgow. When the movement to found the present Lectureship was initiated by the late Principal Story, it was to the Gaelic Society he made his first public appeal. It responded by

guaranteeing an annual subsidy for five years, and thus gave a lead that was followed by other Highland Associations in the city with the desired result. One of the founders of the Society, Professor Magnus Maclean, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., was the first Lecturer under the Kelly-M'Callum Bequest, and the present holder of the Lectureship on the new foundation, is the Rev. George Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., Hon. President of the Society.

In now issuing "The Old Highlands," the Society desires to thank the gentlemen who so kindly have allowed their contributions to appear in the book, and who in this way help further to forward the more permanent literary work of the Society.

J. A. MACKEGGIE,
Hon. Secretary.

GLASGOW, *March, 1908.*

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they may have their interest intensely roused in its productions if they are properly introduced thereto, and the Society itself, with any spirit of grace in it, may congratulate itself on the extended scope of its influence. There is, in the "Transactions" of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and of the Glasgow Gaelic Society, an exceedingly rich store of literature—historical, poetical, philological, and generally informative, which many a book buyer would prize if he had not unhappily been misled by an unfortunate title and a repellant exterior.

In producing this, the third volume of selected papers read before it in recent years, the Gaelic Society of Glasgow has wisely determined on the abandonment of the old convention, and made an effort to produce its whilom "Transactions" in a form more likely to attract the ordinary reader, whose sympathy it is its desire to secure, and whose welfare it has almost as much at heart as the sustenance of its own corporate loyalty to the Gaelic cause. We have called our volume "The Old Highlands," not, perhaps, so much because the greater part of its contents deal with bye-gone conditions in the glens and on the hills of our heritance, as because the spirit which the following essays disengage is one of pride in the past and affection for surviving ancient things. The Highlands and the Highland heart are very old; they find expression in the oldest and most valuable monument that exists in this country—that Gaelic tongue in which the archæologist and the patriot ought logically

to have more interest than in the noblest relics of stone, yet too palpably regard with indifference, since it is not yet close enough upon extinction to arouse the enthusiasm which they reserve for things moribund, broken beyond remedy, and useless save to sentiment. Yet, let the gentle English reader be reassured, here is no loud propaganda of "Scotland for the Gael!" the contributors to this volume are, for the time being, more curious about their antecedents, and about affairs of racial custom, art, and story, than eager to proclaim the rights of what the Irish, in our common language, call *Sinn Fein.* Nor do we, in these pages, too insistently return to the field of Celtic myth, so peculiarly fascinating to men of letters who at all care for Celtic literature, but receded irrecoverably from the interest of Gaeldom, and yet so prominent in many recent Celtic writings as to intensify the English illusion that we are all children of mist and fantasy, cut off by temperament from ordinary humanity that finds poetry, romance, and a national spirit in the common interests of the day.

What the Old Highlands were, and not remotely, will be found in the papers on "Social Progress in the Highlands since the Forty-five," "Life in the Highlands in the Olden Time," "The Development of the Different Systems of Education in the Highlands," and to some extent in "The Clan System as a Legal Entity." That more elusive thing, the Gaelic spirit, and much that it inherits of feeling and poetry, is indicated in Professor Kuno Meyer's "Ancient

Gaelic Poetry," Professor Mackinnon's "Hymns of the Gael," "The Legend of the Fiann," and "The Songs of the Gael." The humour and worldly wisdom of our race are here too, and, naturally, only to be read in their own language, as written in the papers entitled "A measg tuath na Gaidhealtachd" and "Na Sean-fhacail," while the language itself has its origins and character attractively dealt with by Mr. Lachlan Mac Bean and Mr. Malcolm Mac Farlane.

NEIL MUNRO.

ANCIENT GAELIC POETRY

PROFESSOR KUNO MEYER, PH.D.

IT has long been a custom with German historians of literature to divide all poetry into two large sections, *Kunstdichtung*, or art-poetry, and *Volksdichtung*, or folk-poetry, terms which explain themselves though they are difficult to define, mainly because 'art' and 'folk' do not form a proper contrast. However we may express it, such or some similar distinction and division will be found convenient for grouping the poetry of most nations. In ancient Gaelic literature the poetry of the professional *filidh* or bards, attached to the chiefs and reigning families of the country, differs widely in subject and style from that of the unattached and often anonymous poets. Unfortunately the manuscripts of Ireland and Scotland, though they have handed down innumerable bardic compositions, contain comparatively little of the latter kind, and a better insight into Gaelic popular poetry can be obtained from modern collections, such as Douglas Hyde's *Love-songs of Connaught*, or the same author's *Raftery*, than from the great repositories of Gaelic literature.

I will begin my survey by an account of the oldest bardic poetry. From the earliest times we know the names of many famous bards of ancient Ireland and Scotland. Celebrating the exploits of their chief and his ancestors, they have become the chroniclers of many historical events. It remains, however, for a detailed examination to establish in all cases how far the poems ascribed to a particular bard are authentic.

The style of Gaelic poetry is throughout lyrical rather than epical. Even when facts are dealt with, the lyrical character prevails. The poet alludes to them rather than he narrates them. There is no such thing as a Gaelic or Welsh ballad.[1] The Celtic nations stand almost alone in this that they did not employ poetry for epical narrative. While the great epics of other nations, the Mahabharata and Shahnameh, the Iliad and Æneid, Beowulf and the Nibelungenlied, as well as the Finnish Kalewala, all have metrical form, the great epics of Ireland and Wales, the Táin Bó Cúailnge and the Mabinogion are prose tales. So much indeed was prose the natural vehicle of expression for Gaelic narrative, that when in the 11th and 12th centuries the classical legends of the destruction of Troy or of Alexander, Virgil's *Æneid* or Lucan's *Pharsalia*, or, at a later period, the Arthurian epics of France were done into Gaelic, they were all turned from poetry into prose.

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[1] A Gaelic poem in genuine ballad style stands at once suspected of being a rendering of a Germanic original. See, for an example of such a borrowing, the 'Irish folk-ballad' published by Douglas Hyde in *Eriu* II. p. 77.

In giving specimens of the various kinds of composition in vogue among the early bards, my choice is restricted by the circumstance that very little of their poetry has as yet been edited or translated.

One of the reasons, indeed, why older Gaelic poetry has hitherto aroused but little interest is to be sought in the circumstance that editors and translators have turned their attention, in the first place, to metrical compositions which loom large, indeed, in our manuscripts, but which cannot be classed as poetry at all. I mean, *e.g.*, the festologies, chronological, topographical and historical poems, which were composed for didactic purposes by learned professors at the monastic schools of Ireland. They were copied so busily for the sake of the information which they convey in a convenient form. Meanwhile, the genuine poetry of Ireland was relegated to the margins and blank spaces of vellum manuscripts, or, written on paper, has the more easily perished. There can be no doubt that in this way a large amount of ancient Gaelic poetry has been irretrievably lost. We possess an old metrical treatise, written in the 10th century, in which the initial lines of about 350 poems are quoted, but one or two of which have been preserved in their entirety.

I will begin with a species of composition which the Gaels share with the Norse—the sword and shield songs. Weapons in olden times were looked upon almost as living things possessing a soul, able to move of their own accord, now thirsting for blood and again desiring rest, and by their bright or dull

appearance auguring well or ill for their owner. They had names, and were handed down as heirlooms. I do not, however, remember having met with a song about a lance or spear. A famous shield-song is the one composed by MacLiag, the hereditary bard of the O'Kellys towards the end of the 10th century. It begins:

> "Let the shield of Gaela's king be burnished!
> Put figures of chalk upon its frame!"[1]

The poet proceeds to mention every other shield hung up in the banqueting hall of Tadg Mór O'Kelly, every one of which had been taken in battle from some celebrated warrior or chief. As these battles are all mentioned, a poem like this has a certain historical interest. The same is the case with a sword-song composed about A.D. 909, by Dallán mac Móre, chief bard to King Cerbhall of Leinster.[2] This bard was the author of several poems still extant, all relating to the affairs of his royal master or the dynasty of Leinster. In a poem consisting of twenty stanzas he enumerates no less than forty battles fought by Cerbhall. For the king was a mighty warrior, who at one time or another was at war with all the neighbouring kings, as well as with the Norse invaders. But he was also proficient in the arts of peace, for if we may trust his eulogist,

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[1] Sciath rígh Gáela glantar hí! craeba cailce for a cliu! MS. Egerton, 90, fo. 18a.

[2] See my edition and translation in *Revue Celtique*, vol. xx. p. 7.

"He was an ollave in legal speech, he was a diligent reader of good memory; he was a seer, a perfect poet, he was a ready master of music."[1]

This is the beginning of the song of Cerbhall's sword:

"Hail, sword of Cerbhall! Oft hast thou been in the great woof of war, oft giving battle, beheading high princes.

Oft hast thou gone a-raiding in the hands of kings, oft hast thou divided the spoil.

Many a shield hast thou cleft in battle, many a head, many a chest, many a fair skin.

Forty years without sorrow Énna had thee, who gave thee ('twas no niggard's gift) to his own son, to Dunlang."

The poet then enumerates the kings who one after another had inherited the sword, and concludes thus:

"Who shall henceforth possess thee? or to whom wilt thou deal ruin? Now that Cerbhall is departed, with whom wilt thou be bedded?

Thou shalt not be neglected. Come to Naas, where Finn of the feasts is—there they will hail thee with 'Welcome!'"

The bards lived entirely upon the exercise of their art, receiving for each poem a fixed price, which was rarely given in money, but in cattle, horses, hounds, cups or chains of gold or silver, mantles, brooches, &c. It is, therefore, not surprising that poems in praise of the generosity of their patrons abound, many of which were evidently composed for the purpose of

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[1] Ba ollom bérla Féine, ba léignid léire mebra,
Ba fáith, ba fili forba, ba súi solma na senma,

—*Book of Leinster*, p. 201b. 42.

eliciting a still higher reward. Hardly any of these eulogistic poems have hitherto been published.

The subjects of the bulk of bardic poetry are praise and blame. Indeed, from the beginning these have been the keynotes of Celtic poetry. The Greek writer, Poseidonios, the teacher of Cicero, speaking of the bards of Gaul, says that to extol or to lampoon were their two main functions. To him we owe the following anecdote of the first Celtic poet of whom we hear in history; a Gaulish bard of the second century B.C. Poseidonios relates that one day when Louernios, king of a Gaulish tribe, the Arverni, gave a grand feast in a specially constructed quadrangular hall, a bard had the misfortune to arrive too late. Seeing the king passing out in his chariot he followed him on foot, and, running alongside the royal car, recited a poem in praise of the king and deplored his own bad luck in having arrived post festum. The king, delighted with the poetry, threw him his purse. The bard then poured out his thanks in the following strain:

> "The track of earth on which thou ridest along brings gold and benefits to men."

This earliest note of Celtic poetry is eminently characteristic. The same scene might have been enacted at any time in mediæval Ireland or Wales.

Satire was largely cultivated by Gaelic bards of all ages. The general name for it is *áir* (now *aor*), but, according to its purpose, there were numerous subdivisions, from the most lofty satire down to the scurrilous lampoon or pasquinade.

Sometimes it was merely intended to censure or annoy, sometimes to imprecate and curse. In the hands of a skilful poet it was a most terrible weapon, for the people believed in the efficacy of the curse. No calamity almost was dreaded so much as incurring the wrath of a celebrated bard. A man would give his all to avert it. We read, *e.g.*, of Athirne, a poet who lived at Howth, near Dublin, satirising the men of Leinster for having killed his only son. For a whole year he continued to satirise them, and thereby bring fatalities upon them, so that neither corn nor grass nor foliage grew in Leinster in that year. In much later and even modern times, in the Annals and elsewhere, we constantly come upon similar stories of the effect of satire. In 1414, Niall O'Higgin, a famous bard of West Meath, composed a satire upon Sir John Stanley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which caused his death. And the Four Masters who chronicle this event add: "This was the second 'poetical miracle' performed by the same Niall." The fame of the Irish bards in this respect reached even England. "The Irishmen will not stick to affirm," says an Elizabethan writer, "that they can rime either man or beast to death." [1]

The wandering scholar and bard, Mac Conglinne, having a grudge against the monks of Cork, who treated him inhospitably by offering him nothing but a small bowl of porridge, made the following quatrains:

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[1] See John O'Donovan, *The Tribes of Ireland*, p. 28.

"Cork, with its sweet bells,
Its soil is bitter sand,
Food there is none in it.

"Unto doom I would not eat,
Unless famine befel me,
The oaten ration of Cork,
Cork's oaten ration."

The effect here depends on the heaping of alliteration and assonance in the last lines: *Cuachán corca Corcaige.* The starving scholar then began to lampoon the abbot of the monastery, who lived in comfort and luxury, making a mock pedigree in due form for him, "such as"—the story says—"had not been invented for any man before, and will not be invented till doom." [1]

The bitterest, most wicked and diabolical satire ever written in Ireland is one composed by a member of the great bardic family of the O'Dalys, on the astrologer and almanack maker, Dr. Whaley, an Englishman who had come into Ireland in Cromwell's train, and who had been instrumental in hanging a brother of the bard. It has never been translated, but the following account will give some idea of it: [2] The poet first describes the hellish practices of the astrologer, whom he alleges to be in league with the Devil. Since he began with his evil eye to view the moon and the planets, their benign influence had been destroyed; so that the cornfields, the fruit trees, and the grass had ceased to grow; the birds had forgotten

[1] See my edition of the *Vision of Mac Conglinne*, p. 32.

[2] See John O'Donovan, *l.c.*

their songs, except the foul and ominous birds of night, and the young animals were destroyed *in utero.* He then begins to wither this Antichrist of Ireland with awful imprecations, implores that all the plagues of Egypt, the various diseases which waste the world may attack him, and calls down upon his guilty head the curses of God, the angels, the saints and all good men. "I hope to see the day," he ends, "when Dermot"—the Jack Ketch of Dublin of the time—"will make you ride on high, with wooden stirrups and a halter of hemp."

Sometimes, however, those who had become the butts of satire took dire revenge. Six men of the O'Haras, passing by the house of the blind bard, Teigue O'Higgin, brother of the Archbishop of Tuam, in the beginning of the 17th century, helped themselves to a refection. But Teigue requited the affront with so stinging a lampoon that the six returned, first cut out his tongue and then put him to death. Here is the poem which cost him his life:

"A gang of six they were that came into my house, and of the six I will publish a description: Badly off for milk I was upon the morrow, from the thirst of the six gallow-birds. Long enough before that time it was that (owing to black misery) no mouthful of cow's meat (*i.e.*, dairy produce) had found its way into their systems (lit., organs)—those twice three individuals whom we have mentioned. Yet not in hidden wise 'tis best to satirise them whosoe'er they be that merit censure: seeing then that the gang of six I have condemned, it may not be but that I tell

it out. The first man that we saw, and the best harnessed of the kerne, was a young fellow whom for his whole get-up a groat would have paid amply, and one that ne'er shirked either drink or play. The second (as I made out) that marched at the regiment's head—a lean chap whom his very marrow had forsaken—I will not suffer to escape unreckoned. The third poor loon's equipment consisted in an old spear and in a soft gapped axe (himself and his family axe in a set-to indeed!) alas for battle-armament so sorry! Arsenal of the fourth that all flux-smitten came along with them: four shafts (*i.e.*, javelins) slung saltier-wise athwart his rump, (shafts) that from target had never chipped a splinter. Following hard upon the other four here comes me on the fifth rogue now: with skimpy shirt (a pledge not valid for four pence) and, as I deemed, no better was his mantle. Unless it were the wild man of the woods here at the heels of the other five—attenuated varlet of a glassen species —how paltry, when one had inspected him, his value was! Since then to live on in this life of theirs is but equivalent to their being dead (for they exist not that for all existence have but such) of God that shed His blood I pray that no man ever kill this gang of six."[1]

The bards were frequently the tutors and advisers of young princes, or took that role upon themselves. Many exhortatory poems addressed by them to their

[1] This version, like the following two, is taken from Standish Hayes O'Grady's Catalogue of the Irish MSS. in the British Museum.

charges upon momentous occasions, such as the taking over of the chieftainship, have been preserved. Here is an example from the 16th century, addressed to the Earl of Clanricard's son:

"My son, well wear thine arms: thy natural right it is to shield thy patrimonial due. O arm, not niggardly endowed with strength, good luck in battle wait on thy first martial suit! In a good hour and propitiously, O son of him that rules Ailill's rath—thou whose fame all champions envy—this thine equipment thou hast now assumed. Well wear, O Earl's son, thy compact and close and glittering mail in which no doorway may be found—thy well-knit flashing armature. The banded youth of peace (*i.e.*, thy friendly and allied coevals) shall raise victory's cry; but in hostile quarters shall be squalls of crows and croak of wheeling ravenbirds, respondant to thy trenchant glinting weapon." [1]

In later times, under the English dominion, the bards often stirred up whole tribes to rebellion, whence they became so obnoxious to the government that severe laws were passed against them and those who entertained them. The poet Spencer also recommended the checking of these war-like bards who fired the minds of the young with rebellion. It is interesting to have the great English poet's opinion on the poetical value of these bardic compositions. In his *View of the State of Ireland*, Eudoxus is made to say:

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[1] See O'Grady's Catalogue, p. 376.

"But tell me, I pray you, have they any art in their compositions? or be they anything witty or well savoured as poems should be?"

And Irenæus answers him:

"Yea truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry;[1] yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them."

Here is a poem of this kind addressed to the Irish in general, by the poet Angus mac Daighre O'Daly:

"God be with you, ye warriors of the Gael! let not subjugation be heard reported of you, for infamy ye have never merited in time of battle nor of war. By you, O generous and weapon-glittering company! for sake of your own natural soil be a valiant struggle made: for homesteads of the Gadelian island's fertile field. If, O gallant band of hardy enterprise, ye would fain enforce your claim to Ireland, never shun desperate deed nor contest, nor great and frequent battles. Better to be on the cold hills' summits, keeping a watch that is brief-slumbered and alert, and seeking chance of bicker with the foreign horde that have the land of your forefathers.

"Ireland! it is this: that God hath not seen fit to have you help each one the other; else, to the force from London's baleful quarters victory over you all

[1] Not knowing the originals Spencer could hardly be a judge of this.

together had never appertained. Torment it is to me that in the very tribal gathering foreigners proscribe them that are Ireland's royal chiefs, in whose own ancestral territory is vouchsafed them now no designation other than the lowly 'wood-kern's' name. They (and this is but a little part of the iniquity wrought on Ireland's men) are in the rugged glens, while the plain country of this that is Crimthann's region belongs to a rabid gang of strangers. All the treacherous designs that are entertained against them —generous war-accustomed champions that they are —and the number of enemies vigilant to slay them: these be the things that make me to have troubled sleep. When Leinster's heroes—primest of the good men of this land of braves—have victory over the foreigners of Conn's fold (*i.e.*, the English intruders into Ireland) my mind is cheery, blithe, indeed. Again, when these English—that with purpose to work universal ruin of the Gael are come over the billowy sea—achieve success over our free men, I am all gloom. The children of Raghnall—God be their shelter—are a complement of blue-bladed warriors sufficient to encounter fight; yet it is the extremity to which in this glen of theirs they are reduced that affects my mind with debility. God be with them in their lying down and rising up—men of strength that they are, most vigorous in the mêlée—God be with them in their standing up and in their lying down, and in the time of delivering the battle."[1]

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[1] See O'Grady's Catalogue, p. 505.

I must now leave the bards to turn to another great section of ancient Gaelic literature, religious poetry. Under this heading I include poems both of a literary and popular character dealing with all the varied aspects of religious life. They range from single quatrains to lengthy compositions. Many of the latter, however, do not concern us here, as they contain hardly anything but strings of names. Such are, *e.g.*, the great rhymed Festologies or Martyrologies of Angus the Culdee (9th century) and of Gorman (12th century). These, as I have said before, can hardly class as literature, though they are by no means devoid of art, showing a high degree of metrical skill and technical finish.

The *Saltair na Rann*, or "Psalter of the Quatrains," was composed by an unknown poet towards the end of the 10th century. Its title is meant to indicate that, like the Psalter, it consists of 150 poems. These contain a sketch of Biblical history from the creation to the resurrection, followed by ten poems on the last judgment. The whole has been edited by Whitley Stokes, but no translation has yet been made, though it merits one, as you may judge from the following lines on the miracles following the crucifixion:

"Darkness sprang over every plain:
Earth's dead arose.
Dear God's elements were afraid
When the veil of the Temple was rent.

"Every creature wailed,
Heaven and earth trembled,
The sea rushed over its bounds,
Hearts of black rock split."

But the religious poetry of the Gael that will most appeal to the modern reader are the smaller lyrics, which are either anonymous or have been ascribed to particular saints. The fact that so many of them are fathered upon nearly every famous saint from Patrick onwards, serves to show the friendly attitude of the native clergy towards vernacular poetry. These poems give us a fascinating insight into the religious life of the early Church. We see the hermit in his lonely cell, the monk at his devotions or at his work in the garden or field, or again, engaged in writing and copying manuscripts, as in the following quatrains, which are among the oldest in Gaelic speech. They are found on the margin of the St. Gall manuscript:

"A hedge of trees surrounds me,
A blackbird's lay sings to me;
Above my lined booklet
The trilling birds chant to me.

"In a gray mantle from the top of bushes
The cuckoo sings:
May the Lord protect me from doom!
Well do I write under the greenwood."

In another Gaelic manuscript, now preserved in the monastery of St. Paul's, in Carinthia, we find a quaint poem about the friendship existing between a learned monk and his pet white cat. "In it the monk describes how he and his cat sit together, himself puzzling out some literary or historical problem, the cat thinking of hunting mice, and how the taste of each is difficult and requires much patience." [1]

[1] George Moore, *The Lake*, p. 162.

Here is a quatrain put in the mouth of a monk going from his cell to nocturns:

> "Sweet little bell
> That is struck[1] in the night of wind,
> I liefer go to a tryst with thee
> Than to a tryst with a foolish woman."

Or we hear the hermit who with some chosen companions has left one of the great monasteries, with its hundreds or thousands of monks, in order to live in the solitude of woods or mountains, or by the sea, or on a lonely island.

"I wish, O Son of the living God, O Ancient, Eternal King, for a hidden little hut in the wilderness, that it may be my dwelling.

An all-grey lithe little lark to be by its side, a clear pool to wash away sins through the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Quite near, a beautiful wood around it on every side, to nurse many-voiced birds, hiding it with its shelter.

A southern aspect for warmth, a little brook across its floor, a choice land with many gracious gifts such as be good for every plant.

A few men of sense—we will tell their number—humble and obedient, to pray to the King:

Four times three, three times four, fit for every need, twice six in the church, both north and south.

Six pairs besides myself, praying for ever the King who makes the sun shine.

A pleasant church and with the linen altar-cloth, a dwelling for God from Heaven; then, shining candles above the pure white scriptures.

One house for all to go to for the care of the body, without ribaldry, without boasting, without thought of evil.

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[1] The tongueless Irish bells were struck, not rung.

Raiment and food enough for me from the King of fair fame, and I to be sitting for a while praying God in every place."[1]

Another hermit's song of a more ascetic turn begins:

"All alone in my little cell without a single soul in my company! Beloved pilgrimage before going to the tryst with Death!"[2]

The dangers and errors of the Viking period cannot be better illustrated than by the following quatrain, probably written in a monastery somewhere on the east coast of Ireland in the 9th century:

"Bitter is the wind to-night,
It tosses the ocean's white hair:
I do not fear the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish sea to-night."

The art of writing is made the subject of a pretty poem ascribed to Colum Cille, himself an indefatigable scribe. It begins:

"Across the plain of great shining books
My little dripping pen stretches:
On the page it squirts its draught of ink
Of the green-skinned holly."

On pampered and dissolute living:

"A sleek body and a long stout side—'twill not be long before the body will be rotting, and the devil will have the soul.

It is blindness, it is madness, it is a bargain without sense, for the pleasure of one brief hour to dwell in everlasting pain."

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[1] See the original in *Eriu I.*, p. 40.

[2] *Eriu II.*, p. 55.

Here are two quatrains on the crucifixion:

"At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O cheek like a swan!
'Twere not right ever to cease lamenting—
'Twas like the parting of day from night."

"Ah! though sore the suffering
Put upon the body of Mary's Son,
Sorer to Him was the grief
That was on her for His sake."

Pilgrimages to Rome were common among the Irish, especially after the subjugation of the Celtic Church by that of Rome. Here is a quatrain evidently composed in Rome by a disappointed pilgrim, who in the 8th or 9th century experienced something like what Luther felt on the same spot centuries later:

"To go to Rome
Is much of trouble, little of profit.
The King whom thou seekest here,
Unless thou bring Him with thee, thou dost not find."

The hymn of St. Quiricus was considered so effective for the forgiveness of sins that some one composed the following quatrain on it:

"If the dour demon sang Quiricus' hymn to Judas, who is worst under Heaven, his sins would be forgiven."

Epitaphs and laments abound. Many of them have been preserved in the *Annals*. Here is one on a great scholar:

"Dead is Lon of Kilgarad—great is the evil! To Erin with her many homesteads it is ruin of learning and of schools."

We find poems half in Latin, half in Irish, such as the following, composed by a poet of the 11th century, Maelisu by name:

"Deus meus, adiuva me!
Give me Thy love, O Son of God!
Give me Thy love, O Son of God!
Deus meus, adiuva me!

"In meum cor ut sanum sit
Put quickly, glorious King, Thy love!
Put quickly, glorious King, Thy love
In meum cor ut sanum sit!

Many quatrains inculcate hospitality, a virtue prized no less by the Christian than by the Pagan Gael.

"O King of stars!
Whether my house be dark or bright,
Never shall it be closed against any one,
Lest Christ close His house against me."

Or again:

"If there be a guest in your house
And you conceal anything from him,
'Tis not the guest that will be without it,
But Jesus, the Son of Mary."

With an imaginative and fanciful people like the Gael, the legends that have sprung up around their saints, the sayings and poems attributed to them are innumerable. How far any of these are genuine or based on actual fact it is of course difficult to ascertain, and perhaps idle to enquire. Once that the character of the saint had impressed itself upon the imagination of the people, it became a theme which was played upon again and again. His generosity,

his modesty and humility, or his humour, his ready wit and repartee, his austerity and violence speak to us from these poems and stories, and reveal to us the humanity of these early clerics.

The character of the man is always well brought out, a fact which sometimes enables us to attribute anonymous sayings or poetry to a well-known saint. Thus the numerous stories about S. Moling all show to us a personage whom we may characterise as the most humorous and witty of Irish saints. To him the following quatrain is attributed:

> "When I am among my seniors I am a proof that sport is forbidden. When I am among the mad young folk, they think that I am the junior."

I now pass on to another group of lyrical poems in which the Gaelic muse may vie with that of any other nation—the poems having nature for their theme. Indeed, the Celtic nature-poems—I say Celtic because they are also found from the earliest times among the Welsh—occupy a unique position in the world's literature. The feeling for nature in all its aspects and moods has but slowly developed among most nations. At the beginning of the modern era it was almost extinct, and was only gradually revived in the 18th century. As an example of the medieval and early modern feeling towards nature, I may remind you that down to the 18th century Switzerland was looked upon as an accurst country, created by the devil rather than by the hand of God, while the Lowlands of Holland, with their lovely level expanse, their gardens, avenues, groves and ponds

were regarded as one of the most beautiful countries. To love unadulterated nature, to seek it out in its grandest and in its tiniest phenomena was given to no race so early as to the Celt. Many hundreds of Welsh and Gaelic poems from the earliest times down to the present are there to testify to this fact. It was one of the aspects of Celtic poetry that Matthew Arnold loved and noted in his essay. It has since been elaborated by several writers, notably by Professor Lewis Jones in an article upon the poems of the Welsh bard Dafydd ap Gwilym, the contemporary of Chaucer.[1] I need not therefore dwell upon it here, but only draw your attention to this, that nowhere in these poems do we get an elaborate detailed description of any scene or scenery, but rather a succession of pictures and images which the poet, like an impressionist, calls up before us by light and skilful touches.

It is interesting and important to observe that quite a number of these old nature-poems are ascribed to Finn, the son of Cumhall. In the oldest setting of the so-called Ossianic tales, the poets of the *Fianna* were Finn himself and Fergus Finnbheul, not Ossin. How, in later and comparatively recent times, Ossin has ousted his father from this position has been shown by Professor Windisch in his article on Ossianic poetry.[2]

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[1] 'The Celt and the Poetry of Nature,' in the *Transactions of the Hon. Society of Cymmrodorion*, Session 1892-93, p. 46ff.

[2] *Revue Celtique*, vol. V., p. 70 ff.

When Finn had learnt the art of poetry from Finnéces, an old bard who lived upon the banks of the River Boyne, he composed the following song 'to prove his poetry:'

"May-day, season surpassing!
Splendid is colour then.
Blackbirds sing a full lay
If there be but a slender shaft of day.

"The dust-coloured cuckoo calls aloud:
Welcome, splendid summer!
The bitterness of bad weather is past,
The boughs of the wood are a thicket.

"Summer cuts the river down,
The swift herd of horses seeks the pool,
The long hair of the heather is outspread,
The soft, white wild-cotton blows.

"Panic startles the heart of the deer,
The smooth sea runs apace,
Season when ocean sinks asleep,
Blossom covers the world.

"Bees with puny strength carry
A goodly burden, the harvest of blossoms;
Up the mountain-side kine take with them mud,
The ant makes a rich meal.

"The harp of the forest sounds music,
The sail gathers—perfect peace!
Colour has settled on every height,
Haze on the lake of full waters.

"The corncrake, a strenuous bard, discourses,
The lofty, cold waterfall sings
A welcome to the warm pool,
The talk of the rushes is come.

"The peat-bog is as the raven's coat,
The loud cuckoo bids welcome,
The speckled fish leaps,
Strong is the bound of the swift warrior.

"Man flourishes, the maiden buds
In her fair, strong pride.
Perfect each forest from top to ground,
Perfect each great stately plain.

"A flock of birds settles
In the midst of meadows,
The green field rustles,
Wherein is a brawling white stream.

"A wild longing is on you to race horses,
The ranked host is ranged around:
A bright shaft has been shot into the land,
So that the water-flag is gold beneath it.

"A timorous, tiny, persistent little fellow
Sings at the top of his voice,
The lark sings clear tidings:
Surpassing May-day of delicate colours!"[1]

"King and Hermit" I call a colloquy between Guaire of Aidne, a well-known king of the 7th century, and his brother Marban, who has become a hermit. The king remonstrates with him for leading a retired and frugal life when all the pleasures of the royal court might be his. The hermit answers, not in an austere or ascetic spirit, but extolling the delights of his forest dwelling above those of the king's palace itself:

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[1] See my *Four Songs of Summer and Winter*, p. 9 ff.

"I have a shieling in the wood,
None knows it save my God:
An ash tree on the hither side, a hazelbush beyond:
A huge old tree encompasses it.

"Two heath-clad doorposts for support,
And a lintel of honeysuckle;
The forest round its narrowness sheds
Its mast upon fat swine.

"The music of the little bright red-breasted men,
A lovely movement!
The strain of the thrush, familiar cuckoos
Above my house.

"The voice of the wind against the branchy wood
Upon the deep-blue sky,
Falls of the river, the note of the swan,
Delightful music!

"A clutch of eggs, honey, delicious mast,
God has sent it.
Sweet apples, red whortle berries,
Berries of the heath.

"Without an hour of fighting, without the din of strife
In my house.
Grateful to the Prince who giveth every good
To me in my shieling."[1]

A poem of a very different kind is the Song of the Cailleach Bhéirre, or the Old Woman of Beare, a well-known district in the S.W. of Ireland. It is the lament of an old *hetaira*, who contrasts the privations

[1] See 'King and Hermit,' a colloquy between King Guaire of Aidne and his brother Marban, being an Irish poem of the 10th century, edited and translated by Kuno Meyer. London: David Nutt. 1901.

and sufferings of her old age with the pleasures of her youth, when she had been the delight of kings. It reminds one strongly of François Villon's *Belle Heaulmière*, and is not the only instance in which the genius of French literature has been anticipated by that of Ireland. As usual, the poem is prefaced by an introduction, as follows:

"The Old Woman of Beare, Digdi was her name. The reason why she was called the Old Woman of Beare was that she had fifty foster-children in Beare. She had seven periods of youth one after another, so that every man who had lived with her came to die of old age, so that her grandsons and her great-grandsons were tribes and races. For a hundred years she wore the veil which Cummine had blessed upon her head. Thereupon old age and infirmity came to her."

In the poem she draws her imagery from the flood-tide and ebb-tide of the wide Atlantic, on whose shores she had lived and loved and suffered.

> "The wave of the great sea talks aloud,
> Winter has arisen.
> What the flood-wave brings to thee
> The ebbing wave carries out of thy land."

The glorious kings, on whose plains she once rode about in swift chariots with noble steeds, have all departed:

> "'Tis long since storms have reached
> Their gravestones that are old and decayed."

And as for herself:

"I had my day with kings,
Drinking mead and wine:
To-day I drink whey-water,
Among shrivelled old hags.

"My arms when they are seen
Are bony and thin:
Once they would fondle,
They would be round glorious kings.

"The maidens rejoice
When May-day comes to them.
For me sorrow is meeter,
For I am wretched, I am an old hag.

"Amen, woe is me!
Every acorn has to drop.
After feasting by shining candles
To be in the darkness of a prayer-house!"[1]

Of ancient love-poetry comparatively little has come down to us. What we have are mostly laments for departed lovers, such as the dirge variously ascribed to Geilgéis, daughter of Mac Lugdach,[2] or to Créde, daughter of Crimthann;[3] or another Créde's lament, of which I have attempted a translation in *Eriu*, vol. II., p. 15. With them we may class the lament of Liadain for her lost lover, Curithir, whom her caprice has driven across the sea:

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[1] See my edition and translation in *Otia Merseiana*, vol. I., p. 122 ff.

[2] See my edition of *Cath Finntrágha*, or the Battle of Ventry, p. 54.

[3] See Whitley Stokes' edition of the 'Acallamh na Senórach,' Irische Texte, vol. IV., p. 24.

"Joyless
The bargain I have made:
The heart of him I loved I wrung.

"A short while I was
In the company of Curithir,
Sweet was my intimacy with him.

"The music of the forest
Would sing to me when with Curithir,
Together with the voice of the purple sea."[1]

He who would have further examples of Gaelic love-poetry must turn to modern collections, among which the *Love-Songs of Connaught*, collected and translated by Douglas Hyde, occupy the foremost place. Here, too, there is a note of sadness in all the poems; disappointed love, vain regrets and longings are the themes most played upon. Like the nature-poems, these songs are full of fine and rare images often succeeding each other line for line.

"My heart is as black as a sloe,
Or as a black coal burnt in a forge,
As the sole of a shoe upon white halls,
And there is great sadness over my laugh.

"My heart is bruised, broken
Like ice upon the top of water,
As it were a cluster of nuts after crushing."

Lastly, I must not forget to mention that the Gaelic bards were at all times ready and skilful improvisers. Many instances of their improvisations are handed down. See, *e.g.*, the witty response made

[1] See *Liadain and Curithir*, an Irish love-story of the 9th century, edited and translated by Kuno Meyer, London, 1902.

by S. Moling to the demand of a party of brigands to sing quatrains to them.[1]

I will conclude by quoting the wonderful answer made by Raftery, a blind bard of the last century, to some one who heard him playing at a dance.[2] This man asked aloud: 'Who is the musician?' and the blind fiddler answered him:

"I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love,
With eyes that have no light,
With gentleness that has no misery.

"Going west upon my pilgrimage,
Guided by the light of my heart,
Feeble and tired,
To the end of my road.

"Behold me now,
With my face to a wall,
A-playing music
To empty pockets."

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[1] *Revue Celtique*, vol. XIV., p. 190.

[2] See Douglas Hyde's *Songs ascribed to Raftery*, Dublin, 1903, p. 41.

SOCIAL PROGRESS IN THE HIGHLANDS SINCE THE FORTY-FIVE

DAVID MACKEGGIE, M.A.

No more weird, elemental, stormy history awaits interpretation than that which lies behind the Highland life of to-day. For over a thousand years before the Rising of 1745, the Scottish Highlands had remained stationary so far as any real progress in the arts of life was concerned. Its condition in point of civilisation and order was better before 1300 A.D. than after; because at that time the tribes had not renounced the control of the central Government, nor set up as petty clans at feud with each other. But thereafter followed an era of revolts, of anarchy and disorder. For centuries history sees only a lurid light and trampling throng. The armed generations pass swiftly and stormfully across the bosom of the mainland and through the isles, laying waste with fire and sword. They rise and perish like the summer fly, most of them "heads without name, no more remembered," except, indeed, for ferocity and such marks of violence and revenge as have left names and places ghostly to this day.

We have before us, then, a vision of about forty tribes preying and pressing on each other in the narrow glens and islands, without any outlet for their surplus population. Going into another clan was like going into banishment, and to be without a chief was to be a broken man, at the mercy of insult and villainy. So we do not wonder that, though the rest of Britain had long emerged from such conditions, the Highlands remained thus primitive and disaffected, ready for any insurrection. National law and order were openly set at defiance, and in far too many respects, might was right, as in the dark ages.

Suddenly the end came. The Rebellion of 1745 marks the close of this long and lawless period and the opening of a new epoch in Scottish history. It was then the blow was struck that undermined Celtic feudalism. From that time the forces of civilisation, penetrating the Grampians, operated with alarming rapidity on the old life and institutions of the Highlands. Few chapters in modern history present a progress so unique and phenomenal. Elsewhere in Britain and a great part of Europe the transformation took place gradually in the slow course of the centuries. In the Highlands it was effected by forced marches, and in double quick-time. There, in fact, might be seen evolving history in cinematograph form—the old order marking time for a thousand years, outside influences suddenly bursting in, everything forthwith in motion, new forces at work disintegrating and undermining until the doomed system disappears piecemeal with the years, and by the magic of science and romance

the land and the people are re-created in the new order.

It is interesting to glance back over this galloping history and note some of the lines along which progress has travelled. The ideal and idyllic aspects of Highland life in the old days are pretty well known, and a detailed account here is entirely unnecessary. As Highlanders, we have imbibed from our youth reverence and admiration for the great traditions of our race, and most of us have drunk in with childhood fascination all the secret charm of song and story. We could have wished at various points in the history that progress, in its onward rush, had taken the bend rather than the cataract. It might have conserved to us some of the nobler elements of Celtic character that have been swept away. But now we have to deal with the facts as they stand, with the large outlines of the progress, and these are of a kind so imposing and impressive that, in spite of all the wrath expended on the wretches who had the driving of the machinery, we may conclude, with regard to the history as a whole, that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will." "The centuries tell what the days knew not."

Whatever they may have been in early times, there is no question that when the Highlanders emerged in 1745 they were a peculiar people far enough removed from the commonplace. They had lived off the beaten track for ages, and in the course of that period which seems so dark, chaotic, and

meaningless to us, they had developed remarkable qualities of mind and body. In the economy of the world it was to be expected that some unusual career awaited a people so proud and strenuous.

Their very peculiarities, however, tended to keep them apart, retired, and exclusive, so that if their endowments, thus strangely acquired, were not to be wasted in domestic strife and obscurity, it seemed as if an almost volcanic force were needed to make them available elsewhere.

Such a force did actually come into operation on two different occasions. First, in the two years from 1745 to 1747, which convulsion resulted in thousands being dispersed abroad throughout the world as soldiers and colonists. Second, from 1803 to 1823, when for the first time the country was opened up to strangers, and Highlanders were compelled to associate and co-operate with other people, with the result that the race fusion began between Gael and Gael, which is now going on so rapidly; and the Highlands was at length caught up as an integral part in the rising and splendid development of this great empire.

We know that in the history of nations as of individuals there are times more momentous than others, when new chains of circumstance are evolved, which contain in themselves the dynamic of future movements. Such were these two great creative periods with which we have now to deal. The details of the Rising of 1745 culminating in the final crash at Culloden and the awful atrocities that

followed, are more or less familiar. Few events have roused the national sentiment or filled so great a place in the popular imagination as this rebellion of Bonnie Prince Charlie has done.

But consider the posture of affairs when all was over. For the two years from 1745 to 1747 the peasantry had been accustomed to the marching and countermarching of armies, friendly and hostile. There was not a county in the Highlands but saw the agents of war passing swiftly with fell intent, and pausing here and there to forage or take revenge. Even after the rebellion was crushed, companies of soldiers continued to patrol the land, enforcing the Acts that were passed and extinguishing the dying embers of the revolt. To the Highlander these red coats were most obnoxious. He looked upon them as his natural enemies, the cause of all his woes, who kept the country in a fever of unrest. All the more because he was then himself at their mercy, the Gael having been so stunned after Culloden that he offered no further resistance. Fathers, brothers, kinsmen, comrades lay mute and still in a common trench on Drumossie moor, far from the graves of their ancestors. On the evening of the battle the dead were in layers of three and four deep. Chambers says that the rebels lost 1000 men. President Forbes and others calculated the loss at more than double that number. There was scarcely a family in the central Highlands but mourned for some loved ones, and all the charm of life and home had died out on many a hearth. The heroes were dead, and what heart was there in all the tribes

that did not vibrate at the violence of the stroke that fell so suddenly on the land quenching its light in darkness?

Where then the leaders? Ruined and scattered. Prince Charlie after his strange wanderings escaped on September 20, 1746, to France, bringing with him about seven score of his followers—all he could find—the melancholy wreck of a too fatal campaign. Cluny was hiding for nine years, and afterwards died in exile. Lord George Murray made his way to Holland. The aged Tullibardine, Duke of Atholl, died in the Tower. Old and young Glengarry were close prisoners. Lochiel and Dr. Cameron, his brother, escaped with the Prince to France; but the doctor venturing back was taken and executed in 1753. Keppoch fell on the field of Culloden trying in vain to urge on the Macdonalds, and crying in baffled desperation: "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Lord Lovat was executed in London, his son imprisoned till 1750. Young Clanranald, hiding in the west, threw himself over a rock to escape from the soldiers, and could hear them above saying: "The nest is warm, but the bird has flown." Finally he escaped to France and lived for years abroad, as did also the heroic John Roy Stewart. Kinlochmoidart, like many another brave man, paid the penalty with his life. For a time all the gaols north of London were full of prisoners, and until the free pardon was granted to the less involved, many more were lurking in the hills, and numbers banished to the plantations. It seemed as if some mighty force

had exploded in the heart of the mountains, shattering the pillars of society, and scattering the fragments far and near.

The castles or houses of the rebel chiefs were burnt to the ground, and their estates forfeited. From this time the people were without their natural leaders. Before the estates were restored in 1784 most of their owners had ceased to exist, and their followers were dead or beyond the seas.

> "Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
> Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth."

In addition to the Act of Confiscation various other Acts were passed which altered the whole aspect of life in the Highlands. The most notable was "a Bill for taking away and abolishing the heritable jurisdictions in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, and for making satisfaction to the proprietors thereof, and for restoring such jurisdictions to the Crown, and for making more effectual provision for the administration of justice throughout that part of the United Kingdom by the King's Courts and Judges there, and for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms complete."

In these words was sounded the death-knell of the old order. Henceforth the clans ceased to exist in the eye of the law, and the tie between chief and follower was sundered for ever. The new Disarming Act accelerated the change, and another Act came into force requiring teachers, tutors, and chaplains in families to be registered and take the oath, and as often as prayers were said in the school, to pray, or

cause to be prayed for, in express words, His Majesty, His heirs and successors by name, and all the royal family.

But the unkindest cut of all was the prohibiting the use of the national dress. From August 1, 1747, no man or boy within the Highlands, other than officers and soldiers, was permitted to wear or put on the Highland garb, or any part of it, or to use tartan or parti-coloured stuff for great-coats, on pain of suffering imprisonment without bail for six months. For a second offence they were liable to be transported to the plantations and kept there during a period of seven years.

As most of the clothes worn by the men were made by the women in the Highlands, it was a cruel hardship and degradation to have to resort to hateful Sassenach breeches, not to speak of the expense in making the change, which they could ill afford to bear. Comical and pathetic, indeed, were the shifts to which the wily Highlander was driven in his efforts to evade the law. One officer reported to his commander that he "took a fellow wearing a blanket in the form of a philabeg." But the Sheriff-substitute before whom he appeared refused to commit the offender because the garment was not tartan. Another, Captain John Beckwith, writing from the head of Loch Arkaig, makes a similar curious remark, "On the 24th of last month" he says "one of my men brought me a man to all appearance in a philabeg, but on close examination I found it to be a woman's petticoat. I sent him to the Sheriff-substitute

who dismissed him." In 1757 Macalpin or Drummond Macgregor, was tried for wearing the garb. He also was acquitted on proving that the kilt was stitched up in the middle. This most unpopular Act, though it gradually fell into disuse before its repeal in 1782, remained in force during thirty-five years, and in view of proceedings like these, we can readily sympathise with the sentiment of the old Highlander who cautioned his neighbours with the innuendo, "Take care of yourselves, for the law has reached Ross-shire."

Throughout the ten years after 1747, the Highlands was quiet, but sullen and dangerous—in one respect never more so. By the Acts of repression the loyal and disloyal clans had suffered alike, and all were now united in a common bond of aversion to the Government. But without external aid they could do nothing. Their independence and power were gone with their chiefs and their arms and their garb.

Though Culloden thus involved the ruin of that generation and the next, it was really a victory for the Highlands as the closing act of the long drama of a wild and lawless life. To us it may seem as if the ancient regime had lingered long to make this final display, and bid a last defiance to the encroaching order, before the red footlights of the past were for ever extinguished. But it was not entirely so; other far-reaching issues impended. The old life was indeed about to disappear behind the Highland hills challenging the future to the last, but a new destiny awaited the race. Out of the main stream of European

advance, and detained as it were at a siding, the Highlanders in their frightful struggle for existence had developed a virility of body and intensity of spirit quite peculiar, and destined to be of the greatest service in the building up of the British Empire. On the highways of history, far hid at that time from mortal eye, events of momentous import were already urging their headlong way. Modern Europe was just then emerging. The destinies of the nations awaited re-adjustment. Mighty issues were trembling in the balances, when suddenly this remnant of an ancient race, one of the oldest in the world, emerging from its age-long obscurity, appeared almost miraculously on the scene—rose as it were from the dead—to make its influence felt in the impending crisis.

In the circumstances the Highlanders were like a new force let loose in the world. It seemed as if the hour and the men had arrived; for almost immediately after Culloden they passed on to the battlefields of Europe and America. From 1740 to 1815 no less than fifty battalions of infantry had been raised mainly from the Highlands, besides many fencible or militia regiments. They fought in the Seven Years' War, when Britain gained India and Canada. They fought in the American War of Independence, and the Peninsular and Napoleonic Wars that followed. They distinguished themselves with Wolfe at Quebec, with Sir John Moore at Corunna, and with Wellington at Waterloo. And since then the Highland regiments have been the glory of the British nation as fighting units down to their latest achievements in recent years.

Referring to their prestige at the beginning of the American War, William Pitt, then Lord Chatham, said in his speech on that crisis, "I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It was my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for and found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men, who had gone nigh to have overturned the State in the war before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side, and they fought with valour and conquered in every part of the world."

After the Seven Years' War retired officers and soldiers began to settle in America, and to send to their friends glowing reports of the country, with the result that, from 1759 to 1776, there was one continued stream of voluntary emigrants from the Highlands pouring with their families into the New World. The conditions of life at home had become altogether too painful for this high-spirited people to endure. They could not and would not accommodate themselves to the changes, and so it seemed for a time as if the race were bent once more on resuming its ancient migrations, and of carrying its life entire beyond the seas, far from these modern and distracting influences.

There was a lull in the exodus during the war, but dire famine in 1782-3 set the populations again in motion as soon as the war was over. Later still from 1801 to 1803, quite a fleet of transports carried off shiploads of Highlanders from the western coasts. And thus ended for a time the great wave of volun-

tary emigration. These all went away cheerily of their own accord, and for the most part in good heart, though they suffered terribly on the voyage.

A curious circumstance contemporary with the closing scenes of the old Highland life was the burst of Gaelic song. It is worthy of remark that most of the well-known bards were living in the period after Culloden. There is something beautiful and appropriate in the idea of the ancient regime ending in a chorus of this kind and passing like Arthur in poetry. During all that time there was an uninterrupted succession of bards. Among them were Alexander Macdonald, Dugald Buchanan, Duncan Ban Macintyre, David Mackellar, John Roy Stewart, William Ross, Rob Donn, Lachlan Macpherson, James Macpherson, Allan Macdougall, Dr. John Smith, and Ewen Maclachlan. All these flourished between 1745 and 1800, and with their demise the curtain falls upon this vanished past.

In the dawn of the nineteenth century the new world broke in. The twenty years from 1803 to 1823 were epoch-making. Hitherto the habits and customs of the people, though altered materially in some respects, continued in the main as they were. They could not possibly be superseded at a stroke by any legislation. Though the former feudal relations, and with them the ancient patriarchal system ceased to exist, the old domestic conventions, the beliefs and traditions still went on with faltering steps and slow. Yet changes of a more revolutionary kind were at length imminent, and could no longer be postponed—changes

that brought about a complete alteration in the character and manners of the people. Through the repeated emigrations the best blood had been drained out of the country, and those people who remained behind were forced by circumstances to accommodate themselves more and more to modern influences. The odium that had attached for half a century to everything Celtic was beginning to tell and a new generation had arrived, many of whom felt it a disgrace to be Highland, and did all they could to escape from their past. Having sat all night by the candle of tradition it is little wonder that when the searchlight of a more advanced civilisation suddenly flashed in and illumined their ancient arrangements the Gaels felt not a little startled, surprised, and annoyed.

Everything Celtic had come to be regarded in Scotland as a degradation until Sir Walter Scott cast his kindly eye on the situation, and healed them of their grievous wound. Thus from being a crime, Highland life in course of time became a matter of public interest. But though *Waverley* appeared in 1814, the initial changes were already in full progress, and nothing could then avert the tide of social revolution, or the speed with which the ancient habits and customs went to the wall. By the end of the eighteenth century the establishment of law and order had become an accomplished fact, and then began the era of trade and commerce.

The great changes that succeeded may be numerically summarised as follows:

I. The opening up of the country by means of Telford's numerous roads and bridges and the Caledonian Canal, This did more to unify the Highlands and bring the various parts into touch with each other and the south than all other legislation put together.

II. The invasion of the Gall, when for the first time since the coming of the great lords in the 12th century, people from the Lowlands began to settle permanently in the Highlands. They took over the farms and managed the estates, insomuch that, unlike previous abortive attempts to gain a footing, henceforth the stranger had power in the land.

III. The introduction of sheep-farming and agricultural improvements on a large scale, resulting in the ever-memorable clearances.

IV. A new wave of involuntary emigration.

V. The disappearance of the tacksmen or middle-class along with the townships.

VI. The extension of the crofter and cottar systems, which, owing to the insecurity of tenure and the fatal facilities for sub-dividing, has proved the bane of the Highlands, laying the basis for that all too pathetic and sordid struggle for existence unveiled by the Crofter Commission.

VII. The rise of most of the modern villages when the redistribution and massing of the population took place. In these the small farmers and tenants driven from their homes and holdings began to huddle together and eke out a scanty and precarious existence by taking to the fishing, or labouring on the newly extended farms. "O! for a Highland Crabbe," says

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, "to paint in true and dismal colours the langour of idleness, the rancour of malevolence, and the extremity of indigence that pervaded these Utopian villages—the sovereign remedy for the evil."

VIII. The end of the wars, of the great demand for soldiers, and of the high prices formerly given for cattle.

IX. The decline of the kelp industry, which from realising in 1809, £22 a ton, in 1817 ceased to be remunerative.

X. The establishment of the great wool fair at Inverness, where every year thousands of sheep and lambs and of stones of wool changed hands.

XI. The institution of the Corn Laws which raised the price of wheat in 1817 as high as 112s. 8d. per quarter, thus making bread phenomenally dear.

XII. The origin of the ecclesiastical controversies. Hitherto the Highlands had been singularly free from religious strife.

Most of these changes and other minor ones were effected in the incredibly short time of twenty years, and one can well imagine the uproar and confusion there was everywhere, in all this re-arrangement of human atoms. The proprietors had suddenly reversed their policy. Formerly, they had been alarmed at the wholesale depopulation of the hills and glens, when soldiers were needed for the wars and tenants for their estates and it was their interest to keep the people on the land. But by the year 1805 graziers were so much in evidence that they competed with each other, and prices were enormously high owing to the

wars. Later on, the promises of grants of land to the recruits of the fencible regiments fell to be redeemed —promises which were for the most part evaded since the lairds, now more anxious for money than for men, entered upon that system of wholesale eviction the story of which is graven so deeply in the annals of the Highlands. They tried to drive the people away when they were no longer so able or willing to go.

Simultaneously, therefore, with the clearances there went forward the involuntary emigrations. These were the most pathetic of all, with scenes unusually heartrending. Whole families of miserable emigrants were escorted by their friends to the vessels, often to the mournful bagpipe tunes of "Lochaber no more," and "Cha till mi tuilleadh, cha till, cha till." Those who have read Dr. Norman Macleod's account of the emigrant ship need no description of the harrowing details.

> "And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
> Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
> But man was less and less."

We cannot contemplate the manner in which this change was effected without being struck by the heartless inhumanity of those proprietors who were responsible for them. The author of "Gloomy Memories" assures us that in his own native county of Sutherland he saw 215 blazing houses one night at 11 p.m., the homes of neighbours who had been thus ruthlessly removed.

Even the renowned Machiavelli, of somewhat sinister fame in the application of political principles,

says—"A prince who clears out a population, and transplants them from province to province, as a herdsman does his flock, does what is most cruel, most alien not only to Christianity, but to common humanity. It were far better for a man to choose a private life than to be a king on the terms of making such havoc as this with the lives of other men."

There can be no doubt that the pastoral and agricultural improvements introduced at the beginning of last century have materially hastened the progress of the Highlands, but little credit is due to those who rushed the changes in a mercenary spirit, regardless of every interest but their own.

During all this turmoil one of the most striking and alarming features was the extraordinary increase in the population. Three things contributed to this: the more general use of the potato as a food, kelp-making, and vaccination. To these may be added the cessation of the wars, and latterly of emigration. Through their influence the population reached its maximum in 1831, when it stood at 472,803, the highest on record, probably 50,000 higher than it is to-day. It continued very near this unusual aggregate for the next twenty years, which was a period of great destitution and misery. With its teeming and poverty-stricken population, the Highlands was then really on the verge of ruin, morally and physically. The sentiment of the people and their sense of justice had been outraged, and the standard of civilisation reached a lower level than it had done in the memory of several generations.

In these circumstances the partial failure of the harvest in 1836-7 reduced the Highland people to such straits that for the first time in their history they had to appeal to the Government and the country for aid. The response was immediate and generous but no sooner had matters slightly improved than a famine even more crushing supervened. It was occasioned by the failure of the potato crop in 1846-7, and lasted for three years. Hundreds must have died of starvation. A new period of unrest and transition followed. From this time the number of the population went down with a bound. Quite an epidemic of evictions broke out in various parts of the mainland. Sheep farms began to be converted into deer forests, and emigration to America and Australia once more drained the glens. Afterwards, from 1871 to 1881, the population remained steady, but since then it has been annually decreasing in connection with the rush to the towns.

Towards the middle of the century a notable event happened. In the midst of the greatest depression, when the malignity of fortune seemed to be grinding out all hope, suddenly there flashed forth a wonderful awakening of spiritual life. The Disruption of the Church took place in 1843, and culminated in a great religious revival, when a mighty wave of enthusiasm passed over the land. Most providentially for the Highlands; for the enthusiasm generated, the extraordinary zeal and self-sacrificing spirit displayed, acted as a most powerful antidote against the prevailing apathy and gloom. They had,

an amazing effect in lifting the Celtic character and saving it from the depths of its own morbid despair.

In this other respect the Disruption stands as a social landmark. It helped to bring Highlander and Lowlander more closely together, was in fact the first great movement, apart from military life, in which they sank their racial differences in a common cause.

Among the things that operated to bring it about may be noted—the low ebb of religion at the time, the breach with the landlords, the generosity and sympathy of the people in the south in view of the famine, the commanding influence and personality of Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, the "Apostle of the North," and, above all, the moral earnestness and zeal of those ministers who gave a guarantee of good faith in sacrificing their earthly all for the principles involved.

At length arrived the era of science and the dawn of a better day. With the development of the steamship, the railway, and motor car, the Post Office, telegraph and telephone, education, and the Press, the land question, deer forests, and tourist traffic, we are all familiar. These things have immensely enriched the Highlands, which, from being the reproach, has now become the pride of the nation. Every year the north sends the pick of its youth to the cities, and in summer and autumn the south reciprocates, pouring in turn its fashion, its wealth, and refinement over the land. The changes are marvellous, rivalling in some respects those of the *Arabian Nights.*

We wonder to-day that in 1740 it took Lord Lovat twelve days in his brand-new chariot, one of the first in the north, to make the journey from beyond Inverness to Edinburgh. We are amazed that on the few trees near his castle a visitor might see three or four or half-a-dozen dependents hung up for hours by the heels for some trivial offence. And when we contemplate the modern magnificent building, for which American millionaires think little of paying thousands of pounds in rent for a season, and compare it with what we read of the old tower-like structure then called a castle, though hardly fit for a Lovat crofter of to-day, we have a striking example of the progress that has been taking place all round. Slated houses, well lit and ventilated, have superseded the old, dingy, insanitary turf huts, and the face of the country is a smiling plain, richly wooded and tilled, in comparison with its former bare, heathery, and boggy condition. So with the habits of the people. It is surprising to think that dancing at like-wakes and singing the coronach at funerals were still customs in 1745; that so late as 1783 there lived in Glengarry one of the most daring reivers ever known in the country, who in that year is said to have stolen six or seven hundred sheep from Mr. Butler, steward on the forfeited estate of Lochiel, besides committing numerous other depredations with his lawless gang nearer home. Who would now imagine that regular coaches only began to run from Inverness to the south in 1806, and to Wick and Thurso in the north in 1819, or, that in

1826 there were in the parish of Inverness 2,451 persons above eight years of age who could not read, and in a district embracing the islands and twenty-four mainland parishes there were in 1833, no fewer than 55,718 persons above the age of six equally illiterate? And to think that in the Highland capital as recently as 1835, men were employed in a factory from ten to twelve hours a day at wages ranging from 4s. to 10s. a week, and women from 2s. to 3s. 6d; why, these facts alone, fill the modern mind with amazement, and help to show us how far up the Highlands has come in so short an interval of time.

The Crofters Act has happily revolutionised the land question, and done a power of good. Though it were only the self-respect and manly, healthy relations it helps to establish between landlord and tenant, it would deserve to be classed among the most beneficent legislation of our time. But it does far more than that. It has advanced materially the social welfare of a very large class of the Highland population. Ever since they have secured a fixed tenure, the crofters have been encouraged to build better houses and, as far as possible, to improve the land. It is marvellous the number of comfortable dwellings that have been erected within the last dozen years through this cause alone, and others are rising all over the north, and transforming the appearance of the country. Much remains to be done, but the Government and the nation are more alive to the situation than ever.

Meanwhile a new crisis has emerged in the church life of the Highlands, which though most harmful in its immediate effects, promises to free the social interests of the people from an intolerable incubus. When the benefits of the Disruption had been fully reaped, and the revival was already a spent force in the north, the disadvantages of the movement began to appear. Alongside the fine type of Highland piety produced, there grew up a very different, sectarian spirit productive of that morbid, ignorant, intolerant formalism, which for the last thirty years has dominated not only the religion, but almost every aspect of life in the north. It posed as orthodoxy, but was in reality a social tyranny, opposed to progress, literature, music, culture, amusements, and, in short, to all the brighter aspects of existence.

It was the misfortune of the Highland people that so many of their ministers were either imbued with this spirit or pandered to it. At a time when the clannish and Jacobite enmities had subsided, and social unity was almost assured, these sowed afresh the seeds of dissension and mutual distrust. They played upon the illiterate working of the more ignorant Celtic minds, and roused the old, quarrelsome, fighting instincts, which from this time continued to be agitated by religious affairs.

The church of the majority had then a magnificent hold. The need and the opportunity for gradual enlightenment had arrived. The Highlanders were loyal and easily led. They had in fact transferred their allegiance from the lairds to the ministers, for

whom they had an almost superstitious respect. But owing to the dual control, partly within, but mainly without in the southern capital, the opportunity miscarried. The leaders of the old Free Church it is now recognised, failed then and still more recently, in that they pandered too much to this obscurantist and reactionary movement, instead of pursuing a policy of progressive enlightenment, taking the people into their confidence, appealing to their intelligence, and trusting to their better instincts. Apparently oblivious to the needs of the new time they played an ecclesiastical game with ecclesiastical pawns when it was matters of high spiritual interest that were at stake, not church politics.

And so, spiritual independence became a misnomer in the Highlands. Barren controversies, unhappy divisions, false alarms over non-essentials, and resulting litigious strife have been the tares that have almost choked the wheat. Doubtless the harvest of this sinister growth is at hand, and in the near future the present misguided sectarianism will be as much a thing of the past as the old clan feuds and reiving of the ancient days. Already the back of clerical domination in its worst phases is broken, and everything points to the emancipation of the social life of the Highlands from the weird theology and oppressive religious atmosphere which for so long have held it in thrall.

But now, looking back over the past, across the era of change, we naturally inquire what are the gains and losses? The cost of progress has always

and everywhere to be paid, and although it seems exceptional in this case, yet when we consider the rapidity and extent of the changes involved, it is perhaps not greater than that of other nations who had longer time in which to discharge the debt. The gains to the British nation and her colonies are apparent. But how stands it with regard to the Highlands itself? If it be true, as is obviously the case, that civilisation advances exactly in proportion as communities leave behind them the violences of external nature, and of man in a state of war, then, indeed, the Highlands has made wonderful progress in these 160 years. I have pointed out three successive stages in this advancement. First, the advent of law and order; second, that of trade and commerce; and, finally, the more recent developments of science and social improvement.

As a result of these changes our countrymen reap blessings undreamt of by their ancestors. Through wider intercourse with the world they are more tolerant of others, and see good where before they could not believe it existed. Now they have access to the best thought and the best markets of the world; and instead of being restricted to one sphere of activity, they have a choice of many occupations, which gives scope to every variety of talent. By co-operation and sub-division of labour they are saved from many an awkward necessity, and life is enriched in a thousand ways.

All these gains of modern life have not been achieved, without serious losses. We cannot forget

that the outlook upon the unseen peculiar to the land and the people in byegone days lent an awe and majesty to life with which the present generation is little familiar. The progress of science has lifted the veil off the older world, and clarified the atmosphere of many a crude superstition. But it has also robbed the Gael of much of the native grace and charm and poetry of life. And there are other influences at work, as we have already seen, which have diminished the old feeling of reverence and the elevating respect for authority which was fostered by the family life, by religion, and the attitude to worthy leaders and superiors.

To me it seems a profound pity that, instead of taking place in the quiet, orderly ways of evolution, every progressive movement in the Highlands is hindered and thwarted and delayed until at last it is precipitated in the violent rough ruin of revolution. And then a generation or two has to pay the reckoning. Yet so it is, and is due largely to the fact that in the past many of our countrymen had learned to look upon life as a fixed condition. They thought they had reached finality in everything—in their methods, in their creed, in their conception of the present life, and their thoughts of the future. Recent history in the north has knocked the bottom out of this theory, and they are now coming to recognise more and more every day that progress is a law of life, and is inevitable. That lesson, of course, takes time to permeate all the Gaelic thinking; but meanwhile, until it is more widely understood and applied, we

need not be surprised to find our Highland history go sometimes creeping on through the shallows, and then bounding over the cataracts.

What the future of the Highlands may be, it is difficult to predict. The new outlook and the new attitude are suggestive of much. Barriers of race and language, creed, and distance, are now hardly considered. The fusion of north and south goes on apace.

As the Deer Forests Commission has shrewdly remarked—"The crofter and cottar population of the Highlands and Islands, small though it be (40,000 families, or 200,000 souls) is a nursery of good workers and good citizens for the whole empire. In this respect the stock is exceedingly valuable. By sound physical constitution, native intelligence, and good moral training, it is particularly fitted to recruit the people of our industrial centres, who without such help from wholesome sources in rural districts would degenerate under the influences of bad lodging, unhealthy occupations, and enervating habits. It cannot be indifferent to the whole nation, constituted as the nation now is, to possess within its borders a people, hardy, skilful, and prolific as an ever-flowing fountain of renovating life."

One thing is certain. There is ample scope for development. The land as well as the people is a rich asset of the British nation. Much of the soil now under deer forests is well adapted for afforestation and agriculture, while the parts already under cultivation offer a splendid field not only for cattle-rearing, but

for dairy and poultry farming. The nation every year imports millions of eggs from Denmark and other countries, and thousands of tons of dairy produce. If the Congested Districts Board, instead of expending large sums of money buying up land at exorbitant prices and perpetuating the less productive system of crofting, struck out a new line by establishing model farms for tillage, dairy farming, rearing of poultry, and even fruit-growing, whereby the crofters could see for themselves and learn the modern arts of making the most of their land, the crofting population in the north would find a ready market in the towns and cities, and could supply a considerable proportion of the produce which at present comes from abroad. That is the system which, along with association farming and the Raiffesen method of banking, has worked wonders elsewhere. The extending postal, railway, and motor-bus facilities tend to bring markets nearer and to render more available for productive purposes the millions of acres that lie fallow in the Highlands. And if to this we add the still latent possibilities of electricity and water-power as means of revolutionising and even redistributing the great industries of this country, the Highlands and those far-off lovely glens among the hills may yet be the centres of a busy and thriving population. Already the movement is outward. Both in England and Scotland large works are being transferred from the over-rated congested areas to the open country where garden cities are being established and rural life enjoyed. The railways and tramways have paved the way, and

one or two more achievements of science, and Lowland Gaels may yet hear "The Lost Pibroch" calling them back from the crowded and smoky thoroughfares of the city to the brighter scenes of nature they have left behind.

And there, too, in summer time they may continue to welcome the tourist from every land, and those men and women of all ranks and professions in our own country, who come north for rest and recreation, and find both as they inhale new life and vitality from the pure air among the mountains. Is it too much thus to stretch the mind over time and anticipate?

THE HYMNS OF THE GAEL.

PROFESSOR D. MACKINNON, M.A.

As might be looked for among a devout people given to music and song, the Religious Poem takes a prominent place in the Literature of the Gael. Many of the Gaelic clergy, older and later, were poets; a still greater number were skilled in verse-making, an accomplishment at one time very common among the people. In old times the Gaelic clergy wrote in Latin as well as in Gaelic, and as matter of fact the oldest compositions of theirs which have survived are written for the greater part in Latin. But in their verse the old Gaelic scholars subjected the Roman tongue to the usages of their own speech. The line in their hands was dominated not by the quantity of the syllable but by the word—accent or stress. Read in this way some of their Latin verses foot it as trippingly as a French Chanson or a Gaelic *Luinneag*. Here is a quatrain written before 690 A.D. describing the happy life of the *munther (muinntir)* or monks in the old monastery of Bangor *(Benchor)* in Ireland:

Benchuir bona regula, recta atque divina;
Stricta, sancta, sedula, summa justa ac mira;
Munther Benchuir beata, fide fundata certa
Spe salutis ornata, caritate perfecta.

These old ecclesiastics were practically a bi-lingual people, speaking and writing Gaelic and Latin with equal facility and fluency. Not infrequently they mixed up the two languages in their prose sentences as in their verse, "barbarously," the late Lord Selborne says,[1] "as was not uncommon at a much later date in semi-vernacular hymns of other countries." Could the distinguished statesman and jurist reckon among his many accomplishments a knowledge of old Gaelic and of the practice of old Gaels in the construction of Latin verse he might have modified his epithet somewhat. Here are lines by a Moel-Isu who died in 1086 A.D. which reminds us of the manner in which modern Gaelic versifiers in the Highlands and in Ireland amuse themselves occasionally by mixing up Gaelic and English:[2]

Deus meus adjuva me;
Tucc dam do serc a Maic mo Dé;
In meum cor ut sanum sit,
Tuc, a Ri ràn, do grad co gribb.

The subject is a very wide one, and my survey must necessarily be cursory. These compositions, in point of time, cover a period of 1450 years. And during the last 350 years our Religious verse has been produced and preserved by the Catholics of Ireland, by the Episcopalians of the Isle of Man, and by the Catholics, the Episcopalians and, in particular, the Presbyterians of the Scottish Highlands.

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[1] Ency: Britt: (ixth ed.), "Hymn."

[2] Compare, among others, Ross's poems, p. 140; Gaelic Journal, vol. vi., p. 108.

In respect of subject matter, our Religious Poetry may be divided into two great classes:

I. The Hymn proper, the Song of Praise, of of which this paper mainly treats; and

II. The Sacred Poem, composed primarily for the purposes of Religious Instruction; in many cases, as *e.g.* in the Calendars, for providing a knowledge of Ecclesiastical History.

Historically again the Hymns of the Gael fall naturally into two main divisions,—Pre-Reformation and Post-Reformation Hymns.

A few of the Pre-Reformation Hymns, written in Latin, were printed at Freiberg in 1853 by Herr Mone in his "Hymns of the Middle Ages." But much the greater number still lie buried in the great libraries of Britain, Ireland and the Continent, and are accessible only in part even to Celtic scholars. In this connection the following three MSS. are of outstanding importance:

I. The *Antiphonary of Bangor.* This is a collection of Hymns, with other matter, all written in Latin, but mainly the production of Gaelic scholars. The MS. at one time belonged to the monastery of Bangor in Ireland, but it is now in Milan, whither it was removed from Bobbio, a monastery founded by Columbanus, a monk of Bangor. The MS. was written before 691 A.D. Its contents were printed in 1713 by Muratori.[1]

[1] This MS. has been printed in photograph by the Henry Bradshaw Society in two vols. (1892-5), edited with Introduction and Notes by Dr. Warren.

II. The *Liber Hymnorum* of which two copies are now in Dublin. The Hymns are partly in Latin, partly in Gaelic. Two *fascisculi* have been printed by the Archaeological and Celtic Society of Ireland, the editor being the late Dr. Todd of Dublin. A few of the Hymns have been printed by Dr. Whitley Stokes and others. Both copies are of about the same age, transcribed very probably in the latter half of the eleventh century.[1]

III. The *Leabhar Breac* or 'Speckled Book', a large folio MS. of 250 pages, transcribed by one of the MacEgans before 1411 A.D. The contents are chiefly religious and devotional, a considerable portion being in verse. A few of the treatises contained in it are written in Latin. A facsimile of this MS., with Introduction and Table of Contents, was published by the Royal Irish Academy in 1876.

In their broad general features the Gaelic hymns, older and later, shew great resemblance, with, necessarily, considerable variety in details. The Pre-Reformation hymns, for example, present a wider range in subject matter than the large majority of hymns composed during the last 300 years. Gaelic life was fuller and richer then than now. Besides the more elaborate ritual and service of the Church afforded greater scope to the mediæval hymnologist than is open to the Protestant, not to say Presbyterian, singer

[1] The *Liber Hymnorum* has also been printed in full by the Henry Bradshaw Society, edited by Dr. Bernard and Professor Atkinson of Dublin (2 vols. 1898).

of later times. The Litanies and Invocations in the *Leabhar Breac* are numerous, several of them shewing deep devotional feeling and high literary merit. Notable among these is the Invocation to the Virgin Mary, than which it would be difficult to find in Gaelic hymnology a grander lyric of the kind:

A Muire mor!
A Muire as mo do na Muirib!
A ro-mor nam ban!
A rigan nan aingel![1] &c., &c.

On the other hand, in their theology, in what the old lady who put the late Norman Macleod through his facings would call "the fundamentals," I do not know that the Gaelic hymns differ much. In the essential verities the creed of Columba is, I fancy, pretty much the creed of Scotland to-day. One feature is characteristic of Gaelic life, civil and religious, of all ages. An intense nationalism, one perhaps ought rather to say clannishness, pervades it. The Fathers of Ross-shire are in our own day extolled in verse by worthy men who, even if they knew anything about them, would show but scant respect for the Fathers of Christendom. In the same way versifiers of bygone times composed eulogies on native saints,—Patrick, Columba, and Bridget who was the Mary of the Gael before the cult of the Virgin became so common among them.

One class of hymn, not uncommon in the old days, is all but forgotten now. It was known by the name

[1] Leabhar Breac, 74 a. Printed by Stokes in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, Vol. I. clxv.

of *Lorica* 'cuirass,' or 'breastplate,' a word borrowed into Gaelic as *lùireach*. Just as the old *draoi*, or for that matter the modern *cailleach*, provided a *seun* or charm against toothache and other ailments to which the flesh of men and animals is heir, so the Christian poet armed himself with a hymn as a breastplate to protect him from the attacks of the Devil and his numerous warriors. Such among others was the *Lorica* of Gildas, the Welshman, found in the Antiphonary of Bangor; such was the *Noli Pater* of Columba, found in the *Liber Hymnorum*, a hymn regarding which the preface says, 'it was sung against every fire and every thunderstorm, and whosoever sings it at bedtime and at rising, it protects him against lightning, and it protects the nine persons whom he desires to protect." Such also is the famous Gaelic hymn attributed to Patrick which, so runs the tradition, the saint composed when on his way to Tara, where he was to meet and withstand the hostile King Loeghaire and his druids. The fact that this remarkable composition, although evidently constructed upon some pattern, perhaps like the *Retorics* or *ruitheannan* of the Gaelic 'Tales,' is not rhymed goes far to prove that it is very old and may be a genuine production of the traditional author. St. Patrick binds himself to God's shield to protect him:

> Against incantations of false prophets,
> Against black laws of heathenry,
> Against false laws of heresy,
> Against craft of idolatry,
> Against spells of women and smiths and druids,
> Against all knowledge forbidden to the soul of man.

And the passionate earnestness with which Christ, the sole protector from all evil, was invoked by the old saint 1450 years ago thrills one to-day:

Crist lim, Crist rium, Crist imdegaid, Crist innium,
Crist íssum, Crist úasam, Crist dessum, Crist tuathum,
Crist illius, Crist isius, Crist inerus.

Crist icridiu cachduine immimrorda,
Crist ingin cachóen rodomlabrathar,
Crist in cech rusc nomdercaedar,
Crist in cech cluais rodamchloathur.

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ in me,
Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ to right of me, Christ to left of me,
Christ in lying down, Christ in sitting, Christ in rising up.

Christ in the heart of every one who may think of me,
Christ in the mouth of every one who may speak to me,
Christ in every eye which may look on me,
Christ in every ear which may hear me.

I do not know that one could point to a Gael who has attained to European celebrity as a hymnologist. On Gaelic ground we have had several religious poets of distinction, among whom our own Columba has ever been reckoned one of the greatest. In the *Liber Hymnorum* three Latin hymns are attributed to him, and all authorities allow the claim. One of these, the *Altus*, its rugged latinity notwithstanding, is a production not unworthy of the great name of Columba. The hymn has been rendered into English more than once, recently by the late Marquis of Bute. Here is the

concluding passage; the translation is by the late Dr. Smith of Campbeltown:

> Time runs his course no more: the wand'ring orbs
> Through heaven lose their course: the sun grows dark
> Eclipséd by the glory of the Judge;
> The stars drop down as in a tempest fruit
> Is shaken from the tree; and all the earth
> Like one vast furnace is involved in flames.
> See! the angelic hosts attend the Judge,
> And on ten thousand harps his praises hymn;
> Their crowns they cast before his feet and sing:
> 'Worthy the Lamb that died to be the Judge;
> To Father, Son and Holy Ghost be praise.'

With this one can compare Dugald Buchanan's powerful descriptions in his 'Day of Judgment.' The imagery of both poets is based on Scripture, but in the comparison of the falling of the stars to that of fruit from a tree shaken by the wind the coincidence is striking, for we can hardly suppose that Buchanan read the *Altus*.

Many Gaelic poems are attributed to St. Columba. One or two of the most beautiful in the *Liber Hymnorum* are hesitatingly ascribed to him, while the old Gaelic Life asserts that he was the author of thrice fifty lays:

> Some in Latin, which were beguiling,
> Some in Gaelic; fair the tale.

Several of these, like the well-known "Farewell to Aran," are charged with the passionate attachment to home, clan and country, so characteristic of the saint, as of many of his race then and since. Among the many poems claimed for Columcille is one found in

the Burgurdian Library in Brussels and in MS. V. of the Scottish Collection. Dr. Skene printed in Celtic Scotland (Vol. II. p. 91) a translation made by O'Curry of this short poem, and the dispassionate critic added that "it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that it contains the genuine expression of his feelings." The late Sheriff Nicolson afterwards sent the beautiful Gaelic verses to Macmillan's Magazine, accompanied by an excellent rhymed translation. The poem gives expression to the feelings of the saint as he looks from *Uchd Alainn* in Iona towards that Ireland which he cannot see, and goes on to describe the many wonders which he does see 'in earth and shore and deep,' and the details of his busy and varied life in the lonely island. These verses, as it seems to me, contain internal evidence that they were in all probability written by the saint. In the old preface to the *Altus* we are told that Pope Gregory found fault with that poem inasmuch as the Deity was praised rather in his works than in himself. The observation is undoubtedly applicable to the Gaelic poem here spoken of. The Deity is praised but rather in the wonder and beauty of his creation than in his being.

In the older as in the later hymns of the Gael, the remark holds regarding Celtic literature generally, sacred and secular, one finds feeling, passion, grace of diction, felicity of imagery, and an abiding sense of the beautiful in nature. But alongside of these great merits one meets with grave blemishes. There is too frequently great inequality, an exquisite quatrain side

by side with a very indifferent one. There is a tendency to exaggeration in sentiment and language, a lack of restraint. Happily this is not always the case. One finds several gems among the old, as among the modern hymns, combining Celtic intensity with sober judgment. Here are a few lines attributed to Muling, probably St. Moling of Ferns who died in 697 A.D., where the sentiment and the imagery, in which the Gael hardly ever is at fault, are happily matched:

Is en immo n-iadar sás,
Is nau tholl diant eslinn guas,
Is lestar fas, is crann crín
[Nach digní toil indrig tuas].

Is or n-glan, is nem im grein,
Is lestar n-arggit cu fin,
Is son, is alaind, is noeb,
Gach oen dogní toil indrig.

A bird ensnared in a gin,
A leaky ship with crew in peril,
An empty cup, a withered trunk,
Whoso does not the will of heaven's King.

Like pure gold, like sun in heaven,
A silver cup full of wine,
Happy, lovely, holy he
Who does the will of the King.

In MS. V. of the Scottish Collection, alongside of the Columban poem already referred to, is a hymn which for its devotional fervour and exquisite melody deserves to be quoted at length. Our MS. is in a few words illegible, but the late Prof. O'Growney found the

verses in a modern MS. in Dublin, and the hymn was printed in the Gaelic Journal (v. p. 94):

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Deicsin gnúise Dé;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Bith bhetha imalle.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Leighionn lebhran léir;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Bheith fo riaghail réil.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Re thinche fri cách;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Buaidh n-éiseirge iar m-bráth.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Aomda cuirp iar m-buaidh;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Iongnás ifrinn fhuair.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Aitreabh rígh-theach réil,
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Taithneamh amhail gréin.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Gnás do grés an rígh;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Il-ciúil tré bhith shír.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Riachtain nimhe nél;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Tonna diana dér.

Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Déirghe domhain ché ;
Ro ba miann do m' anmain-sa
Déicsin gnúise Dé.

[It were the desire of my soul
To behold the face of God ;
It were the desire of my soul
Eternal life within Him. etc. etc.]

With these beautiful lines one may with profit compare, and contrast, the well known hymn of Cardinal Newman :

"Lead, kindly light,"

and a more elaborate composition by John Morrison of Harris entitled *An Ionndrainn*, of which Morrison's accomplished editor, Dr. Henderson, says that it is "one of the gems of the language." In point of literary form neither of the Gaelic hymns approaches Newman's. And while in minute introspection and self-analysis the verses here printed are inferior to Morrison's, they appear to me, notwithstanding the flavour of mediævalism that clings to them, superior to the *Ionndrainn* not merely in the melody of the lines, but in the simplicity and earnestness with which this anxious human spirit yearns for a closer communion with his Maker, and for a life of religious activity and contemplation here in anticipation of the higher and holier life hereafter.

In our study of the Religious poetry of the last 350 years two facts must not be lost sight of. For one thing the Gaelic-speaking people occupy now a much narrower platform in literature than they did of

old. The more talented of the Gael of our day write and sing in English rather than in Gaelic. If we were to reckon these among our number the modern Gael would still give a good account of himself in literature and in art. Further, as I shall endeavour to show, the religious poetry of the Protestant Highlander has been largely coloured by his chequered ecclesiastical history.

Of the hymns produced by the Catholic Gael during the last three centuries, one notes little difference between them and the Pre-Reformation hymns. On Scottish ground I have come upon many interesting compositions from this source. Some are translations, like the Litanies in the Catholic Prayer Book. Others are original and of considerable literary merit. Such for example is a little volume published anonymously a few years ago, but edited I believe by Father Allan Macdonald of South Uist. But by far the most valuable collection of Catholic hymns known to me is that made by Mr. Alexander Carmichael during his long residence in the Outer Isles, from whom a work of great value is expected shortly. Many of the hymns collected by Mr. Carmichael go back to Pre-Reformation times, all are of exceeding interest to the archæologist and the historian, while a number are of rare literary beauty as well as of religious value.[1]

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[1] Since the above was written Mr. Carmichael has printed in his important work, *Carmina Gadelica*, many hymns which amply justify the view here expressed.

A welcome addition to Gaelic Hymnology comes from the Isle of Man. Four years ago was published a volume entitled—*Carvalyn Gailckagh Chyndaait ayns Baarl.* The existence of these carols, for *Carvalyn* is merely the English word borrowed, was known to scholars, but the publication of them is an important contribution to the scanty native literature of the little Kingdom. These compositions are as different from the English Christmas Carol as can well be imagined. They are, like the great majority of Highland hymns, religious treatises in verse. Mr. Hall Caine tells us in his *Manxman* that in a season of sorrow the household of that grim Christian, Creegan, "sang of heaven and its peaceful plains, its blue lakes and sunny skies, its golden cities and emerald gates, its temples and its tabernacles, where congregations never break up and Sabbaths never end." Several passages in this volume justify this distinguished author's description of Manx hymns. The New Jerusalem, for example, is spoken of in this wise:

> The greenest garden is as nought to it,
> But only as a desert dark and cold;
> With priceless gems of pearls its gates are set,
> The very stairs and streets are made of gold.

But by far the greater number of these 'carols' is more truthfully characterized by the editor of the volume as "devotional rhapsodies which exhort the sinner to repentance by picturing with terrible realism the agonies of hell. The punishment of the damned is contrasted with the reward of the saved, but the

former receive much more attention than the latter," —a description, be it observed, which fits Dugald Buchanan's "Day of Judgment" to the letter.

Much the larger portion of the published religious poetry of the Gael, composed since the Reformation of the sixteenth century, has been produced by the Protestants of the Scottish Highlands. In the mass the quantity of such literature is considerable, while in quality a goodly portion of it is characterized by high literary excellence. Among the authors are all sorts and conditions of devout men and women,—peers and peasants, learned and unlearned, poets and mere rhymers. In looking through it all one cannot help having the feeling that while one often meets passages of great beauty and sublimity in thought and expression, our religious poetry as a whole is inferior to our secular poetry in melody, in felicity of expression, and in variety of versification. And of the hymn proper, the song of praise, one can hardly find a very good example in modern Gaelic poetry. How is this? Our people were and are devout, musical. Why have they not excelled, if they have not failed, as hymnologists?

Our literary history and tradition may in part provide an explanation, but I fancy that the chief cause is to be sought for in the religious history of the Highlands during the last 350 years. The leaders of the Reformation felt a more pressing need for instructing the people in the doctrine of the Church than in cultivating the spirit of devotion among them. Accordingly the first Gaelic books printed for their

use were not Psalms or Hymns or even the text of Holy Scripture, but Creeds and Catechisms and theological treatises—doctrinal and controversial rather than devotional. The minister visited his flock to catechise them, and his parish missionary was, and is still, the *catechist*. For over a hundred years after the Reformation singing formed no part of public worship in Highland churches. It was only in 1659 that the first fifty (*Caogad*) of the Psalms of David were printed in Gaelic. The religious verses composed during this period largely take their colour from the ecclesiastical environment of the people. Some, like Munro's of Strathnaver and others, are merely important passages of Scripture and the Apocrypha thrown into verse to aid the memory in conveying instruction. Others are controversial. At one time the burning question is Protestanism v. Catholicism, and you have a weary *Comhradh eadar an Pàp's an t-Ath-leasachadh*, which has been printed more than once. The majority of the authors whose works are collected in the Fernaig MS. lived through the Revolution of 1688. They are Episcopalians, and they stoutly oppose Catholicism on the one hand and Presbyterianism on the other. And in a minor degree the ecclesiastical controversies and squabbles of the last sixty years colour—rather should one say disfigure—several religious compositions of our own time. The controversial spirit in religion, too common all the world over, found a congenial home in our little community which inherited the clan system as a domestic institution. But the Hymn does not grow luxuriantly in the soil of controversy.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when Presbyterianism was firmly established and accepted by the majority of Highlanders, the leading religious poets ceased to be controversial in the older sense; they became theologians, and practically all of them theologians of a certain type and school; zealous, orthodox, but one-sided and narrow. My neighbour must not merely be good; he must be good after my pattern. The principal productions of the period are indeed theological tracts in verse rather than hymns. Among the writers are men of high poetic genius, like the grand and stately Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, and the introspective and subtle John Morrison of Harris; scholars and masters of exposition with a gift of verse, like Dr. Macgregor of Nova Scotia and Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh; earnest evangelists like Peter Grant, who comes nearer the ideal hymn writer than his more highly gifted brethren; and many others of merit. Good, earnest, capable men all, but preachers and expositors in verse rather than hymnists. To such an extent has this view of the religious poet taken hold of our people that I find a clergyman, himself a versifier, vindicating the claims of Dr. Macgregor to the name of poet on the ground "that there was hardly an essential doctrine left unexpounded by him, and (that) from beginning to end his hymns were as logically coherent as the Shorter Catechism," a very accurate description, it may be added, of the zealous missionary's Gaelic "hymns."

In accordance with the literary traditions of the

people many of these "hymns" take the form of an elegy or *Marbhrann* upon a man or woman of noted piety. Dr. Macdonald's "hymns" are nearly all of this description; the Rev. F. Macbean has about 400 lines upon his wife; John Morrison commemorates Dr. Macdonald himself. Hardly is there a religious poet of note, except Buchanan, who has not left an elegy on some one. This again is but the funeral sermon, in verse. The religious elegies are of varied merit. They are generally apt to be too long, like the secular elegy, and for that matter the funeral sermon. One of the finest examples of this class that I have come upon is not an elegy but a few lines of consolation addressed by Donnachadh MacRuaraidh to the Earl of Seaforth on the death of his son :

Treun am mac a thug ar leòn,
Cha bheir ar tòir air gu bràth,
Sin ge do thogadh feachd
Esan as mo neart na càch.

Mhic Coinnich, deonaich do mhac
Do 'n fhear as mor neart is brìgh,
Aig ro mheud deubhachd do chuirp,
Bheir se dhuit dhà no trì.

Do dheonaich Abraham a mhac
San iobairt fo smachd Mhic Dhé ;
Fhuair e grasan bho mo Rìgh
Fhagail rì'st aige fein.

Air a' bhron sin cuir-sa smachd,
Deonaich' Dia dhuit mac a rì'st,
Ged robh sinne guidhe leat
Cha chubhaidh dhuit streup ri Criosd.

Thug Dia dhuit urram is smachd
Air gach mac tha fothad féin ;
Ris an anfhann cum-sa chòir,
Na leig a leòn le duine treun.

These verses seem to me as happily conceived and almost as felicitously expressed as the well-known stanzas which Neil Macleod addressed to John Campbell on receiving a sprig of heather, a daisy, and a primrose from his brother poet.

Two other reasons, as it seems to me, operated in making our sacred singers in the Highlands less successful with the "hymn" than otherwise they might have been. One is that the hymn was not, until within a few years ago and then only in rare cases, used in public worship. It is a curious feature of our religious life, due in large measure to our reverence for local habits once established, that in those parts where one hears the *obiter dicta* of good men quoted from the pulpit with almost the authority of Holy Writ, the singing of even the Paraphrases is not allowed because they are regarded as human compositions. On the other hand the reading of the line, even the chanting of it, would not be dispensed with in the same localities, although it is well known that the practice was introduced from Puritan England at a time when Psalm Books were few, and when people could not always read these even when they possessed them. The Haldane movement, in the early years of last century, favoured the singing of Paraphrases and Hymns in the Highlands. But the Baptists and Congregationalists hardly obtained a footing north of

the Caledonian Canal. In the South Highlands this influence contributed to the popularity of the Paraphrases especially, although even there sacred song has not attained to a tithe of the power which it possesses among the Nonconformists of Wales.

But the chief reason for our failure to provide pleasing and popular Gaelic Hymns is, I believe, that almost since the Reformation, and more especially since the Revolution, the majority of our most prominent religious leaders in the Highlands looked coldly upon our secular literature, and especially proscribed the song and the dance. The note was struck early by the uncompromising Bishop Carswell, and ever since it has been sounded in our ears with persistent emphasis by the numerous successors of that vigorous ecclesiastic. It would be wrong and foolish to call in question the motives of these zealous men. Their motive was altogether praiseworthy. But their judgment, as history over a wide field can show, was at fault. Among us, in our secluded and uninstructed districts, the result has been to perpetuate a state of feeling regarding these matters discarded in more favoured localities where enlightened common sense leavens the religious as well as the secular life of the community. One need not affirm that the professors of secular music and song, the piper and the bard, were at all times the most exemplary members of Highland Society. One may go further and allow that too many of them emphatically were not. But the wholesale condemnation of them, and especially of their wares, is to be deplored. For music and song

will not be suppressed, although, as among us, they may deteriorate. The poet, if possible, fared worse than the piper. The latter could still count upon a welcome on the lawn at any rate of many a mansion house at home, while he was listened to and applauded in the camp and at Highland gatherings in the south. But the Gaelic song ceased to be intelligible in the Highland castle; it was frowned upon in most of the Highland manses; and it never was admitted to the Highland school. So too often it sought refuge in the public house, where naturally it did not improve.

As a consequence of the all but complete divorce between secular and sacred music and song in the Highlands one never finds among us, what is common elsewhere, the secular poet attempting a religious composition. The Gaelic hymn is less musical and the Gaelic song less chaste because of the wide gulf that separates the sacred and the secular in our Highland life. To the same cause is, I believe, largely due the undoubted fact that in the past, at any rate, the traditional religious life failed among us to attract the young. Not that the Highland youth are a whit behind their neighbours in purity whether of feeling or conduct, rather the contrary. But the mode of life from which all gaiety and innocent amusement were rigidly excluded was and will be unattractive to the young. So the feeling arose that the song and the dance were for the young and gay; the psalm and the hymn for the old and grave. A worthy in the Fernaig MS. bluntly asserts that he will take to the religious life now that he is old and incapable of enjoying any

other. And that curious character, Duncan Kennedy, the schoolmaster of Kilmelford, stereotypes a prevailing sentiment when he places in the fore-front of his hymn-book a wood-cut depicting a worthy couple in the extremity of old age, looking very miserable, with their faces half turned from each other as they sing their sacred song. The motto, *celestia canimus*, seems on their lips to say: "This is all we are fit for now." It is the case that we have not, old or young, been taught to sing our psalms and hymns "with cheerful voice." May we not look to the time when our spiritual guides, while not denouncing the song, will commend the hymn; when both song and hymn will be heard in our families and in our schools; when with hymn as well as with psalm our people will sing in church with greater zest, and make a more "joyful noise" than they have hitherto been encouraged to do?

A MEASG TUATH NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

UILLEAM MAC-COINNICH,

RUN-CHLEIREACH CUIRT-AN-FHEARAINN.

BHEIR sinn sgriob a nochd a measg Tuath na Gaidhealtachd. Siubhlaidh sinn bho Mhaol-Chinntire gu ceann tuath Shealtainn, is bheir sinn sop as gach seid 'san dol seachad.

Tha moran de sgriobhaidhean cudthromach a' tighinn a mach bho àm gu àm mu Thìr-mòr is Eileanan na h-Alba—cuid a' moladh is cuid a' di-moladh—cuid mu bhàrdachd is cuid eile mu cheòl. Cha 'n 'eil mise a' dol a sgrìobhadh eachdraidh no a dheanamh searmoin, ni mò tha mi 'dol a dheanamh òraid mu chor na Gaidhealtachd. Mar thuirt mi cheana, bheir mi sop as gach seid; is mur toir na their mi gàire oirbh tha mi dearbh-chinnteach nach toir e cridhe goirt do dhuine sam bith.

Tha 'n sean-fhacal a' cantuinn gu 'm beil faoileag an droch chladaich an dùil nach 'eil cladach fo 'n ghréin cho bòidheach ri a cladach fhéin. Air an dòigh cheudna tha mòran de dh' òigridh na Gaidhealtachd dhe 'n bheachd nach 'eil àite 'sam bith coltach ris na h-oisinnean beaga anns an d' rugadh iad 's an d' fhuair iad an àrach.

'Nuair bha mi-fhein na m' bhalachan an Loch-Bhraoin shaoil mi nach robh dùthaich fo' n ghréin cho maiseach ris an dùthaich sin, is nach robh daoine ri fhaighinn bu tréine no na b' ionnsaichte na na Braonaich. Ged bhiodh muinntir àitean eile cearbach, bha iadsan coimhlionta. Ach 'nuair dh' fhàs mi beagan na bu shine 's a' bhithinn a' toirt sgrìob air ais 's air aghart eadar a' Loch-mór 's a' Loch-beag chunnaic mi gu 'n robh muinntir an dara loch a' deanamh fanaid air dòighean is cleachdaidhean muinntir a' loch eile, agus ag aithris-bhialan air Gaidhlig cach-a-chéile! Ach ged bhiodh iad a' magadh air dòighean a chéile mar so, is e daoine fiosrach a bh' annta fhéin lamh ris na h-Asainntich! Bha "mar thuirt an t-Asainnteach" 'na fhacal a' ciallachadh faoineachd. Air an laimh eile bha 'n t-Asainnteach, 'na bharail fhéin, moran na b' fheàrr na 'm Braonach!

Bhiodh muinntir na h-Airde-'n-iar air fad a' sealltainn sios air muinntir na h-Airde-'n-ear. Fad na h-oidhche geamhraidh air chéilidh cha robh fearaschuideachd a b' fheàrr a thaitneadh ris an òigridh na bhi ag aithris-bhialan air Gàidhlig nam Machrach, agus a' fanaid air an dòighean. Bha Gaidheil na h-Airde-'n-iar cròdha, calma, cruadalach, agus muinntir na h-Airde-'n-ear bog, gun sgoinn. Na 'm b' fhior gu 'n robh eagal mòr orra bho ghaisgich na h-Airde-'n-iar, agus gu 'n canadh iad 'nam measg fhéin—"A Chia chuin', 's e daoin' borb th' ann muinntir shuas—bhuailu iad dòrn gun mhiotan." Ach a chòrr air a bhi bog 'san tuasaid na 'm b' fhior gu 'n robh na Machraich na 'n daoine aineolach. A réir a' sgeòil,

bha dithis Mhachrach a' dol dachaidh an deigh paigheadh a' mhàil air Oidhche Fhéill-Martainn. Bha an oidhche dorch, is bha sad math air na fir. Thuiteadh fear am poll a' siod 's a' fear eile an eabar an so. Thuirt an dara fear ris an fhear eile "A Chia chuin', tha'n h-uil' dad an aghaidh 'n duin' bhochd nis —tha cuimhn' a'am-s' 'nuair bhiomaid 'dol dachaidh 'an déigh Mhàl phàighu, bhithu gealach againn—ach thug iad sin fhéin bho 'n duin' bhochd nis!" Tha deadh òran 'san "Aos-dàna" aig Iain Mac Alastair Oig, anns am beil a' Ghaidhlig Mhachrach air a sgriobhadh mar labhrar i, agus anns am beil fanaid air a deanamh air dòighean is beachdan nam Machrach. Is e "Marbh-rann Bhàtair" is ainm dha.

An déigh dhomh dhol a chomhnuidh do 'n Airde-'n-ear chunnaic mi gu 'n robh muinntir na dùthcha sin gu tric a' magadh air muinntir na h-Airde-'n-iar. Theireadh iad gu 'n robh "muinntir shuas" leisg, agus 'nuair bhiodh gniomh ri dheanamh nach robh dad air an inntinn ach—"Ciod e do chabhaig?" "Tha e tìde gu leor;" no "Ni e an gnothuch a' màireach." Nach e fear as an Airde-'n-iar a thubhairt:—

"Di-h-aoine mo ghaoil,
Di-sathurna mo ghràidh,
Di-dòmhnaich a' chadail mhòir 's a' bhìdh mhaith,
Ach oich! oich! Di-luain
An t-seachduin cho buan
'S a bha i riamh!"

Cha 'n 'eil cearnadh dhe 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns nach faightear beachdan mar so. Chi sinn an Sgitheanach a' magadh air dòighean an t-Sàilich no 'n

Leòdhasaich, 's an Sàileach a' magadh orra le chéile! Bithidh a' Muileach ag aithris-bhialan air a' Chollach no air an Tirisdeach, an Tirisdeach air a' Mhuileach, 's an Collasach air an Ileach. Magaidh an Tuathach air an Deasach, 's an Deasach air an Tuathach!

Ach cha 'n 'eil anns na gnothaichean sin ach gòraich, agus 'nuair dh'fhàgas daoine na h-oisinnean beaga 'san deachaidh an arach, 's a theid iad a measg Ghaidheal eile air feadh an t-saoghail, chi iad nach 'eil cleachdadh no modh-seanchais a measg nan Gaidheal a lean gu dlùth ri cliù an sinnsir a tha 'na bhall-magaidh. Ionnsaichidh an Deasach bho 'n Tuathach, 's an Tuathach bho 'n Deasach; an t-Eileanach bho 'n Mhor-thireach, 's a' Mor-thireach bho 'n Eileanach; agus gu tric gheibh duine sam bith a tha 'dol troimh an t-saoghal le sùilean a chi, is cluasan a chluinneas, moran soluis air nithean a bha neònach no na 'n dubh-fhacail dha an laithean òige.

Thuilleadh air a bhi 'magadh air a chéile bha e gle chumanta gu 'n robh frith-ainmean aig muinntir an dara sgire, no eilean, air muinntir sgire no eilean eile. Bha latha ann agus chuireadh na h-ainmean ud fearg is corruich air muinntir, ach dh' fhalbh na laithean sin, agus ni sinn uile gaire an diugh ris na h-ainisgean. Gheibhear na 's mo dhe na h-ainisgean anns na h-eileanan, is anns na bailtean an cois a' chladaich no anns na glinn; agus air an aobhar sin tha mi 'smuaineachadh gur ann bho na Lochlannaich a thainig moran diubh. Gus an latha 'n diugh tha frith-ainmean aca a measg a chéile air muinntir nan Eileanan Arcach is Sealtainneach. Tha cuid de na h-ainmean anns na

h-Eileanan ud a thainig a nuas bho linn gu linn. Tha dearbhadh againn air sin ann an cunntas a sgriobh fear Jo. Ben ann an Laidionn 'sa' bhliadhna 1529 air Eileanan Arcamh. Is e is ainm da "Descriptio Insularum Orchadiarum." Is e Walls (no mar their muinntir na dùthcha sin "Waas") fear de na h-Eileanan deasach de dh-Arcamh; agus is ann mar so a tha Ben a' tòiseachadh a chunntais air—"Wais, Pomonienses vocant incolas 'the lyars of Wais,' insula est non magna." Tha sin a' ciallachadh nach e Eilean mor a th' ann, agus gu 'n can muinntir Phomona (*i.e.*, Tir-mor Arcamh) na Fachaich ri muinntir Walls. Nise 's e "na Fachaich" a their muinntir nan Eileanan eile ri muinntir Walls gus an latha 'n diugh. Faodaidh mi 'radh gu 'n can na h-Arcaich "Lyar" agus na Sealtainnich "Lyrie" ris an eun ris an can sinne 'sa' Ghaidhlig Fachach.

Tha Ben a' toirt dhuinn iomradh air sgire Harray cuideachd, agus tha e a' cantuinn gu 'm beil muinntir na sgire sin cho leisg, socrach, is gu 'n can feadhainn eile "na caoirich" riutha. Is iad so a bhriathran fhein:—"Hara alia parochia, ubi ignavissimi fuci sunt, ideoque dicuntur 'the sheeps of Harray.'"

Faodaidh mi beagan eile de na frith-ainmean Arcach a thoirt dhuibh:—

Hoy—Na Speireagan.
Widewall—Na Buidsichean.
Veira—Na Faochagan.
Rousay—Na Capuill (Mares).
Kirkwall—Na Druidean.
Firth—Na h-Eisearan.
Stromness—Na Luban-dubha, no Na Maragan dubha.

Birsay—Na Birich.
Shapinsay—Na Caoirich.
Stronsay—Na Beàrnaich.
North Ronaldshay—Na Roin.
Eday—Na Sgairbh.

Tha frith-ainmean de 'n aon seorsa aca an Sealtainn. Is iad so cuid diubh :—

Lerwick—Na Caoiteagan.
Whalsay—Na Saoidhein.
Yell—Na Meirlich.
Fetlar—Na Lothan peallagach.
Weisdale—Na Cullaich.

Sin agaibh a nise cuid de na frith-ainmean a tha measg nan Arcach is nan Sealtainneach. Bheir mi dhuibh na 'n deigh beagan de na frith-ainmean a tha measg nan Gaidheal, mar leanas :—

Cnapadail—An Crodh Maol.
Creignis—Na Fithich Dhubha.
Cearara (faisg air an Oban)—Na h-Eireagan.

Tha port-a-bial an Lathurna a tha dol mar so—

"Tha trì chasan deiridh air na h-eireagan an Cearara."

Bha iad so rud-eigin coltach ris a' choileach aig Iain Fidhleir, mar thuirt am port—

"Bha trì chasan deiridh
Air a' choileach aig Iain Fidhleir,
'S bu mhath a measg nan eireagan
An coileach aig Iain Fidhleir."

Lathurna—Na Losgainn.

B' àbhaist strìth mhòr a bhi eadar na Muilich 's na Lathurnaich. Theireadh muinntir eile mu 'n deidhinn—

An Gilmean Muileach gu bleid,
'S an Losgann Lathurnach gu sgeig.

Taobh-Loch-Odha—Na Liath-chearcan.
Mucàrna—Na Gearra-ghobaich.

Tha port-a-bial againn a tha 'tòiseachadh mar so:—

H-uile te 's a còta 'n togail
'Toir nan gobach as an tràigh.

Tha facal eile an Lathurna—

"Gearra-ghobaich gun mhodh gun oilean
Coillearan Mhucàrna."

Cinne-Ghearrloch—Na Buic.
Aird-ghobhair—Na Gobhair.
Airdnamurchann—Na Cnòdain.
Smeireasairidh—Na Buic dhubha.
Cnoideart—Na Gobhair.
Loch-Utharn—Na Falamairean.
Gleann-Eilg—Na h-Oisgean.
Cinn-t-Saile—Na Domhuichean dubha.

"'S ioma fear meileiseach, creimeasach, grannda,
'Th' eadar Gleann-Seil' agus eirthir Chinn-t-Sàile:
Domhuichean dubha nach subhach mu 'n ghàire,
'S ged b' e 'n t-omhan bu bhiadh dhaibh
Cha 'n iarradh iad spainn da!"

A' Chomraich—Na Buic.
Gearrloch—Na Truisg.
An Uamhag (an Gearrloch)—Na Buic.
Meallan-Thearlaich—Na Rodain.

Bha bard ann an Loch-Bhraoin a rinn òran a' moladh sgoth ùr a chaidh a thogail 'san aite. Is e so fear de na rainn—

'Nuair chaidh i fo h-uidheam air sàl,
Gu 'n sheòl iad a null thun an Fhàin;
'S bha rodain nam Meallan
A' sgreadail 's a' chladach,
Ag iarraidh a mach air an t-snàmh.

Thuirt Bard eile—

Rodanan nam Meallan
'S mios iad na na fathan,
Tholladh iad na sgrathan
'G iarraidh stigh gu feòil.

Loch-Bhraoin-beag—An Crodh.
Nead (an Asainnt)—Na h-Eoin.
Diùra—Na h-Eich.
Muile—An Doideag, no Na Doideagan.
I-Chaluim-Chille—Na h-Eich.
Créich 'sa' Ros-Mhuileach—Na Gamhna.

"Gamhna Chréich 's iad na beistean,
Coirc is eòrna measg a cheile,
'S feumaidh iad an tùirneap."

Lios-mor—Na h-Oisgean
Ratharsaidh—Na Saoidhein.

Ma 's fior gu 'n canadh muinntir Ratharsaidh :—

"Bu mhath an sgadan an uair nach fhaigheamaid an saoidhean."

Rùm—Na Ròcais.
Eilean-nam-Muc—Am Piatan.
Eige—Na Fachaich, is Na Cathaig.
Srath-Mhic-Fhionghainn—Na Faochagan.
Sleibhte—Na Coilich, no Na Cearcan.
Aird Shleibhte—Na Faoileagan.
An Druimfearna—Na Coin.
Heast—Na Mèirlich.

"Coin an Druimfhearna is Meirlich Heast."

Duthaich Mhic-Leoid—Na Mogainn, no Na Moganaich.
Troiternis—Na Coin.

Tha facal aca 's an Eilean Sgitheanach—

"Mo chuideachda fhein—Coin Throiternis."

Dige—Na Bòguis.

Tha rann mar so mu mhuinntir Bailtean Chille-Mhoire 'san Eilean Sgitheanach—

Sgreigeagan Thearbusta,
Seilcheagan Pheighinn-a'-ghobhainn,
Casan fada Dhìliosta,
Sìlichein Fheall;
Mèirlich Pheighinn-Ora,
Daoine gòrach Pheighinn Mhic-Mhanainn,
Somhadairean Thungladair,
'S stapag-shùghain Shiadair.

Bhaternis—Na Cait.
Leodhas—Na Birich.

Co-cheangailte ris na h-ainisgean tha rainn is facail mu àitean is mu fhineachan. So beagan diubh mu aitean:—

ILE.

"An uair a threigeas na duthchasaich Ile, beannachd le sìth Alba."

"Na'm b' eileanach mi gu'm b' Ileach mi,
'S na'm b' Ileach mi bu Rannach mi."

Thug Ileach turus uair-eigin gu Lag-a'-mhuilinn, far an d'fhuair e cus ri 'òl. So mar thubhairt e—

"Lag-a'-mhuilinn, lag mo dhunach,
Lag bu duilich fhàgail."

MUILE, &c.

"Cha'n eil an cùil no 'n cuilidh
Nach fhaic sùil a' Mhuilich;
'S cha'n eil an aird no 'n lòsal
Nach laimhsich làmh an Ilich;
Na ghoideadh a' Muileach
Ghrad sgrìobadh an Collach uaithe e;
Ach is mairg a dh'earbadh a chuid no anam
Ris a' chealgaire Bharrach."

"Muilich is Ilich is Deamhain:
Triùir is miosa 'san domhan
'S miosa a' Muileach na 'n t-Ileach;
'S miosa 'n t-Ileach na 'n Deamhan."

"Cha'n fhaic a' Muileach nach sanntaich a' Muileach;
Na shanntaicheas a' Muileach goididh an Collach;
'S na ghoideas an Collach cuiridh an Tirisdeach am folach!"

"Sliop a' Muileach is sgrìobaidh e thu,
Sgrìob a' Muileach is sliopaidh e thu."

"Ged a bhiodh tu cho carach ris a' Mhuileach gheibhear a mach thu."

TIRIDHE.

"'Tirisdeach, an cead na cuideachd."

Their cuid na "cearcan mara" ris na Tirisdich.

BARRAIDH IS UIBHIST.

"A' spleògaire Barrach, 's am bleidire Baoghalach."

"Am Baoghal leomach 's am Barrach bleideil;
An sgeigire Barrach 's am bleidire Baoghalach."

"Staoinebrig na stamh,
Aite 's miosa modh
Gus an ruig thu Thogh."

Tha Staoinebrig 'na àite clachach, ach ma's fhior gur h-e fear a mhuinntir a' bhaile sin a thubhairt—

"Och is och 's mi gun chlach
'S mi air maol Staoinebrig!"

Tha iad a' cantuinn gur h-i "Kirsty Bhornish," Ban-Uibhisteach a bha ainmeil 'na latha fhein, a rinn an rann so—

"Is iomadh fear buidhe
'Na shuidh' ann an Uibhist
Nach itheadh na h-uibhean
'S a' Charghus,
A rachadh do 'n aonach
'S a ghoideadh as caora
Ged chroichte le taod
No le cainb e!"

AN T-EILEAN-SGITHEANACH.

"Céilidh nam ban Sléibhteach."

"Sléibhte riabhach nam ban bòidheach."

"Faochagan an t-Srath 's mnathan Shléibht'."

"Clachan an t-Srath 's mnathan Shléibht'."

"An Srath-Fhionghainneach geal
'S an grinne beus gun smal;
An Srath 's an cruaidhe clach
'S an sgaitiche cù is bean."

"Cha'n 'eil maide cám no direach nach fhaigh feum an Ròg."

"Siadar sin is Siadar,
Cha do chinnich duine riamh ann;
'S ged is lionmhor do chnocan
Leaghaidh do chuid mar am fiar ann."

LEODHAS.

"Fir a' Chladaich, 's bodaich Nis;
Daoine uaisle Uige."

"Sùlairean sgire na h-Uidhe,
'S muinntir aoidheach nan Loch."

COMHAL.

"Comhal chreagach nan daoine bradach."

Tha muinntir Chòmhail a' deanamh mach nach eil sin ceart, agus gur ann mar so a tha am facal—

"Colla chreagach nan daoine bradach."

LOCH-ODHA.

"Eireachdas mnathan Loch-Odha—
Am bréid odhar a thionndadh."

DUN-OLLAIDH.

"Dun-Ollaidh nam breacagan tana tolla,
Dùn is eidhionn air aodann
Dùn gun aoradh gun onoir."

LATHURNA.

'S iad so an da chuideachd bu mho a chuir riamh de dhragh air Donnchadh Sheanachainn—

"Clann Iochrachain
Is coin a' Bharra-challuinn."

GLEANN-NIBHEIS.

"Gleann-nibheis, gleann nan clach,
Gleann 's am bi 'n gart anmoch,
Gleann cumhang, gleann fàs,
Gleann dubh, fada, fiadhaich, grànnd,
'S am beil sluagh a' mhi-ghnàis,
Gleann ris na chuir Dia a chul—
Amar sgùrainn an domhain mhoir."

AIRD-GHOBHAR.

"Ma theid thu dh' Aird-ghobhar
Far am bi 'n ganntar,
Far an ithteadh na gobhair
Mu'm feannt' iad;
Na taghail 's a' Chùil no 's a' Chill,
Na taghail an Salachan nan creag,
'S tha Inbhir-Shannda air bheag bìdh."

GLEANN-EILG.

"Eilginneach nan casan caola."
"Oisg Eilginneach an earbuill bhuinnich."

BAILTEAN LOCH-AILLSE.

"Drumbuidhe nan deargad,
Earbusaig nan con cloimheach,
Airdeilbh an eòrna,
Is pailisean Bhaile-mhic-ara."
"Baile na bochdainn—Ploc Lochaillse."

LOCH-CARTHONN.

"Fhad 's a' bhios maide 's a' choill
Bios an fhoill 's a Charthonnach."
"An Carthonnach 's an car ann."

CINN-T-SAILE.

"Cinn t-Saile nam bodach 's nam bò."

"Cho fad 's a bhios monadh an Cinn-t-Saile,
Cha bhi Mac-Coinnich gun àl 's a' Chrò."

Facal no dha mu na fineachan a nis.

"An t-Uasal Leathanach is an Ceatharnach Raonallach."

"Buidheachas do Dhia is Leathanach mi."

"Ged tha mi bochd tha mi uasal—is Leathanach mi."

"Mac-'Ill-'Eathain Locha-Buidhe,
Ceann-uidhe nam mèirleach."

"Leathanach gun bhòsd; Dòmhnullach gun tapadh; Caimbeulach gun mhòrchuis."

Theireadh na Leathanaich, "An cinneadh mòr 's am pòr tubaisdeach," riutha-fhéin 'nuair thòisich na Caimbeulaich air faighinn làmh-an-uachdar orra. Is ann mu'n àm so a chaidh ministear a choimhead air seann chailleach de Chlann-Leathain a bh'air leabaidh bhàis. "Am beil eagal Dé oirbh a bhean?" thuirt a' ministear. "Co am fear a tha sin?" ars a' chailleach. "O tha," ars a' ministear, "am fear a tha 'riaghladh na h-uile ni." "Ciod e is sloinneadh dha?" ars a' chailleach. Chunnaic a' ministear nach b' urrainn da teagasg sam bith a thoirt di, is thubhairt e, "Is Caimbeulach e." Fhreagair a' chailleach—"Gu dearbh bha mi a' smuaineachadh sin, cha do theòthaich mo chridhe riamh ris!"

"Amhlaireachd Chlann-Mhic-Philip."

"Camshronaich bhoga 'n ime."

"Iarr gach ni air Camshronach ach na iarr ìm air."

"Casan tioram Chlann-an-Tòisich."

"Cha 'n ann a h-uile là bhios mòd aig Mac-an-Tòisich."

"Fadal Chlann-an-Tòisich."

"Clann-Mhic-Codrum nan ròn."

"Cha 'n 'eil Clann-Mhic-Neacail dìoghalta."

"Clann-Mhic-Neacail a' bhrochain 's an droch aran eòrna.'

"Cha bhi gean air Mac-Coinnich gus am faigh e 'dhìot."
"Clann Mhuirich a' bhrochain."
"Cha bhi gean air Granntach gus am faigh e lite."
"Clann-Mhic-Leòid na mine."

Their iad an t-ainm so ris na Leòdaich bho 'n àm a chaidh Marcus Mhontròis a ghlacadh an Asainnt. Tha iad a' cantuinn gu'n d'fhuair Mac-Leòid Asainnt min ghoirt a chaidh a cheannach an Lìt' mar dhuais, agus air an aobhar sin thubhairt Iain Lom:—

"Marbhaisg ort a dhi-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu 'm firean,
Air son na mine Lìtich
Is dà-thrian di goirt."

"Cha robh balach riamh de Chlann-Ghriogair, no caile de Chlann-an-Aba."

"Co ris a theid mi dha 'm ghearan 's gun Mhac-ic-Ailein am Mùideart."
"Sliochd nan sionnach, Clann-Mhartuinn."
"Tha uaisle fo thuinn an Clann-Lachlainn."
"Clann-Fhionghainn nam faochag."

Mar thuirt mi mar tha, bha latha dha'n robh an saoghal is gu'n cuireadh cuid de na facail ud fearg mhor air daoine, ach dh'fhalbh iad sin, agus coinnichidh Gàidheil as gach àite nise, is suidhidh iad mu'n aon bhòrd mar bhraithrean. Bidhidh sinn an dòchas nach fhada gus an tig an latha 'nuair—

"Bhios caoimhneas, comunn, iochd is gràdh,
Anns gach àit, a measg an t-sluaigh,
Eadar far an éirich grian,
'S far an laigh i 'n iar 's a' chuan."

Ged tha na Gaidheil gu tric glé ullamh air son ceartas a thoirt a mach, 's a bhios iad fo mhulad 's fo ghruaim 'nuair a gheibh iad droch-cheartas tha iad a'

smuaineachadh gu'm beil a dhol air bialaobh cùirte 'na ghnothuch cudthromach. Turus dha'n robh mi an Uibhist-a-chinne-deas dh'fhoighnich mi ri seana bhean chòir an robh i riamh air Tir-mòr. "O cha robh, a ghràidh—Buidheachas do Dhia, cha robh mi riamh a null air an Fhadhail-a-Tuath." Bha 'm boirionnach còir a' ciallachadh le so nach robh i riamh aig cùirt an Loch-nam-Madadh. Is ann air son sin a bha i 'toirt buidheachas do Dhia.

Tha cuid a bheir am mionnan mar gu'm b' ann a' gabhail duain air Oidhche Chaluinn a bhiodh iad, ach cha'n e sin doigh nan seana Ghaidheal. Is e gnothuch cùramach do dhuine sam bith a mhionnan a thoirt agus cha'n ann aon uair a chunnaic mi seann duine anns na h-Earrannan Caitliceach de 'n Ghàidhealtachd a' deanamh comharradh na croise 'nuair bha e 'dol air a mhionnan.

Bho cheann bliadhna no dha bha mi fhéin ag eadar-theangachadh eadar seana-mhaighdinn Ghaidhealaich agus Cùirt an Fhearainn. Cha robh i air son a laimh a thogail idir, ach mu dheireadh thug i a mionnan. La no dha an déigh sin bha mi 'gabhail an rathaid, is choinnich mi a' cheart té agus seana chailleach còmhla rithe. "O," ars ise, "is mi a tha diombach oirbh—is e sibhse a chuir air mo mhionnan mi an là roimhe." "C' ar son a ghabh thu iad?" ars a' chailleach. "Dh'fheumainn an gabhail," fhreagair an té eile. "Nach bu tu an òinseach," ars a' chailleach, "C' ar son nach d'thuirt thu riutha gu'n robh thu trom!" Tha cuid a' géilleadh nach eil e ceart do bhoirionnach anns an t-suidheachadh sin a dhol air a mionnan

Is minig a chunnaic mi feadhainn a labhradh Beurla meadhonach math an aghaidh fianuis a thoirt 's a' chainnt sin. Bhiodh eagal orra gu'm biodh feadhainn eile 'fanaid air am Beurla, no gu'n deanadh iad mearachd na 'n seanchus. Tha cuimhne agam air gille gasda 'fhuair deagh sgoil ach nach robh a' cleachdadh na Beurla. Thàinig e air bialaobh cùirt, is thubhairt am breitheamh ris—"*You speak English, John.*" Bha beagan Beurla aig Iain is fhreagair e—"*A few, my Lord.*" Thug am freagairt so gàire air cuid, is cha 'n abradh Iain smid Bheurla tuilleadh!

Nuair a bhios cuid de dhaoine ag eadar-theangachadh bho Gàidhlig gu Beurla bheir iad freagairtean iongantach aig uairean. Chuala mi iomradh mu lagh a bha an ceàrnaidh àraid de'n Ghàidhealtachd mu dheidhinn each a chaidh a ghoid. Bha seana bhodach a' toirt fianuis an Gàidhlig, is dh' fhoighnich am fear lagha ris—"*Was the horse shod?*" "An robh brògan air an each?" ars an t-Eadar-theangair. "A Dhia nan gràs," ars am bodach, "am beil an duine air a bhàinidh! Co riamh a chunnaic brògan air each!"

Bha fianuis eile aig an aon chùirt aig an robh Beurla fhad-chasach, chrioplach. Dh'fhoighnich am breitheamh ris—"*What kind of horse was it, Duncan?*" Fhreagair Donnchadh—"*A quadruped horse, my Lord.*"

Bha fear aig an robh Beurla mhòr a' toirt fianuis aig uair eile mu dheidhinn sanas àraid a chunnaic e air dorus eaglais fada bho dhachaidh fhéin. Dh'fhoighnich am breitheamh ris ciod e bha esan a' deanamh aig eaglais mar siod cho fada bho thigh fhein.

Fhreagair e gu socrach, a' deanamh stad beag eadar a h-uile facal—"*Well, my Lord, there was a rumour of sheriff-officers coming to the country to warn the tenants out of their holdings, and I went to the districts concerned to advise the people against the use of physical force in their paroxysm of land hunger.*"

Chuala mi mu sheann duine a bha air bialaobh cuirt is dh'fhoighnich am breitheamh ris mu 'theaghlach. Fhreagair e nach robh aige ach aon nighean agus gu'n d'fhàg ise-fhein a nis e. 'S i an ath cheist a chuirteadh ris—"C'àit' am beil i?" Fhreagair am bodach—"Tha i air a mànran fhein cuide ri fear eile." Chuir an t-eadar-theangair am Beurla mar so e —"*She is enjoying herself with another man*"—freagairt a thug lachan gàire air a h-uile duine 's a' chuirt. Nise bha am freagairt mar thug am bodach e tuigseach gu leòr; bha 'n nighean an déigh pòsadh, 's i air tigh dhi-fhein.

Tha cuimhne agam air seann duine a bha a' toirt fianuis an cainnt a mhathar, agus an déigh dha a' chùirt fhàgail thuirt e ris a' chiad fhear a choinnich e —"'S mise bh'air mo mhaslachadh an diugh. Bha mi 'na mo sheasamh an siod air am bialaobh fad uair an uaireadair is mo theanga ann am pluic fir eile."

Tha an sean-fhacal ag radh gu'm bi am fear a th'air tìr an dùil gur h-i a làimh fhéin is fheàrr air an stiùir. Is ann mar sin a tha e leis an eadar-theangachadh. Cha'n 'eil an obair idir cho faras a dheanamh ceart 's a shaoileadh muinntir nach do dh'fhiach rithe.

Bha maighstir-sgoil' uaireigin an Uibhist a bhiodh

ag iarraidh air an òigridh na briathran so eadar-theangachadh facal air an fhacal air mhodh is gu'm biodh iad tuigseach do Ghall—

> "Taodan beag, caol, cruaidh, naoi duail,
> Air aon laoghan beag, maol, ruadh, Mairi."

Ged a bhios cuid de na Gaidheil a' caomhnadh na Beurla an uair bu mho feum oirre an cuirt bithidh pailteas aca dhi 'nuair a ruigeas iad an dachaidhean fhein. Tha cuimhne agam air turus a bha mi ann am baile beag cuide ri fear-meas. Bha buaireadh air chor-eigin mu chrìch eadar da chroit. Dh'fhoighnich am fear-meas ri seana bhoirionnach a bha an sin—"*Whose land is this I am standing on?*" Chuir mi-fhein so an Gàidhlig, is fhreagair a' chailleach gu'm bu leatha-sa e. 'S i an ath cheist—"*Whose land is that other rig?*" Cha d'fhuirich a' chailleach ri so a chur an Gàidhlig dhi, is fhreagair i—"*That is Donald MacDonald's; his extremities are next to mine!*"

Is iomadh trioblaid a dh'eireas mu chriochan, agus gu tric is beag is fhiach an t-aobhar-connspaid. "Fuirich air do thaobh fhein de'n chlais, uile-biast," arsa seann fhleasgach ri a bhana-choimhearsnach. "Cha 'n 'eil mise ag iarraidh ach ceartas" ars ise; "cha ghabhainnse uidhir 's a tha dubh dhe m' ionga dhe do chuid, a' mhoisein."

Chaidh an t-uachdaran a dh'fhiachainn ri réite 'dheanamh eadar seann fhleasgach is banntrach a bha am baile beag. "A Dhòmhnuill," ars esan, "ciod e is ciall do 'n dol-a-mach a th'eadar thu-fhein is Mòr. Pòs i; cuiribh an dà chroit ri chéile, is cha chuir criochan

tuille trioblaid oirbh." "An e mise 'phòsadh ise!" arsa Dòmhnull. Chaidh e an sin gu tigh na banntraich is thuirt e rithe gu'm b'fheàrr di-fhein is do Dhòmhnull pòsadh, is gu'm biodh am baile aca dhoibh-fhein. "An e mise 'phòsadh esan" arsa Mor. Cha deachaidh a' chrioch ud a chur ceart fhathasd!

Cha'n 'eil cànain a tha cho taitneach do chridhe a' Ghaidheil ris a' Ghaidhlig, agus 'nuair bhios e air fuadan a measg nan Gall tha i cho binn 'na chluasan ri ceòl á sìth-bhruth. Bha Muileach uaireigin 's an taobh deas, is air dha tilleadh dhachaidh thuirt e ri a mhuinntir mar so—"Rainig mi Grianaig far nach tuigeadh na daoine 'chéile; ach 'nuair thill mi do Thobar-Mhoire mhòr nan gràs againn fhéin thog mo chridhe ris, is chuala mi an coileach a' goirsinn 's a' Ghaidhlig."

Ach ged bhios sinn uile dha 'moladh tha mòran againn a tha dha 'milleadh. Cha toigh leam fhein Gaidheal a chluinntinn a' sparradh facal Beurla an siod 's an so a measg na Gàidhlig. Chuala mi mu fhear a bha a' gearan air fliuchad an rathaid, "ach," ars esan, "ged bhiodh e *disagreeable* is *gutters to the knee* ann rachainn a *visiteadh* na *lass*."

Bha fear eile ann is chaidh e le gamhainn gu féill. Cha d'fhuair e prìs gu leòr air, is thug e dhachaidh e. "C' ar son nach do reic thu an druim-fhionn?" ars a bhean. "Cha d'fhuair mi am *price* air," ars esan. "Nach d'fhuair thu tairgse idir air?" ars a' bhean. "*Well*," ars esan, "*dh'offerig* Dròbhair *Five Pounds* dhomh air ach cha do *dh'accept* mi e."

Bha duine eile anns a' Ghàidhealtachd a thug

cuairt mu dheas. Thill e dhachaidh le mòr-ionnsachadh, na'm b'fhior, is co ach e? Latha dhe na làithean bha deasboireachd eadar e-fhein is fear de na coimhearsnaich mu chreideamh. Fhreagair am fear a thug sgrìob gu deas—"Cha'n 'eil mi-fhéin 'na mo *shectarian* cho mor 's gu'm beil mi a' *beilieveadh* gu'm beil *Christianity* air a *chonfineadh* ri *denomination* sam bith!"

Tha e 'na dhoigh aig Gàidheil de gach creideamh, spéis is urram a thoirt do na h-uile pears-eaglais, ach an dràsda 's a' rithisd tachraidh rud mu dheidhinn ministear a bheir gàire oirnn. Bho cheann beagan bhliadhnachan bha ministear a' gabhail ceum ann an eilean 's an Airde-'n-iar. Choinnich e gille beag casruisgte a b'aithne dha, 's e ag éisdeachd ri ceard a' cluith air a' phiob-mhòir. "A Dhonnchaidh" ars esan, "am bu toigh leat a bhi 'na do mhinistear?" "Bu docha leam a bhi 'na mo cheard," arsa Donnchadh.

Chaidh ministear àraidh a choimhead air boirionnach euslainteach, agus mu'n d'fhàg e an tigh rinn e ùrnuigh. Bha cearc air nid ann an cùil a steach, agus an uair a bha am pears-eaglais ris an urnuigh, rug a' chearc an t-ubh is dh'éirich i le gog-gog-gog-aoidh. Stad a' ministear; 's dh' éirich fear an-tighe; rug e air a' chirc 's chuir e a ceann fo 'achlais, is thubhairt e—"Faodaidh sibh a dhol air aghart a nise; fhuair mise greim air nighean an diabhuil."

Bha ministear ann an sgìre àraid a bha 'na dhuine fior-mhor, foghainnteach. Bha mac aige a dh'ionnsaich a' mhinistearalachd; agus chord e ri ministear eile 's an dùthaich gu'n searmonaicheadh e air a shon

air Dòmhnach àraid. An t-seachduin roimh an Dòmhnach sin labhair a' ministear suidhichte ris a' choimhthional mar so—"Mo chàirdean, tha mise dol bho 'n tigh, ach thigibhse so air Di-domhnaich mar is abhaisd duibh: Bithidh Mac-an-fhir-mhòir fhein 'na m' àite!"

Is aithne dhomh ministear a bha a' coimhead air sean chaillich a bha chòmhnuidh an àite iomallach de 'n sgìre aige. Bha comhradh aca mu'n aimsir, prìsean air crodh 's air meanbh-chrodh, is gnothaichean de'n t-seòrsa sin. Mu dheireadh thuirt a' ministear—"Tha an oidhche 'tighinn, is feumaidh mise bhi 'siubhal, ach ma's falbh mi, bu mhath leam facal ùrnuigh a dheanamh." "O le 'r cead," ars a' chailleach, "b'fhearr leam fhéin *smoke.*"

Bha uair-eigin clobair ann an gleann uaigneach a fhuair droch chliu. Mu dheireadh thainig 'na cheann pòsadh, is chaidh e gu ministear air son an t-snaim a cheangal. "Tha mi toilichte 'fhaicinn," ars a' ministear, "gu'm beil thu 'dol a sgur dhe do dhroch bheusan 's a' dol a phòsadh; ach a thruaghain, is iomadh te a mhill thu, is peacadh a rinn thu, is mur fhaigh thu maitheanas ciod e dh'éireas dut latha 'Bhreathanais?" "Latha 'Bhreathanais? An e sin a tha sibh a' cantuinn?" ars an clobair. "'S e is dòcha gu'm bi sinne ann an 'Stralia roimhe sin."

Bha duine uaireigin do 'm b' ainm Iain Mòr na Claise-carnaich a' fuireach am monadh ann an Siorramachd Rois. Cha rachadh pears-eaglais na bu trice na aon uair 's a' bhliadhna 'na rathad. Bliadhna dhe na bliadhnachan bha a' ministear a' toirt teagaisg

do dh' Iain 's do mhuinntir mu'n Uan Chaisg. 'Nuair a thill e air ais an ath bhliadhna dh'fhoighnich e ri Iain an robh cuimhne aige air a' bhonn-theagaisg a bh' aca an uiridh. "Tha gu math," ars Iain: "bha sibh a' bruithinn air an Oisg Chaisg." "Ud, ud, Iain," ars a' ministear, "an t-Uan Caisg." "An t-uan an uiridh 'n oisg am bliadhna," ars Iain.

Fhad 's a tha mi 'bruithinn air gnothaichean mar so faodaidh mi iomradh a thoirt air altachadh is ùrnuigh no dha. So altachadh a bh' aig seann Leodhasach an uair a bhuineadh an t-Eilean Leòdhasach do Chlann Choinnich—

"O Thighearna, 'eudail,
Cur Mac-Coinnich air tir
Is làn phris air a' mhart,
'S meadar blàthaich anns gach àit' an tachair sinn.
O Thì a chuir an t-séap so oirnn
Cuir séap eile oirnn,
'S bho shéap gu séap
Gus an cur thu 'n t-séap dheirionnach oirnn;
'S biodh e mar sin gu deireadh an t-saoghail
'S gu siorruidh suthainn.
Amen."

Mu chiad bliadhna roimhe so bha seann duine 'fuireach faisg air Bàgh-a'-chaisteil am Barraidh. Biodh e 'deanamh ùrnuigh mochthra is anmoch, is bha earann di mar so—"Ma 's fheudar gu'n téid loingeas a dhìth, O Thighearna, stiùir Thusa am fiodh 's an cainb gu tràigh Bhuirbh is Caolas Bhatarsaidh."

Bha ministear ann an Eilean Shannda, an Arcamh, aig an robh ùrnuigh air an aon seòl—"*If it please*

Thee, O Lord, to cause helpless ships to be cast on the shore, O Lord, in Thy mercy dinna forget the poor Island of Sanday."

Bha Sgitheanach uaireigin air thurus, is chaidh e a steach do thigh a ghabhail fasgaidh. Dh'fhuirich e 's an tigh gu tràth-diot. Bha fear-an-tighe 'na dhuine gruamach, mi-shuilbheara, mosach. Coma co-dhiu, shuidh an t-aoigh a steach ris a' bhòrd. Chuir fear-an-tighe dheth a bhoineid is thuirt e an t-altachadh mar so:—"Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia mi-fhein 's mo bhean is Iain mo mhac, 's gun duine ach sin." An deigh dhoibh an dinnear itheadh thuirt an Sgitheanach "Gabhaidh mi-fhéin an t-altachadh a nis." "Air aghairt ma ta," arsa fear-an-tighe." "Gu'n gabh an Diabhul thu-fhein 's do bhean is Iain do mhac, 's gun duine ach sin," ars an Sgitheanach, 's ghabh e mach air an dorus mhor is dh'fhalbh e.

Mar tha fhios agaibh, is e mo ghnothuch-sa bhi 'dol feadh na Gaidhealtachd 's nan Eilean cuide ri Cùirt an Fhearainn. Their muinntir gu tric rium—"is iomadh rud a chuala sibh a measg na tuath a bu toigh le Gaidheil eile 'chluinntinn." Gun teagamh chunnaic is chuala mi iomadh rud anns na bliadhnachan a th'air dol seachad a b' fhiach a sgrìobhadh ach cha b' e obair aon oidhche no aon seachduin a bhiodh an sin. Chunnaic mi daoine foghainnteach ag iarraidh ceartais 's a' cur an céill am beachdan ann am briathran cho snasail is cho dòigheil 's a chluinneadh sibh an cearnaidh sam bith de'n rioghachd; chunnaic mi creutairean bochda ag innseadh ann an briathrabh tiamhaidh mu na dh' fhuiling iad, agus a'

leigeil fhaicinn do gach neach gu'n robh an cor truagh; is a chorr air a sin chuala mi fir a bha coma-co-dhiù, no a bha neònach 'nan dòighean, a' toirt freagairtean a bheireadh gàire air neach sam bith. Thuirt mi ruibh 's an tòiseachadh nach robh mi 'dol a thoirt òraid chudthromach dhuibh a nochd; is tuigidh sibh nach biodh e freagarach dhomh a dhol a bhruithinn air lagh an fhearainn, no trioblaid sam bith a dh' éirich eadar tuath is tighearna, ach faodaidh mi dha no tri dhe na freagairtean neònach a dh'ainmich mi innseadh.

Bha duine bochd a' deanamh a ghearain ris a' Chùirt, is dh'fhoighnich am fear-lagha dheth an robh teaghlach aige. Fhreagair Domhnull—"Tha dà theaghlach agamsa." "'S am beil do bhean beò?" ars am fear-lagha. "Cha'n 'eil a' chiad té," arsa Dòmhnull.

Aig am eile chaidh fhoighneachd ri fear ciod e 'n teaghlach a bh' aige. Fhreagair e—"Tha deichnear mu'n teine, 's fear eile 's a' bheirt."

Bho cheann beagan bhliadhnachan shuidh a' Chùirt ann an àite far an robh an tuath a' gearan nach robh iad a' faighinn cuideachadh no cobhair sam bith bho luchd-riaghlaidh na h-oighreachd. Thog aon fhear tigh ùr, thog fear eile sabhal no bàitheach, 's rinn fear eile gàradh-crìch no dìge, ach cha d'fhuair duine dhiubh cuideachadh bho'n uachdaran. Mu dheireadh an latha, thainig seann duine air bialaobh na Cùirte, is chaidh fhoighneachd ris ciod e an teaghlach a bh' aige. Fhreagair am bodach air a shocair fhein—"Tha ceithir-duine diag: 's cha d' fhuair mi cobhair bho 'n uachdaran!"

Cha'n 'eil duine sam bith a bhios air siubhal nach fhaic rud an dràsda 's a rithisd a bheir gaire air, agus aig amannan faodaidh e rud fhaicinn nach taitinn ris. Bha fear air chuairt an aite iomallach agus rainig e tigh anns am bu ghnàth le luchd-siubhail cuid na h-oidhche fhaighinn. Aig a' bhiadh-mhaidne ghearain e ris a' bhean-mhuinntir nach robh a' mhuic-fheòil math. Fhreagair Mairi air a socair fhein—"'S e muc a bh'aig bean-an-tighe a bh'ann, is bhàsaich i oirre, is bha i ga cumail air son nan 'Tréibhilearan!'"

Chaidh mòran de bhàrdachd is de sheann sgeulachd-an na Gaidhealtachd a thional, ach tha mòran ri thional fhathasd, agus bu chòir dhuinn uile ar dichioll a dheanamh air an sgriobhadh. Tha an t-seana mhuinntir aig am beil iad, a' fas na's gainne 's na's gainne, agus cha'n 'eil an òigridh ag ionnsachadh nan gnothuichean ud mar bha an athraichean.

Cluinnear mòran phort nach deachaidh riamh air paipeir, ach tha am port-a-bial a' dol a fasan, is cha'n 'eil na's fhearr a' tighinn 'na àite. Tha na seana chleachdaidhean a' dol air dhi-chuimhne is tha e iomchaidh gu'n reachadh a h-uile dad a tha ri fhaighinn mu'n deighinn a sgriobhadh 's a chumail air chuimhne.

B'àbhaist iomradh a bhi air feadh na duthcha air a' Chliar-Sheanchainn, ach is e glé bheag a chaidh a sgrìobhadh mu dhol-a-mach na buidhne sin. Ach cha b'e a' Chliar-Sheanchainn a mhain a bha math air geur-chainnt. Tha iomradh againn air bàird a' coinneachadh a chéile, 's an dara fear a' fiạchainn ri buaidh fhaighinn air an fhear eile le geur-sheanchus. Chuala sibh an

rud a thuirt Mac-'Ille-Mhaoil, an dròbhair Abrach, 'n uair bha e 'fàgail Uibhist—

Tha mise 'n so 'nam fhleasgach,
'S m' aodann air preasadh le aois;
Cha phòs mi gruagach a Uibhist—
Cha toir mo chridhe dhi gaol.

Fhreagair Uibhisteach e—

C'ar son nach tilleamaid an t-òran,
Air a' ghnòig, Mac-'Ille-Mhaoil;
Ma tha e 'm bliadhna 'na dhròbhair
Tha e eòlach anns gach taobh.

A mhic a' bhodachain chabuich,
Bho Bhun-Lochabar nan craobh,
Cleas a' chait a dh'òl an t-uachdar,
Bheirinn dhiot a' chluais fo 'n mhaoil.

Tha maighdionnan shuas mu'n Linne,
Do'n toir a h-uile fear gaol—
Muineal is gile na 'n canach,
Suil mheallach fo'n mhala chaoil.

Am bard mosach Mac-'Ille-Mhaoil,
Cluasan madaidh, claigionn laoigh,
Iosgaidean fada na faoileig
Agus casan caola 'n fhéidh.

Air an aon dòigh bha a' chòmhail a bh'aig Bard Mhic-Leòid is aig a' Bhard Chononnach. Choinnich iad an Dùthaich Mhic-Leòid, is thòisich iad air òl gus an d'fhas am Bard Cononnach tinn. An sin thuirt Bàrd Mhic-Leòid—

"Tha 'm Bard Cononnach gu tinn
Air a dhruim an tigh an òil,
Ge b' e phàigh air son na deoch
Thug e biadh do choin Mhic-Leòid."

Fhreagair am Bard Cononnach—

"Thug thu alladh air Mac-Leòid,
'S dhòmhsa cha bu chòir a chleith,
Nach fhaigheadh a chuid chon do lòn
Ach na dheanadh luchd òil a sgeith!"

Dh'fhaotainn leantuinn air gnothuichean mar so gu maduinn, ach tha 'n t-ám agam gad a chur air mo mhàileid. Air an aobhar sin co-dhunaidh mi le bhi 'guidhe saoghal fada 's deadh bheatha do "Chomunn Gaidhlig Ghlaschu."

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES

AS ILLUSTRATED BY OLD WRITINGS.

WILLIAM MACKAY, INVERNESS.

MY intention is to endeavour to place before you certain aspects of life in the past, as illustrated by old documents. The subject is a dry one, for old writings are not so fascinating as old tales. They are, however, far more reliable. While traditions change and disappear, writings, as Ovid said, survive the lapse of years—*scripta ferunt annos.* The subject is also a wide one, and I shall only be able to give you *sop as gach seid*—a wisp out of this sheaf and a wisp out of that. Moreover, I shall have to confine myself to certain customs connected with the principal events of life—Birth, Fosterage, Marriage, Death,—and with the possession of the Land, and the state of War—a chronic state with the old Highlander.

BIRTH.—There was, in the old days, no great stir on the actual event of birth. The public rejoicings were postponed until the mother was strong enough to join in the festivities. Then her Kirking

took place. On that occasion the parents and a large party of their friends attended church for the purpose of returning thanks for a safe mother and a living child. After divine service the party adjourned to the parent's home, or, more commonly, to the ale-house, which usually nestled near the church, and much feasting and dancing took place. The clergy tried to stop excesses, and the first document I shall refer to is a minute passed in 1656 by the Synod of Moray, within whose bounds a great part of Inverness-shire and the eastern Highlands lie:—"The Synod ordains that Presbyteries be carefull to remove superstitione and profaneness in Kirking of women after child-birth, and admonish them that as their first voyage is to give thanks to God for their deliverie, that it be to a meeting of the congregatione for public worship, and that they go not thence with their fellowship to the ailhouse too long, but behave themselves gravelie and modestlie, as those who are truly thankful ought to be." The minute, you will observe, does not object to the adjournment to the ale-house, but only to too long a sitting there.

The next event was the baptism of the infant. In Roman Catholic times that invariably took place in the church—"in face of the congregation"—and Knox's Liturgy and the Book of Discipline ordained that the custom should be continued in the Reformed Church. Many friends accompanied the parents and the child, and after service the festivities of the Kirking were repeated. Knox ordered that the father, or in his absence the god-father, should at the baptism

rehearse the Creed, and it was also customary to recite the Lord's Prayer and sing the Doxology. These practices were discontinued in Cromwell's time, for the Puritans objected to every semblance of liturgy or set prayer. After the Restoration an attempt was made to restore them, and in May, 1688, the following resolution was recorded by the Presbytery of Inverness:—"That at Baptiseing of Infants the parents make confession of their Faith by owning and acknowledging the Apostles Creed, as also that after prayer the Lord's Prayer be subjoyned, and after praises the Doxologie be sung; and all the Brethern to be particularly enquired thereanent at the prbie censure." Puritanism, however, prevailed; these religious requirements dropped out of use; and for generations no Presbyterian baptism took place in church.

FOSTERAGE.—Fosterage was common to the Celts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It consisted of the child of one person being adopted by another, who gave him bed and board, and sometimes education, and treated him in every respect as his own child. Sometimes men exchanged children. The custom probably originated in the troubles of the olden times, the constant danger to life and property, and the consequent desire to form alliances for mutual protection, not only by marriage and bands of manrent, but also by fosterage of children. Numerous instances are recorded of extraordinary love and fidelity by foster parents and foster brothers—the best known in literature being that told by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth," where Torquil

and all his sons sacrificed their lives for his foster child Eachin MacIan.

The contract of fosterage was, commonly, by word of mouth, but it was sometimes committed to writing. The first specimen I shall submit is a contract entered into in 1580 between Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhay (the Laird of Breadalbane) and his "native servant" —that is, his slave—Gillecreist Makdonchy Duff Vic Nokerd (Christopher son of Black Duncan son of the Tinker) and his wife Catherine Neyn Donill Vekconchy (Catherine daughter of Donald son of Duncan) by which these two humble persons bound themselves "to take in fostering Duncan Campbell, son to the said Duncane, to be sustained by them in meat and drink and nourishment till he be sent to the school with the advise of friends, and to sustain him at the schools with reasonable support, the said father and foster father giving between them of makhelve guddis in donation to the said bairn at Beltane thereafter the value of two hundred merks of ky, and two horses or two mares worth forty merks; these goods with their increase to pertain to the said bairn as his own chance bears him to, but their milk to pertain to the said foster father and mother so long as they sustain the said bairn and until he be sent to the schools, except so much of the said milk as will pay the mails of pasture lands for the said cattle. . . . and in case the said bairn shall die before he be sent to the schools, his father shall send another of his children, lass or lad, to be fostered in his stead, who shall succeed to the first bairn's goods; and the said foster father and

mother being bound to leave at their decease a bairn's part of gear to their said foster son or to the bairn that enters on his place, as much as they shall leave to their own children."

There is extant a contract of fosterage written in Gaelic between Macleod of Macleod and John, son of the son of Kenneth, dated 1614:—"Ag so an tachd agus an cengal ar affuil Macleod ag tabhairt a mhac iodhon Tormoid d'eoin Mac mic Cainnigh, agus ase so an tachd ar affuil se aig Eoin iodhon an leanamh," etc., —"This is the condition and agreement on which Macleod is giving his son, namely, Norman, to John the son of the son of Kenneth, and this is the condition on which he [the child] is with John, namely, if so be that John die first the child to be with his wife until she get another husband for herself, but the guardianship of the child to belong to Angus, son of the son of Kenneth, so long as she is without a husband." The foster father puts the following stock in possession of the foster child:—7 mares; these and their increase to be kept by Macleod for the foster child.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage was regular or irregular, for life or for a more limited period. The contract—*an leabhrachadh*, or "the booking"—was signed or otherwise concluded some time before the date fixed for the marriage. Its common form ran thus:—"We, Donald MacHomish, and Mary daughter of Ronald MacRory, bind ourselves to marry each other within the space of 40 days hence under the penalty of £40 Scots payable by the party failing to fulfil this engage-

ment to the party willing to perform the same." The money (equal to £3 6s. 8d. sterling) was placed in neutral hands, usually in those of the Session Clerk, who entered the contract in a book which he kept for the purpose. The document was, however, more elaborate with people of consequence, and it sometimes contained strange provisions. The contract of Hugh Rose of Kilravock and Joneta, daughter of Robert Chisholm, Governor of Urquhart Castle, dated 1364, after binding the parties to marry each other in face of Holy Church, provides:—"From the date of the marriage the said Sir Robert shall keep and maintain his said daughter for three whole years in meat and drink; but the said Hugh shall find and keep her in all necessary garments and ornaments."

In 1482 a treaty was entered into by Lachlan Mackintosh of Gallovie (brother of The Mackintosh) and Donald son of Angus Mackintosh, in connection with certain estates. It contains the provision that, "For the mare kyndness, traistnes, and securitie," Donald shall marry Margaret, daughter of Lachlan; and, as they are within the forbidden degrees, Lachlan shall bring a dispensation from the Pope. Until the dispensation arrives, the young people are to be handfast, and the lady's father binds himself to make thankful payment of 40 merks of tocher to Donald, to clothe his daughter honestly, and to hold and sustain her in his own house "twa years giff it please the said Donald that she shall remaine so long with her father."

A similar treaty between Donald, son of Cameron

of Lochiel, and Agnes, daughter of the Laird of Grant, entered into at Urquhart Castle in 1520, in presence of Lord Lovat, Grant of Glenmoriston, the Prior of Beauly, and the Vicar of Kilmonivaig, binds Donald to marry Agnes as soon as a dispensation rendered necessary by some canonical impediment is obtained from Rome. Meantime, as in the case of Gallovie, the rules of the Church yield to the worldly interests of the parties, and until the dispensation arrives the young couple are to live together without the sanction of religion—an arrangement calmly acquiesced in by the pious prior and vicar. "And if it shall happen that the said dispensation come not home within fifteen days after Martinmas the said John the Grant is bound and obliged to cause them to be handfast and put together, his said daughter and the said Donald, for marriage to be completed, in the default of the dispensation not coming home at the said time." There is danger that after the handfast period of probation, Donald may decline to tie himself indissolubly to the young lady. To meet this risk, Lord Lovat and other two gentlemen become sureties that the marriage will be completed, under the penalty of £1000 to be paid to Agnes in the event of Donald refusing. It is satisfactory to state that the dispensation came and that the regular marriage was solemnised. From the union has come the present race of Lochiel.

I show you, as a specimen, a post-nuptial contract, dated 1592, between my own ancestor, Duncan Mackay of Achmonie in Glen-Urquhart, and Margaret, daughter of The Chisholm. It is a business-like Latin docu-

ment, six inches long, and it provides that in the event of Duncan predeceasing his spouse, she will have the rents of Achmonie during her life. As a contrast to it in length, I also show you the contract, dated 1710, between Alexander Grant of Shewglie in Glen-Urquhart, and Margaret Chisholm, also a daughter of The Chisholm of the day, consisting of a roll of paper four feet long. The deed of 1592 was written by a priest; that of 1710 by a professional lawyer!

There was as a rule excessive conviviality at marriages, the rejoicings sometimes lasting a week. Until quite recently, a wedding that did not extend over three days was a poor wedding indeed. Among the humbler classes the guests subscribed towards the cost of the entertainment; hence the name "penny wedding." The marriage usually took place on a Thursday, and the festivities lasted until the bride was kirked on the following Sunday. The Sunday afternoon was devoted to feasting and dancing. The clergy did their best to stop these extravagances. In February, 1640, the Synod of Moray record:—"In respect of ye gryt disorders yat haw fallen out in dyverse parts off ye land by drunkenness and tuilzieing at pennie brydalls, therefore it is ordained that thair be no pennie brydalls maid on ye Sabbathe." This ordinance was ignored by the Reverend John Marshall of Dundorcas, as appears from the following minute of October, 1640:—"Mr. Johne Marshall, being founde to have maid a marriage on the thursday, and wt ye same persones keiped a pennie brydall on ye nixt Sabbath day, hawing a minstrell playing to ye Churche

and from ye same befoir them, is sharplie and grawlie rebucked in ye face of ye Synod." In 1675 the Bishop of Moray made an effort to regulate penny weddings. The following are his rules :—

"1. That the usual excessive number be limited to and restrained to eight persons allenarlie [only] on each side of the married persons.

"2. That all piping, fiddling, and dancing without doors of all whomsover resorting these meetings be restrained and discharged.

"3. That all obscene, lascivious, and promiscuous dancing within doors be discharged.

"4. That the two dollars consigned at the contract of the married persons (which is also ordained to be deposited not only as pledges of performing their intended purposes of marriage, but also of the civil and sober deportment of all those that shall countenance their marriage feast) remaine in the Sessione Clerk's hands until the Lord's Day after the marriage, that in case of contravening one or other of the foresaid articles by any whomsoever, then and in that case the foresaid two dollars shall be confiscated to the common good of the parish church, and this by and attour the public censure to be imposed upon the transgressors of the foresaid articles."

These rules, however, were not respected, and in 1709 and 1710 the excesses which still prevail are

again alluded to. In time the entertainment was gradually modified, but penny weddings continued, and as late as 1870 I myself as a lad attended one and contributed my mite towards the expense.

DEATH.—Even death could not stop the native mirth of the old Highlander. During the likewake the chamber in which the body lay was filled day after day and night after night with the coronach, and with jests, songs, and tales, the music of the fiddle and the pipes, and the shout and clatter of the Highland reel. The entertainment was liberal. This is the bill for the wake of Sir Donald Campbell of Ardnamurchan, in 1651, the money being Scots:—

52 gallons of ale at 20s. per gallon -	£52	0	0
5 gallons and 1 quart whisky at £16 per gallon - - -	84	0	0
8 wedders at £3 each - -	24	0	0
2 pecks salt - - - -	2	0	0
2 stones cheese - - - -	4	0	0
1¼ lb. tobacco - - - -	0	11	0
1 cow - - - - -	23	6	8

As in the case of kirkings, baptisms, and marriages, the Church exerted itself to stop irregularities in connection with likewakes. On 8th June, 1675, the Synod of Moray, being "deeplie weighted with the superstitious and heathenish customs prevailed at lykewakes in many places within this diocese, at which time sin and scandal does greatly abound, to the dishonour of the great Lord and offense of sober Christians, for redressing whereof, and that the deportment and carriage of such who resort these lykewakes may be as

becometh Christianitie, the Lord Bishop and Brethren foresaid ordains that the ordinary crowding multitude of profane and idle persons be debarred, and that none frequent or countenance these meetings but those of the defunct's nearest relatives, or those that may be useful for Christian counsel and comfort to the mourners and afflicted, discharging strictlie all light and lascivious exercises, sports, lyksongs, fiddling, and dancing, and that any present at such occasions behave themselves gravely, Christianly, civily, and soberly, spending the time in reading the scriptures and conferences upon mortality; ordaining this Act to be publicly read throughout the diocese." In 1675, the Presbytery of Inverness ordered the Minister of Moy "to prohibit dancing and piping and fiddling at likewakes, and to punish the guiltie with church censures," and similar references appear later. The wake, however, continued for many a day. It has, in certain districts, not yet quite disappeared; but now the nights are passed in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer and praise and quiet conversation.

The deceased was usually buried on the Sabbath, and the minister frequently deserted the pulpit to attend the funeral. In 1640, the Synod of Moray ordained "that ministers exhort from burying on the Sabbath, and that hereafter no minister leave his own flock to go to burials on the Sabbath, unless the necessity be approven by the Presbytery." The invitation was a general one to the whole country side. Special letters were addressed to lairds and men of importance. I show you the funeral letter of the Rev. John Mac-

kenzie of Killearnan, who died in 1635. There was, as a rule, a great concourse of people, and much drink was consumed, with sometimes unfortunate results. At the funeral of one of the lairds of Culloden, the mourners entertained themselves so generously before leaving the house that when they did start for the churchyard they left the coffin behind! At another funeral a similar mistake occurred, and was only discovered when the party arrived at the churchyard, and the sexton remarked, "It's a grand funeral, but whaur's Jean?" It is told of an old woman in Glenmoriston, who lived half-way between St. Columba's churchyard at the lower end of the parish, and Clachan Mheircheird at the upper, that when her funeral came to the point at which the roads to those burying-grounds parted, a discussion arose as to whether she should be buried in the upper or in the lower. The dispute led to a fight in which several persons were killed. The survivors then solved the question in dispute by burying the old lady where they had fought.

Many people were, in the old days, buried within the church. This led to a very insanitary state of matters. In 1684, the Presbytery of Inverness has the following:—"The said day Mr. Thomas Houston, minister of Boleskine, regretted by his letter to the Brethren of the Exercise that all persons of all ranks indifferently buried their dead within his church, not only his own parishioners but some others of the neighbouring paroches, so that several coffins were hardly under ground, which was like to be very dangerous and noisome to the hearers of the Word within

the said church, and therefore earnestlie intreated the advice of his brethren how to carry thereanent, which the brethren referred to my Lord Bishop and the ensuing Synod." The General Assembly, at an early period, passed an act prohibiting burying in churches, but the Highland Presbyteries found it impossible to carry it into effect. In 1642, the Synod of Moray endeavoured to modify the custom by making a charge. The fee at Kingussie was 10 merks, or about 13s. sterling. The custom, however, continued, and sometimes gave rise to disturbances. In 1650, Murdo Maciver, one of the elders of Lochbroom, was deposed "for avowing his resolution to bury in the kirk in spite of the Act of Assembly;" and at a later period a man in Petty burst open the door of the church in order to bury his wife within the sacred fabric.

There is a popular impression that in the old days people lived to a greater age than they do in these degenerate times. The contrary was, however, the case, and necessarily so, for in the past people were not so well housed, or clothed, or fed as we are, and smallpox and deadly fevers were not so much under the control of medical and sanitary science as they are to-day. The Rev. James Fraser, Minister of Kirkhill, near Inverness—the author of the Wardlaw Manuscript—kept a "Bill of Mortality" from 1663 to 1709, in which he recorded the deaths that occurred in his parish, and remarks and reflections thereon. At the end of the year 1674 he writes:—"The Bill of Mortality reached this yeere to above 70 persons. No such sudden deaths and malignant fevers ever known.

Most of young and old, especially children, died of smallpox, which raged here as a plague for two yeeres." At the close of 1677 he records :—"A malignant fever raged, of which men died in three days time;" and, in 1697, "This was the yeare of the greatest mortality that I ever remember in this corner of all Scotland over—a running contagion off plague, fluxes of all sorts, of which most persons died. Our Bill this yeare extended to 112." The population of the parish, according to the last census, is 1296. The probability is that it was not higher in Master James's time. In that case, the death-rate in 1674 was 54 per thousand, and in 1697, 86 per thousand! In 1709 Mr. James remarks:—"It is worth noticing how long people live in our latter age, and our ancestors short lived." He then gives a list of the oldest men known to him in the Highlands. The most aged was John Mac Phail Duin in Abertarff, who was stated to be 90 years old. Then follow the names of one who was 89, another 88, five 87, three 86, one 85, one 84, two 82, three 80, one 78, one 77, and one 76. No register of births was kept, and, if we allow for the tendency to exaggerate the years of aged persons, we may assume that the above ages were somewhat overstated. In any case, the men were so exceptionally old as to cause as much wonder as we feel to-day when a man reaches 100 years. The fittest only survived, and even they did not nearly reach ages which are in our day comparatively common.

THE LAND.—Individual right of property in land was known in Scotland at an early period. The oldest

grant of which we have record is that by King Brude to St. Columba in the sixth century. After it come the grants recorded in ancient Gaelic in the Book of Deer. These were probably verbal grants, publicly declared. Written grants, however, soon became common. I show you an original charter by King William the Lion, bearing no date, but given about the year 1170. It is a short Latin document—so short that I shall give you a complete translation of it:—"William King of Scots to all good men of his whole realm, greeting. Know ye both present and to come that we have granted and given, and by this my present charter have confirmed to Orm, son of Hugh, Glenduogin and Balemadethin by their right meiths, to be held by him and his heirs of me and my heirs freely quietly and honourably from all service saving my service which belongs to that land, as Earl Duncan quitclaimed the same in exchange for Balebrevin. Witnesses, Andrew, Bishop of Caithness; Nicholas, Chancellor; Matthew, Archdeacon; Richard of Morville, Constable; David Olifard, Justiciar; Walter, son of Alan, the Steward: at Perth." I also show you an original charter by King Alexander the Second of the same lands dated 5th April, 1222. It is somewhat longer than William the Lion's Writ, consisting of 115 words as against the older deed's 92. The legal verbosity went on developing until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when deeds attained to enormous lengths. I hold in my hand a copy of a charter granted in 1568 by the Earl of Huntly to The Mackintosh, which extends to about 1700 words. In the

two early charters the lands are simply described as Glenduogin and Balemadethin by their right meiths (boundaries). The conveyancer of 1568 was not satisfied with so meagre a description, and he gives the following, which I think beats the title to the lands of Bradwardine, as given in "Waverley":—"All and sundry our lands of Bandachar (Banchor) with the Mill of the same and their multures and fishings of salmon on the water of Spey. . . . in fee and heritage forever, by all their right measures old and divided, as they lie in length and breadth, limits and bounds, on every side, in woods, plains, muirs, mosses, ways, paths, waters, pools, streams, meadows, grazings, pastures, mills, multures, and their sequels, fowlings, huntings, fishings, peatbogs, turfgrounds, coal, coal-heughs, rabbits, warrens, pigeons, pigeon-cots, smithies, maltkilns, brooms, plantings, woods, groves, nurseries, dykes, woodcuttings, quarries, mountains, hills, valleys, with power of digging, labouring, and cultivating new lands not yet cultivated within the bounds and limits of all and sundry the aforesaid lands, so far as they may bear, stone and lime, with courts and their issues, fines, herezelds, and merchets of women, with culture and all pasture, with free entry and ish, and with all other and sundry freedoms, commodities, profits and easements, and their just pertinents, whatsoever, as well not named as named, under the earth as upon the earth, far and near, belonging, or that may in any way whatever justly belong in future to the foresaid lands, all and sundry, with their parts, pendicles, and whole other pertinents, freely, quietly,

fully, wholly, honourably, well, and in peace, without any impediment, revocation, contradiction, or obstacle whatsoever, forever." The deeds to which I have referred are all in Latin, but Gaelic writs were not unknown—witness the Gaelic charter by the Lord of the Isles to Brian Vicar Mackay of land in Islay in 1408. Ultimately, English came into general use.

In the old days the owner of a landed estate frequently borrowed money on a wadset—a contract under which the lender got actual possession of certain lands, and continued to occupy them, virtually as proprietor, until the money was repaid, sometimes after generations had passed. I show you a contract of wadset of 1692, which consists of a closely-written roll one foot wide, nine feet four inches long, and containing about 10,400 words!

One result of private ownership was that the owners came to let their lands to tenants. Leases appeared early. The document I show you is a lease granted by the Bishop of Moray to my ancestor, John Mackay of Achmonie, in Glen-Urquhart, in 1554. The period was 19 years, which is still the common period in Scotland. The annual rent was £3 in money, two firlots of dry multure, and two kids. The tenant bound himself to give the usual military and civil services to the proprietor.

The most interesting institution in connection with the land was the Baron Court. The baron—that is, the owner of land which had been erected into a barony—had almost unlimited jurisdiction in civil and criminal matters. He himself did not usually preside

over his court. That duty he devolved on his factor or baron-bailie. I show you the minutes of certain courts which will give you some idea of the various questions which came before him.

At a court held in Strathglass in February, 1691, seventy-seven persons were fined for killing deer, roe, and muir-fowl, and for cutting greenwood and sward or green turf. The fines ranged from £5 Scots for cutting sward, to £50 Scots for killing a deer, and amounted in all to £885 Scots—equal to £74 sterling.

At a court held in Strathglass in May, 1692, the following is recorded:—"The said day anent the grievance given in against Hugh McHutcheon Vic Onill in Glencannich for and anent his exorbitant drinking off aqua vytie, and yrby dilapidating his means by his intemperance, qrby he is rendered unable to pay his duty [rent] to his master [proprietor]. The bailyie having considered the said grievance, heirby statuts and ordains that whatever aqua vytie merchands shall sell or give above ane half mutchkin aqua vytie to the said Hugh, the said aqua vytie shall be confiscat, and iff the said Hugh force any more yn yt allowed from ym he shall be fined in £10 Scots *toties quoties* as he transgresses." The minute does not explain how the *aqua vitæ* is to be confiscated after Hugh McHutcheon Vic Onill (Hugh, son of Hugh, son of Donald), has drunk it; nor does it state how often in the twenty-four hours he is permitted to purchase his half mutchkin.

The following rule was promulgated at a baron court held in Glen-Urquhart in 1736:—"In respect

that a universal hardship is imposed on the Gentlemen and Tenants of this Countrie [*i.e.*, Glen-Urquhart] by the hired men and servants both mail and women, and this is represented to the Judge; the same is to be enacted in the manner following:—That any servant who can properly provide his master in all the materials necessary for a labouring man is to have ten merks [equal to 11s. 1⅓d. sterling] of wages once in the half-year, and two pairs of shoes, the next best to have eight merks and two pairs of shoes, and the rest to have wages according as they are thought deserving. And as to the women servants, such as are not otherwise had than within the Countrie, and are not capable but to serve a Gentleman's house exactly, are only to have three merks and two pairs of shoes and one apron in the half-year. And although if any servant in the Countrie who can get service at Whitsunday and suspends his engagement until the shearing time, then and in that case they are to receive only half fees. As also if any servant naturalised in the Countrie, who is getting service within it, desert the Countrie without the special consent of the Baillie, and the testification of the Minister and Elders, the said Girls and Women to return to the Countrie so as to have habitual residence within it. Also any man being within the Countrie who asks for day's wages is onlie to have one-third of a peck of meal and his dinner for every day's work betwixt the 1st of November and the 1st of March, and all the rest of the year over to have one-half peck and his dinner onlie. As also all the Mealanders [that is, cottars paying *mail* or rent to

proprietors or tacksmen] within the Countrie to be required to give two days a week to his master for his dinner and supper, and also to give him the time preferable to any if required. And all the above rules to be observed forthwith both by the master and servants, under the penalty of Ten Pounds Scots by the master and Five Pounds Scots by the servant; upon all which the Judge promises to give the Sentence upon all persons complained upon, and if the complaint is instructed fyve pounds Scots Money to be to the informer; and in the case of the master being complained upon by their servants who make not paymt. within half a year after the fee is gained, he is to be decerned against and in favour of the servant, who is to get double of his claim, and that no servant is forced without asking the question at his present master under the within written penalty.

July the last, 1736.

Court, Pitkerald More.

JOHN GRANT, Baillie."

"Considering that Customary Swearing and Cursing is offensive to God and scandalous among men, especially before any sitting in judgment, wherefore did and hereby does enact that any person or persons guilty of the said sins from the time the Judge enters the Court House untill he leaves the same shall pay one shilling sterg. *toties quoties*, and his person apprehended and keeped in Custody untill he pay the same.

J. GRANT."

I now produce a more solemn record—that of a Court held by John Grant of Corrimony, as baron-

bailie for The Chisholm, on 18th January, 1699. At that court James Fraser, in Mayne, Strathglass, prosecuted Donald Mac Alister Vic Oill Dui (Donald, son of Alexander, son of Black Donald), then prisoner in Wester Invercannich, for theft. Christopher McKra was procurator-fiscal. The charges against Donald were:—(1) Stealing two sheep; (2) stealing a "red prick horned bull;" (3) stealing another sheep; (4) "Ye are further accused for breaking up ane chist belonging to Marie Roy [Red Mary] your mother-in-law, in the year 1689, and takeing furth thereof ane certain quantity of yarn and other commodity;" (5) stealing more yarn and plaiding; and (6) stealing kail from William Mcinduie (William, son of Black John). The court was fenced, the case called, and a jury chosen. The names of some of the jurymen may interest you—James Mac Ean Og, John Mac Alister Rioch, Donald Mac Ean Mhic Quiene, Ferquhar Mac Oill Vic Ferquhar. The witnesses were examined, and the verdict of the jury given in writing. The unfortunate Donald was unanimously found guilty, and the following sentence was pronounced:—"The Bailly having re-entered in Court, and the verdict of the said assize being Returned, and under the signe and subscription of yr. said Chancellor and Clerk, and haveing considered that they have found the within written articles of the Indytement proven, the said Bailly decernes and ordaines the person of the said Donald Mc Alister Vick Oill Duy to be brought furth of the prison qrin which he now lyes in Inverchannich, to the Muire of Comar, Friday nixt the 20th day of

January instant, twixt the houres off ane and two in the afternoone yt day, and yr to be hanged on ane gallows set up on the said muire, be the hand off the hangman, to death, and yrafter to be cutt doune, and his corpse to be carried away and buried at the back syde off the Kirkyaird off Comar Kirktowne; and ordaines his haill moveables to be escheat to His Majesty's use; And this the said Bailly pronounces for doome.

JOHN GRANT."

WAR.—Between national wars and tribal feuds, the old Highlander seldom wanted fighting. In a feud between clans the men were hastily summoned by the *crois-tàra*, the fiery cross. When the war was national, such as those of Queen Mary, Montrose, Dundee, the Fifteen, and the Forty-Five, the preparation was more elaborate. Committees were appointed, and a regular system of recruiting was carried out. In the case of the invasion of England by the Scots in the time of Cromwell, the proceedings had a religious element in them, and a fast was held in the Highlands at which the clergy were ordered to pray, "That the Lord wald provyde for the necessarie preservation of the lives of His people from sword and feared famine, yt the Lord wald mercifullie lead out our armie, inable everie one yrin to keipe themselves from everie wicked thing, covere there head in the day of battell, teach their hands to warre and there fingers to fight, and make them have guid successe yt the enemie may flie and fall before them." The Highlanders and Lowlanders fought like lions at the battle

of Worcester, but they failed to make the Ironsides flee or fall before them, and many of them never saw Scotland again.

At the beginning of the Rising of the Fifteen, a meeting of the gentlemen of Argyll was held at Inveraray, at which it was formally resolved—I show you a *fac-simile* of the minute—"To stand by and Defend His Sacred Majesty King George, His Person and Government, and the Protestant succession in his family, with their Lives and fortunes, And for that end be in readiness with all their fensible men in arms to obey such orders as they shall happen to receive from his Gra. The Duke of Argyll, their hereto Lord Lieutenant, And in the mean time they humblie think it reasonable that (in case there be occasion for it) before they have particular Orders from His Grace that an sufficient man upon each five merk land in the Shire be in readiness, as well appointed with arms as their circumstances will allow. And the forenamed Gentlemen now present doe hereby frankly engage for their respective proportions accordingly. And they Doe Recommend to the Justice Deput to transmitt ane Account of this their Resolution to his Gra. the Duke of Argyll."

Again, when Prince Charles landed in 1745, leading Jacobites travelled through the Highland glens urging men to join his standard; and on Sunday afternoons the people met in the churchyards and discussed the great question at issue. The result was Culloden, and the enormities that followed it. I am able to show you the original written instructions given by

the Duke of Cumberland to David Bruce, his Judge-Advocate, on 5th July, 1746, for the trial of those who had fought against King George. They are too long to read, but I may quote the following;—"You shall send to His Royal Highness an alphabetical List of all prisoners taken into custody, with a distinct account of the accusations against them and of the evidence upon which those accusations are supported. . . . You will take special care that the evidence taken against every person be clear and distinct, and be particularly attentive in such a multiplicity of things that each witness shall know by name, as well as sight, the person he deposes against." I also show you the original lists of the men of Urquhart and Glenmoriston who had been out, but had surrendered on the promise of protection. The promise was not kept, and the men were sent to Barbados without trial. One of the transported was my great-grandfather, Donald Mackay of Achmonie, who soon escaped to Jamaica, and ultimately returned to his native glen, where he rests.

CONCLUSION.—I have now endeavoured to clothe the dry bones of certain old writings with some show of living flesh. My attempt, I am afraid, has not been too successful. I trust, however, that I have helped a little to give you a truer conception than you before had of olden times in the Highlands. In the lives of our forefathers there were many pleasant features to which I have not been able to allude, such as their pastoral and agricultural customs, their fireside amusements, their poetry and romance, their bravery

and fidelity, their kindliness and unbounded hospitality. But, while that is the case, we must confess that we have reason to be thankful that we did not live in their days. We are prone to look back on the past ages through fairy spectacles, which conceal the evil and only show the good and the beautiful, and to sing with the bard—

> "The good old times have passed away,
> And weary are the new."

That is a pleasant exercise, and may not be altogether hurtful; but it is well for us to occasionally lay aside the enchanting glasses and to look at the evil and the good of the dead centuries with the naked eye of truth. Thus shall we be able the better to appreciate the blessings which we enjoy, but to which our fathers were strangers. Thus also shall we escape a very old rebuke. "Say not thou," said the Preacher to the discontented Israelites who looked back on a golden age which had never existed—"Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

THE LEGEND OF THE FIANN

IN THE

HIGHLAND BARDS.

W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D.

No true son of the Scottish Highlands,—and may they never have one that is otherwise!—can look without pride upon the roll of poets who have made for his country a literature, that in so many ways expresses all that is best and deepest in the race. Love of country, love of kindred, love of nature,—these are the great lessons of Gaelic song. The love of nature is strongest in the later bards, in those who followed upon the fall of clanship in last century, in men like William Ross, Duncan Bàn, Alexander Macdonald; while before these come the bards to whom the clan and the chief were all in all, true hearts like those of Iain Lom and Mary Macleod, poets who were Gaelic to the core. No one can be a true Scottish Highlander, who neglects the poetry of these and of others like them. It is a great thing, too, that on this point there is little room for the enemy to carp,—Highlanders as a rule *are* proud of their own literature. But they are also apt to make one mistake, I think, an error that limits their own enjoyment, and robs Gaelic literature of half its

strength. The error is that of being too easily satisfied, of stopping too soon in the ascending train of Celtic thought. Had these bards themselves, had Iain Lom for instance, no literature of their people to look back upon, to draw instances from, to learn from? Assuredly they had. Gaelic literature is not a thing of last century, nor of the one before that. Go back into the middle ages, and you will still find that the Gael has a literature, copious in extent and of surpassing interest,—a literature that in its written forms goes back to the 10th century, and which, traditionally, must be much older. *That* is where the Highlander's interest in his literature ought to end.

This literature, however, is of a different cast from that of our early Highland bards. It is the glory of these that they made Scottish Gaelic a literary tongue. But the literature on which they were reared was that of their kinsmen in Ireland. It was in this that many of them learned their art, it was this that they wrote in their books, and in this they corresponded with their poet friends in Ireland. Now in the latter half of last century there arose in Scotland, along with Macpherson's Ossian and other complications, an unreasoning prejudice against everything that was Irish. Any word that could be branded with that stigma was promptly hustled out of Gaelic books, even out of the scriptures which first came to Highlanders in the Irish tongue, and sent across the channel at the first opportunity. Along with this, perhaps to some extent causing it, came the inability to read the manuscripts which their fathers had written in the Irish

tongue and in the Irish letter. They were neglected, destroyed, cut into tailors' shapes, and perished unlamented. A more gigantic blunder was never committed in the literary world. For a people, who were proud of their race and their language, to deprive themselves wantonly of their true literary heritage, was an act of which it would be hard to find the like. What although it was Irish? It was the literature that the Scottish Gael had enjoyed in common with their Irish kith and kin, to which they may have contributed more than we know of, and to turn round in this way and throw it to the winds, was an act of literary suicide. It is for us now, recognizing the error, to try to restore the broken link that connects the poetry of the Scottish Highlands with the poetry of the older days, and it is in the hope of showing how close the two run to each other, that I have endeavoured in this paper to bring our Highland bards into close connection with the older literature of the Gael.

Among the many striking legends of the Gaelic race, which for centuries have been a source of delight in Ireland and Scotland, which in some ways have been more real to the Gael than history itself, the only one that has made itself known over the length and breadth of Europe, and has thus entered into the literature of the world, is that connected with the names of Ossian and the Fiann. This great service to Gaelic literature was rendered by James Macpherson, and, however much we may object to the form in which he presented the legend, however perverse we

may consider his methods to have been, we must at least admit that, but for him, the tale of the Fiann would still have little interest for any but the Gael themselves. It is true that some stray hints of the story are found in earlier times. Giraldus Cambrensis, in his enquiry into Irish affairs, had heard something of the leading persons in it, of Finn Mac Cumhail, of Ossian and Oscar. The poets of the Scottish Lowlands in the 16th century also knew of

> "Finn mak Coul and Gow Mac Morn, and how
> Thai suld be goddis in Irland, as thai say."

The knowledge, however, covered little more than the mere names of these chief personages; of the details of the legend itself, and of its value as literature or as poetry, these writers seem to have known nothing. It was James Macpherson who, in some moment of bright inspiration, seized upon the poetic motives of the tradition, and upon the basis of these, with the familiar names and a few of the well-known incidents, all steeped in mist and tinged with new sentiment, produced those "Poems of Ossian," which were a marvel and a delight to the one generation, and a weariness of flesh to the next.

It is of course notorious that Macpherson could never give any clear account of his authorities for these poems of Ossian. His own "dissertations" are very vague when treating on this point. On the one hand he seems to claim that they were handed down from one generation to another as models of poetry and of sentiment; on the other he seems to assert that the later bards were a degenerate race, incapable of

appreciating the noble themes of Ossian, and given only to praising their chief and the good cheer he provided. It seems strange, indeed, that bards, whom he describes as succesful in every other branch of poetry, should have been so hopelessly inferior in this: the whole argument, in fact, has a strong suspicion of being invented to make out a case. The case, of course, that Macpherson wanted to make out, was that the heroic ballads, which are in reality the only genuine "Ossianic" poems, were the composition of these degenerate bards, and therefore not to be placed on the same page, or even named in the same breath, with his heroic, cloudy, high-souled, sentimental Ossian.

It is remarkable how little the conclusions established even by Macpherson's contemporaries were regarded in the discussions on the genuineness of Ossian that raged for so many years. All their evidence goes clearly to prove that no one in the Highlands could produce any "Ossianic" poetry like Macpherson's, or indeed anything except those compositions which he rejected as bardic and Irish. This was the living Fenian tradition of Macpherson's time; it is the only living one yet. No man was more entitled to speak with authority on this subject than Campbell of Islay, and this is *his* verdict, deliberately given after an examination of the evidence on both sides. "Macpherson's Ossian, Smith's Sean Dana, Clark's Morduth, and MacCallum's Collath are the four samples of that class which claims to be authentic, and calls the other class corrupt . . .

No uneducated Highlander ever has recited this kind of Gaelic to me, and I cannot find a trace of it in any old writing."

To Macpherson then, pledged in favour of an Ossian who should be all sentiment and high-souled feeling, the common Ossian was but the late and unrefined dross of the ignorant bards. We may so far accept his decision on this point, for we shall find that the Ossian of the bards is indeed this despised anachronism, against whom Macpherson vents his scorn in his Dissertation. That the professional bards were responsible for the poems may however be doubted. A ballad literature is a growth of which the origins are obscure, and the authorship always uncertain. Both in Ireland and in Scotland the bard's name is seldom forgotten, and goes down to posterity in close connection with the poems themselves, whereas all real ballads are anonymous, and seem to have grown rather than to have been made. So it is with these ballads of the Fiann; they represent a literary movement, which is popular rather than professional, spontaneous and not artificial. But however they arose, it was natural that the bard, as the literary representative of his clan, should be acquainted with them. It was his business not merely to praise the chief and his clansmen, but to entertain them, and a knowledge of these tales and ballads would be expected of him as a matter of course. Being thus familiar with the legend of the Fiann, it might well be expected that the bard's own compositions would at times reflect this knowledge. The early legends

of every race, so long as interest in them remains, are sure to appear in its later literature. They are part of the mental inheritance of the people; references to them come out almost instinctively even in every-day language. They serve both the poet and the prose-writer as a ready means with which to point his moral and adorn his tale, and the allusion is one which the hearer or reader will at once understand and appreciate. So it is, for instance, in the literature of Greece. The tales of Troy and Thebes continue to be referred to by later authors, whether in prose or verse, and even were the Homeric poems lost, we should still be able to learn much of the legend from these later allusions. It is something like this which I propose to do in this paper,—to show from the compositions of the Scottish Gaelic bards what kind of Ossian *they* believed in, how far their testimony bears out Macpherson's assertion that the Ossian of the bards was this late Irish absurdity which he condemns. If this turns out to be the case, it becomes more imperative than ever that Macpherson should have given some clear proof that *his* Ossian was something independent of such a tradition, and old enough to be free from its pernicious influence. Such evidence he never did produce.

Here, however, it may be well to say a word or two on the state of this tradition in Scotland. That the legend of the Fiann is a living tradition no one could deny after the evidence afforded by J. F. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," and his "Leabhar na Féinne;" or the Rev. J. G. Campbell's volume in "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition."

At the same time, there is, I think, some danger of misunderstanding this tradition. It is sometimes pointed out as a marvellous thing that ballads, which are found in the Dean of Lismore's book about 1520, are repeated at the present day in forms not marked by any wide divergences. We must not forget, however, that a whole mass of written literature intervenes between these periods. From the seventeenth century these ballads are found in manuscripts which were in use in the Western Highlands until at least the early part of last century. The professional bards were able to read these manuscripts, and were thus not dependent on memory alone for their accurate transmission, and even the unprofessional reciter could thus be reminded of what he had forgotten. In fact, so far as we are dealing with anything that was in the habit of being written down, our only safe starting-point for an oral tradition is the fall of clanship and the decay of a purely Gaelic education. This applies not only to the ballads but to the prose tales. In an article in the "Scottish Review" of October, 1894, I gave evidence of this in connection with two pieces that occur in Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands," showing that these were at one time derived from a literary original. To these I might have added his interminable tale of "Conall Gulban's Sword," a version of which, though unfortunately imperfect at the beginning, is contained in one of the manuscripts in the Advocates' Library. Campbell says he had heard of MSS. of the tales.

Remembering, then, that our tradition may not be

always oral tradition, we shall see how far the Highland bards in their own compositions indicate a knowledge of its substance and an appreciation of its general tone. The legend itself, being so popular, must have some features in it that can hardly be lacking in the newer literature, however the two may differ in their themes. It will, however, serve to make our treatment of the subject more complete, if we go back even a little further than the mere Fenian tradition, and take a glance at its historic position in the literature of the Gael.

The great mass of Irish hero-legends, which have only in recent years come to be properly understood even among Celtic scholars, falls into three well-defined groups, which, so far as one can judge, succeed each other in the date of their origin, as well as in the supposed time of their action. The first of these, connected with the names of the Fomhoraigh and the Tuatha Dé Danann, relates to a far back time in the history of Ireland, a period which is set down by later historians, aiming at an exact chronology, as contemporary with the Trojan War, or somewhere about 1100 years before our era. It has been pretty clearly proved that the leading characters in this cycle are in reality the old Celtic deities, retaining much of their marvellous powers and qualities, but vulgarized and made ridiculous by the irrepressible humour of the Irish story-teller.

The second group, connected with the names of Cuchulainn and Conchobhar, has rather a historic than a mythical basis, and the date of it was fixed by Irish

antiquaries as the very beginning of the Christian era. To this, amid much that is fantastic and grotesque, belong such beautiful and touching tales as "The Death of Conlaoch," "Cuchulainn's Visit to the Land of Faery," and "The Fate of the Sons of Uisneach," the latter being one of the "Three Sorrows of Tale-telling."[1] This cycle was an Ulster one, and remained in full force down to about the 13th century. About that time a new one began to rise in importance, the chief interest of which centred in Leinster. Cuchulainn had championed the cause of Ulster against the men of Connaught and Munster, but the Irish mind was now occupied by a more recent and far more important struggle, that of Ireland against the Danes and Norsemen. This third cycle, therefore, deals with the defence of Ireland against the Scandinavian invader, and Fionn, with his following of the Fiann, is the chosen champion of his native land. If they are not fighting against magic and all the arts of sorcery, they are doing their best, and that is not small, against the men of Lochlann.

The same ingenious historians of Ireland fixed the date of the Fiann in the 3rd century A.D., in the reign of Cormac mac Airt, so that just as Cuchulainn is to Conchobhar, so is Fionn to Cormac. But at an early period there grew up the story of how the old Ossian survived all his fellows for more than a century, and told their story to St. Patrick. This is a constant

[1] The other two, "The Fates of the Children of Lir," and "The Children of Tuireann," belong to the preceding group.

feature of the legend, and Macpherson's rejection of it only shows how much he misunderstood the real nature of the tradition.

As will be seen later on, the legend of the Fiann took a far greater hold on the mind of the Scottish Gael than either of the two earlier cycles. For this several reasons might be found. It was the latest and freshest of them all; it was perhaps less connected with purely Irish topography; but above all, it dealt with something that had been as familiar in Scotland as in Ireland—the Norse invasions. This no doubt was the main reason for its popularity in Scotland, and perhaps also the fact that so much of it was thrown into simple ballad form, while the earlier cycles were only told in prose, or in very obscure and difficult verse, although with some notable exceptions. Thus, although the tales of the Children of Lir and the Children of Tuireann, both connected with the oldest cycle of legend, are found in manuscripts which were in use in Scotland, there is little trace of a living interest in it. When Iain mac Ailein, in the early part of the 18th century, explains the introduction of whisky into Scotland by a humorous tale and poem entitled "The Expulsion of the Tuatha Dé Danann," one is inclined to suspect a literary acquaintance with the legend, rather than a traditional one.

With regard to the second cycle things are different; Cuchulainn at least is a person whom the Gaelic reciter has not forgotten. Besides the prose tales there are ballads belonging to this group of legends, chief among which are those of "Garbh mac Stairn," "The

Death of Conlaoch," "The Lay of the Heads," "The Lay of Fraoch," and "The Fate of Deirdre and the Sons of Uisneach." In Macpherson's first publication of 1760 a translation is given of the first of these, the ballad of "Garbh mac Stairn," and it next makes its appearance in the first book of his Fingal, thereby committing Macpherson to the huge blunder of mixing two perfectly distinct cycles of legend. It is interesting, however, to find that Archibald Grant of Glenmoriston, though born so late as 1785, has reminiscences of the story in one of his poems, in a form which is plainly traditional, as he has mixed up "Garbh mac Stairn," who in the ballad comes from over the sea, with the herdsmen of Queen Meyve of Connaught in the tale of "The Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne."

The passage in question occurs in a song addressed to one John Richmond (Grant's poems, p. 147) :—

'S e do storaidh nach biodh cearbach,
  'S cha bu shearbh leam bhi 'g an eisdeachd,
'N uair chaidh Cuchulainn 'n a charbad,
  Ris an Garbh 'bha ann an Eirinn.

Gur è 'n Garbh mac Stairn bha dana,
  'M buachaille laidir bh' aig Ebh è,
Mhill e buachaillean Chuchulainn,
  'S ghabh e uile gu leir orr'.

'S thug e 'n tarbh leis o na gillean,
  'S cha bu chridheach dha mar dh'eirich,
Gu 'n theab Cuchulainn a mharbhadh
  Ged bu stairneach garbh a' bheist è.

Another old scrap which Macpherson utilized is the

"run" describing the chariot and horses of Cuchulainn, which must have come from some prose tale. In the Dean of Lismore's book these horses are referred to by name, in a poem attributed to "Finlay the Red Bard;" the Dean spells them *Dow seywlin* and *Lay macha*, which is fairly close to the original forms *Dubh Sainglend* and *Liath Macha* (the "Black of Saingliu" and "Grey of Macha"). The later reciters, not understanding the original names, alter them so as to make something more intelligible to themselves out of them. Thus in the versions of the MacCallums and Grant they become *an Liathmhor mhaiseach* and *Dubh seimhlinn;* in the Report on Ossian (p. 206) they are *an Liath-mhaiseach* and *Du-shronmhor*, while Macpherson's English makes them into *Sulin-sifadda* and *Dusronnal*, his Gaelic into *Sithfada* and *Dubh-srongheal.* It is curious that even in this minor matter Macpherson should be further removed from the originals than any one else.

Archibald Grant has also a reference to Cuchulainn's horses (p. 8):—

> "Mar na h-eich bha air thoiseach
> Aig Cuchulainn 'gan nochdadh,
> Anns a' charbad bha socrach
> 'S fada dh' aithnichte le 'n dos air an t-sràid iad."

Beyond these references, Cuchulainn is merely alluded to once or twice by the bards of last century as one of the ancient heroes, as by Duncan Bàn in his poem of "Beinn Dorain," where he says

> Ged thig Caoilte 's Cuchulainn,
> 'S gach duine de 'n t-seòrs' ud, &c.

And the other heroes of the cycle are, to use that much abused phrase, "conspicuous by their absence."

Coming now to the question of how far the legend of the Fiann makes itself prominent in the works of the Highland Bards, it may be confessed at the outset that the result is more meagre than might have been expected. From Macpherson's dissertations one would have expected Ossian and Fionn to be constantly in their mouths, but, as a matter of fact, the native Highland productions from the middle of the 17th to the end of the 18th century, being the best period of Scottish Gaelic verse, make only scanty and vague references to the legend. Poets like Alexander Macdonald, John Roy Stuart, or William Ross have no illustrations to draw from them, although the first of these might have found a prototype for the heroes of the '45 in those of the Fiann, had he not been more enamoured of classical divinities and heroes. John Mac Codrum again has only the barest of references to the legends he knew so well, although his versions would not have suited Macpherson, even if the famous retort[1] of the bard had not wounded that gentleman's feelings. Even Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, the friend and assistant of the more famous James, does not allude to them in such poems of his as are preserved. This, of course, has nothing to do with the merits of the poets in question: one might search

[1] Mac Codrum's reply to Macpherson's question, "Bheil dad agad air an Fhéinn?" does not in the least prove, as some have argued, that Macpherson was too ignorant of Gaelic to compose his "Ossian's poems," but merely that John saw a good chance for a joke.

through a good number of Greek poets without finding much reference to the tale of Troy, but the fact remains that the legend of the Fiann was not so absorbing to these poets as to find a place in their verse. The field is thus not a very extensive one, but it contains much that is of interest. The poet whose works display most acquaintance with our subject is Archibald Grant of Glenmoriston, whose allusions to the Fiann are more copious and precise than those of any other poet, and yet show no trace of Macpherson's Ossian, although he was born more than twenty years after it appeared. In this respect at least, it can hardly be said of his poems that they "do not deserve serious examination," which is the remark with which a recent writer on Gaelic literature dismisses him.

That the legend of the Fiann was a common subject for entertainment is of course well known. It is referred to in the splendid song by Màiri nighean Alasdair ruaidh on the hall of Macleod, where talk about the Fiann is coupled with discussing the deer:

Gur h-é b' eachdraidh 'na dhéigh sin,
Greis air uirsgeul na Féinne
'S air chuideachda céir-gheal nan cròc.

A hundred and fifty years later Archibald Grant speaks of the same practice, only he, strikingly enough, makes it the common habit to tell stories of the Fiann after the reading of the Bible was over, and speaks as if it were mainly a women's amusement.

'S gheibhteadh naigheachd a' Bhìobaill
Aig luchd-teagaisg 'g a h-ìnnseadh,
'S greis air uirsgeul na Féinne

Aig na mnathaibh air chéilidh,
'S iad ag ìnnseadh dha chéile
Mar bha Oisean, naomh cléireach is Pàdruig (p. 7).

And again—

Agus sgeula Bhiobaill
'G a h-ìnns' ann air gach tràth,
Is treis air eachdaireachd 'n a dhéigh,
Mar bha an Fhéinn 's na blàir (p. 11).

What was a delight to the poet was, however, a scandal to the "unco guid," and Peter Grant of Strathspey tells how the Sabbath was profaned with vain talk about the Fianna. The combination of this with the Bible seems to have been unknown to him, for he says:—"On knolls and hills and in the houses of meeting we would gather together, but it was not the Bible that would be read, but some foolish tale without an end."

"Air cnuic 's air sléibhtean, 's na tighean céilidh,
Bhiodhmaid le chéile a' tional ann,
Ach cha b'e 'm Bioball a bhiodh 'ga leughadh,
Ach faoin sgeul air nach tigeadh ceann."

What then was this legend of the Fiann in which the Gael so much delighted? We have already seen how it grew up in Ireland, and it will serve best to connect the scattered allusions of the Highland bards if we go briefly through the main outlines of the story. It can hardly be said, however, that this forms a definite narrative; the whole history of the Fiann from beginning to end never received its final shape, although attempts were made to reduce it to a system.

The most notable of these is the "Dialogue of the Elders," a long Irish composition, in which the tale is told to Patrick with some kind of connection. At the same time, it was never so definitely shaped as that of Arthur was in England, and the separate incidents hang together much more loosely.

The Fiann, then, were a band of chosen warriors gathered round Fionn mac Cumhail for the practice of chivalry and the defence of Ireland. The highest ideas were entertained of their prowess and dexterity: witness the following passage from O'Grady's "Silva Gadelica" (p. 100). "No man was taken until he were a prime poet, versed in the twelve books of poetry. No one was taken unless he could ward off nine spears thrown at him all at once, with only his shield and a piece of stick. Not a man of them was taken till his hair had been put into plaits, and he had run through the woods followed by the other Fianna, his start being only the width of one branch. If he was overtaken, he was wounded, and not received in the Fianna. If a branch had disarranged his hair, he was not taken. If he had cracked a dry stick under his foot as he ran, he was not accepted. Unless he could, at full speed, jump a stick level with his brow, and pass under one level with his knee, and unless he could, without slackening his pace, extract a thorn from his foot, he was not taken into Fianship."

In accordance with this view of the Fiann, we find our Highland bards referring to their era as something far distant, but at the same time as the golden age of the Gael. Thus Iain dubh mac Iain mhic Ailein, in

his dream on the state of the kingdom in 1715, says: "When they gathered together—the host of sea and land—there was plenty of ammunition and provision in their midst. . . . From the time of Fionn so many thousands were not gathered together." So, too, Iain Lom, in one of his songs, addressed to Donald Gorm Og of Sleat—"Since the departure of the Fiann ye are undoubtedly the chiefs over the kilted clans." Duncan Bàn also, in his second poem on the battle of Falkirk,—not the one where he satirizes Fletcher's sword, but a more serious composition—says: "The Camerons from Lochy would rise with you, the MacDonalds and the Macintyres; there has not been their like in these bounds since the Clanna Baoisge came to an end." The Clanna Baoisge was the tribe to which Fionn belonged; his father Cumhal being slain by the Clanna Morna led to a feud between these two tribes, which was afterwards made up, so that "Finn mak Cowl" and "Gow mak Morne" are naturally mentioned together by the Lowland poets, as we have seen. Duncan Bàn also uses "sliochd nan Fianntan" as a general name for the Gael, but perhaps the very finest and most poetic use of this antiquity of the Fiann comes out in a poem by William MacKenzie (an ceistear crúbach), where he complains that the world is going to wreck since all the heroes have departed, and that nothing but sorrow and trouble is now in store. Then he adds—"And if I wait to see it as long as my grandfather, every man will be asking at me whether I have seen the Fiann."

'S na'm fanainn ri 'fhaicinn
Cho fad ri mo sheanair,
Gum farr'deadh gach fear dhiom
Am faca mi 'n Fhéinn.

In the Irish tradition the Fianna are divided into seven battalions, called "seachd ruadh-chathan na Féinne," and this division is referred to by Iain MacCodrum in his satire on Donald Bàn's bagpipe, which, he says, "withered up with its barking the seven battalions of the Fiann, and weakened at once the strength of Dermid and Goll."

Shearg i le 'tabhann
Seachd cathan nam Fianntaidh,
'S i lagaich an ciad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid is Ghuill.

The chief delight of the Fiann was in the chase, a feature which appears constantly in the ballads and the prose tales, and brings out many beautiful pictures from the poet and story-teller. Mighty hunters, too, were the Highland chiefs, and how natural would it have been for the bards to compare him and his followers in pursuit of the deer to Fionn and his warrior huntsmen! Yet somehow the bards never thought of this; it is left for Archibald Grant to do it in his song to Mac mhic Phàdruig (p. 72), where it comes into a strangely modern setting. "In London of the cloaks you would not get the sport that you have between the Strone and Cruachan, with your dogs on the hills driving the slender deer,—that is how the Fiann once were."

"Cha 'n fhaigheadh tu spòrs an Lunnainn nan cleòc,
A tha eadar an t-Sròin 's an Cruachan leat,
Le d' chuilean 's a' bheinn a' ruith nan damh seang,—
Sud mar bha 'n Fhéinn uair eiginn."

Among all the chivalrous qualities of the Fiann one of the most noticeable was their love of fairplay, which comes out often in the tales, even where it is exercised to their own loss. Thus in the tale of the "Palace of Little Red Eochaidh," Conan, when beaten by a monstrous hag, implores Dermid to assist him. Dermid rises to do so, but Fionn stops him. "It is forbidden to me," he said, "to take away the advantage gained by any one in single combat, and I will not take it away from her." This "fairplay of the Fiann" has become proverbial in the phrase "cothrom na Féinne," which is used in the poem on the "Massacre of Glencoe" by the Bard Mucanach:—"Had there been the fairplay of the Fiann between yourselves and the Lowlanders, the shaggy birds of the hill would be croaking foully over the bodies of the others."

Na 'm b'e cothrom na Féinne
A bhiodh eadar sibh féin 's clanna Gall;
Bhiodh eòin mholaich an t-sléibhe
'Gairsinn salach air chreubhagan chàich.

The hospitality of the Fiann is another point in which the bards might have claimed kinship with them for their chief, but I have only noticed one reference to it, in a song by Ailean Buidhe.

Bha ainm faoilteachd na Féinne
Do Dhonnachadh na féile 's taobh tuath.

The same bard also, in his praise of Conach Narachain, has an interesting verse describing the house that the Fiann kept, for which I have found no authority elsewhere, but which may well be a traditional feature. "There were a dozen rooms in that hall," he says, "in every room twelve fireplaces, and the number around every fire when they were warming themselves was a hundred men and one,"—which would make the total number of the Fiann over 14,000.

'S i sud a' chruach 'bha ainmeil,
  'N taigh foirmeil bh'aig an Fhéinn,
Le 'n teaghlach mòr 'bha aincheardach,
  'S le 'n gillean meanmnach treun;
Bha dusan tigh 's an talla ud,
  Anns gach rum da aingeal deug,
'S b' è 'n cunntas 'n am an garadh
  Mu gach aingeal, fear is ceud.

Archibald Grant, too, gives his views of the dwelling of the Fiann in a song to MacUisdean (p. 8), who, he says, being fond of having things in the old fashion, got the very plans of the castles that Fionn and Dermid built, and the written description of the tower of the Fiann, with seven pillars on each side of it, and greyhounds for hunting lying beneath every bed.

Ghabh thu 'm plana, 's gu 'm b' fhiach e,
Bha aig Fionn agus Diarmad,
Gaidheil duineil bha riamh,
Ris na caisteil d' an deanamh
Anns na bràighean 'bha fiadhaich:
'S e sean-fhasan bu mhiann le fear t'àite.

'S fhuair thu 'n eachdraidheachd sgrìobhta,
Mar bha 'n tùr bh' aig na Fianntan;
Bha seachd[1] sliosan gun fhiaradh
Air gach taobh dheth 'g a dhianamh;
Fuidh gach leabaidh bhiodh miolchoin
'S iad a' feitheamh an fhiadhaich.'

Having thus in the poet's words, "set the Fiann on foot," and given them a home to live in and something to do, we may now take a look at their leading men, and at some of the legends connected with them, to which reference is made by our bards

Besides Fionn himself, the great heroes are his son, Ossian, and his grandson, Oscar, Goll Mac-Morna, Dermid, and Caoilte, and all of these are referred to occasionally. Strangely enough, the humorous man of the company, "Conan maol mallachdach," who supplies the comedy of the Fenian tragedy, does not seem to be mentioned more than once. As early as the poetry in the Dean of Lismore's book, we find Scottish bards comparing their chiefs to the great men of the Fiann. Thus, in a poem on MacGregor of Glenlyon, by Dughall Mac-ghille-ghlais (p. 99), the chief is compared to Oscar:—"His hand like Oscar's in every place; it is he that the chief himself resembles; . . . there is no one to be compared to his white breast, except the man who commanded the Fiann." So in a later elegy on MacDougall of Dunolly, "You were valiant with good semblance as was Oscar among the Fiann." Or again, when Màiri nighean

[1] This number is very possibly derived from the seven doors and seven hearths which were the correct number in a *bruighean*.

Alasdair ruaidh addresses Ruairi MacLeoid with the words: "Where is there one that is like to you, since Fionn and Ossian are no more, brown-haired Dermid, or Goll or Oscar?"[1] In a very interesting composition, entitled, "Domhnall Gorm," printed in the Gael (vol. 5, p. 69), which is also curious as retaining the old expression *mor-sheisear*, or "big six" for *seven*, there occurs a list of Fenian heroes:—"The strength of Cuchulainn in his full armour to be between Donald Gorm and his shirt; the strength of the seven battalions and the host of the Fiann, etc.; the strength of melodious Ossian and of valiant Oscar, etc.; the strength of Goll of the heavy wounds, etc.; the strength of Fionn of the many blows, etc." Here the fact that Cuchulainn is placed first, and not mixed with the Fiann, no doubt indicates that the poet knew he did not belong to them.

Caoilte was the swift man of the Fiann, of whom Kennedy writes that "they used to bind his knees, because he was so swift in running, that none of them could not be up with him." Duncan Bàn's reference to him has already been quoted. A still better one is found in a song on a weaver, by John MacGregor: "When his foot struck the beach, he that would catch him would not be slow; he would foot it quicker than the wind, and Caoilte would not keep pace with him."

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[1] Similar lines occur in the waulking song 'Heman dubh.'

'Cha robh e ann fear do choltais,
O nach maireann Fionn no Oisean
No Diarmad donn mac righ Lochlainn.'

'S nuair a bhuail a throigh an tràigh,
Cha bhiodh e mall a ghlacadh e;
Bu luaithe 'steudadh e na 'ghaoth,
'S cha chumadh Caoilte spaca ris.'

It is worth mentioning that Caoilte, as well as Ossian, appears as one of the poets of the Fiann. In the "Dialogue of the Elders" it is Ossian who narrates in prose, and Caoilte who sums up the stories in verse. His description of the Island of Arran is so beautiful that it would be a pity not to give it here; there is so much in it to remind one of Alexander MacDonald and of Duncan Bàn.

"Arran of many stags, the sea impinges on her very shoulders! an island in which whole companies were fed, and with ridges among which blue spears were reddened. Bounding deer are on her pinnacles, soft blackberries on her waving heather; cool water in her rivers, and mast upon her russet oaks. Greyhounds there were in her and beagles; blaeberries and sloes of the dark black thorn; dwellings set close against her woods, and the deer fed scattered by her oaken thickets; . . . her nuts hung on her forest-hazel boughs, and there was sailing of long galleys past her. Right pleasant their condition all, when the fair weather sets in: the seagulls wheeling round her cliffs answer one another.—At every time beautiful is Arran."[1]

"As Fingal and his chiefs," says Macpherson, "were the most renowned names in tradition, the bards took care to place them in the genealogy of

[1] O'Grady's 'Silva Gadelica' p. 109.

every great family." The only case of this that I have been able to find, among their poetry at least, is the descent of the Campbells from Diarmad Ua Duibhne, on account of which they are referred to as "Sliochd Dhiarmaid" and "Duibhnich," sometimes corrupted into "Guimhnich" or "Guinich." Thus Duncan Bàn, in his song on the Andrea Ferrara, which he got at Taymouth Castle, says, "The Fiann had it for a while, men that were fierce in battle; it was made originally for Dermid, and to the race of Dermid it still belongs." So also Archibald Grant, speaking of the Earl of Argyle, says, "I trace his descent, it is no falsehood, from Dermid that was among the Fiann."

More passages might have been quoted where the bards run over the names of Fenian heroes,[1] but it will be more interesting to continue with Dermid and recall one of the finest tales of the Fiann, connected with Dermid's elopement with Fionn's

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[1] *e.g.*, when speaking in praise of Gaelic:—

Gur i 'Ghàidhlig ghlan chiatach,
Bha aig fir na Féinne 'n Albainn,
'S i bh' aig Treunmor 's aig Oisean,
S i bh' aig Osgar 's aig Diarmad,
Aig Goll 's aig Deo gréine (!)
'S i bh' aig Fionn 's aig Cocullan,
'S bha i h-uile aig na Féinnean.—*Anonymous.*

'S i bh' aig Treunmor an toiseach,
A thog cìs o Righ Lochlainn,
Aig Fionn is aig Toscar
Aig Cuchullainn 's aig Oscar,
'S aig Caoilte nan cos luath
A' siubhal aonach is shloc is mhòr-bheann.

wife, Grainne. The whole story of this affair is excellently told in the Irish prose tale of "The Pursuit of Diarmad and Grainne," originally published by the Ossianic Society, and afterwards issued as a school-book. Dermid, according to the legend, had a love-mark on his brow, which made Grainne fall in love with him and desert Fionn. After hiding in the deserts and wilds for some time, pursued by Fionn, Dermid is enticed to take part in a boar-hunt, and kills the boar, which is venomous. Fionn asks him to measure its length with his bare feet; in doing so a poisonous bristle pierces his foot, and Dermid falls to the ground. Fionn could cure him by giving him a drink out of his charmed cup, but refuses to do so, and Dermid dies. The story is also told in ballads, some of which are common to Ireland, others seem to be only known in Scotland.

All of these features are well known to the Highland bards. The love-spot on Dermid's brow is referred to by Lachlan Mackinnon—

> 'Fhuair thu 'n iasaid buaidh bho Dhiarmad,
> 'Tha 'cur chiad an geall ort;'

and still more explicitly by Archibald Grant:—"Your beauty is like Grainne's, and you have a love-spot like Dermid's"—

> 'S i bh' aig Conan 's aig Diarmad,
> Aig Du' chomar 's aig Diaran
> Bha i uile aig na Fiannaibh.—JOHN MACGREGOR.

These passages may contain a touch of Macpherson's Ossian, but on the whole they give genuine traditional features, such as the speed of Caoilte in the second one.

'Mar bha Gràinne tha do bhreaghad,
Tha 'm ball-seirc ort mar bh' air Diarmad,'

and again—

'Gu 'n choisinn i air àilleachd iad,
Mar Ghràinne a bha 's an Fhéinn,
Am ball-seirce a bha air Diarmad,
'Cuir ciadan as a déigh.'

Grainne is quoted either as a type of beauty or of faithlessness. Grant, in an "Oran Gaoil," says—"I believe she surpassed Grainne that was among the Fiann." In that excellent collection by Donald Macpherson, "An Duanaire," there is a description of Fionn's wife, being the bard's ideal of a woman, which ends with, "The wife that Fionn chose for himself, when Diarmad brought Grainne under his spells." Fionn's loss of his wife is also referred to by John Mackay (am Piobaire Dall) in consoling Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat: after giving various instances of such mishaps, he ends with, "and Fionn's own wife left him." Similar consolation is offered in an old poem in the Turner collection (printed in Reliquiæ Celticæ, II. p. 314), which shows an extensive knowledge of the old legends. "O Knight," says the bard, "be not ashamed, for Grainne went away from MacCumhail; Grainne went away with Diarmad, that is the tale that many have heard, and she left Fionn, the hospitable prince, the chief whom the hosts obeyed." It is to be hoped that the knight in question was comforted by so illustrious a precedent.

The part of the story which deals with Dermid's kil-

ling of the boar seems only to be alluded to by Grant, who, in a poem addressed to Gordon Cumming, says, (p. 61)—"The poisonous boar was rough in his ways, and the dogs pursuing him swiftly. If Dermid had not gone against him, he would have brought disgrace on the Company of the Fiann. Oscar and Goll were strong, and there has not often been their like, but the boar completely over-threw them, etc." Again, in a song to Patrick Grant (p. 113), he refers to Dermid's measuring the boar with his feet, and Fionn's refusal to give him a drink from his cup. "Now I will be closing," he says, "since the case cannot be made any better, and since I have not got the wine cup that the Fiann had, or I would make you well: as in the case of Dermid and the boar, when he wounded his heel measuring it, and Fionn unkindly poured it out—and that is what I would not have done to him." A very similar reference to the same cup is made in a poem on the tragedy of Gaick (Call Ghàbhaig), so famous in Highland tradition of this century, by Calum dubh Mac-an-t-saoir (printed in "An Duanaire"), who says:—"If I could, I would cure you. I would keep for you the balsam-cup (cuach iocshlaint) of the Fiann, that Fionn mac Cumhail brought from Erin." In another curious production, given in "An Duanaire," and entitled "An Glaistig Lianachain" the cup is called "the cup of price;" "she gave forth a sorrowful scream that might have been heard over seven hills; one would have thought it was 'the cup of price' that Fionn had, that gave a whistle." Perhaps the

author of this pictured it as one of those old drinking cups, which were fitted with a whistle to be blown when the contents were drunk off. [Compare Burns's poem of "The Whistle."].

References to other tales of the Fenian cycle are not very numerous among our bards. Lachlan Mackinnon, however, in his satirical poem of the "Biodag thubaisteach" has an illusion to the very amusing tale of the Rowan-tree Booth, which was such a wonderful place that some account of it will not be amiss. Fionn and some of his heroes went by invitation to a palace, which they found to be a magnificent place, built of boards of different colours, and where they sat down on silken coverings, "and they would not even have their own clothing between them and the trappings of the bruighean." After sitting there for a little Fionn spoke up and said:—

"I marvel that we are so long in getting anything to eat here."

"There is something that I marvel at more than that," said Goll, "which is, that the place that had such a sweet odour when we came into it now smells fouler than all the closets of the world."

"There is something that I marvel at more than that," said another, "and that is, that the palace that had every colour on it has now not a single board in it, but is firmly built of hard rods of rowan tree, beaten together with the backs of axes and mallets."

"There is something I marvel at still more," said

and of Garbh mac Stairn, who would pull up their anchor for them and save them cutting the cable in a storm. The passage is perhaps worth quoting entire (pp. 57, 58).

'Beannachadh Bàird do 'n luing,
'S bòidhch' tha coimhead fo 'cuid siùil;
Sud na làmhan thaghainn duibh,—
'S rogha pàigheadh thoir g' a chionn,—
'N luchd sgairte feadha bha aig Fionn;
Rasg mac Radhairc o 'n Fhéinn,
Chitheadh roimhe 's as a dhéidh;
Streap mac Strigum thon a' chroinn;
Bhiodh an Gramaich 's na ruip,
'N curaidh cama-chasach air stiùir,
'S Mac an Lorgair thon na gaoith',
Dheanadh lorg air muir 's air tràigh;
Na'm biodh preasaigeadh air muir,
Bu mhath Caoilte 's Mac an Luin,
Cha do chuir air sliabh a chois
Air nach beireadh e luath's ruith.
Bha fear eile falbh ri 'n cois,
'S mòr na chealgaireachd bha leis,
Ghoideadh o 'n a chorr an t-ubh
'S a da shùil a' coimhead ris.
Gille nan cochullan craicinn,
Cha b' esa gaisgeach bu mheasa,
Dh' aon éiginn d' am biodh orra;
Cha deanadh stugh dolaidh air-sa,
'S an uair a dh' eireas soirbheas àrd,
'S mur a cluinn iad guth le gàir,
Cluais ri caismeachd a measg chàich,
Chluinneadh esa feur a' fàs:
'S na 'm bu chunnart air bhiodh aca,
Bhiodh an Garbh mac Stàirn 'nan taice:
Eagal an capull a ghearradh,
Thàirneadh es' an t-sas an acair.

Further on in the same poem he borrows straight from the ballads of Manus and the Muileartach.[1] In fact Grant seems to have known so many of these ballads, that it is perhaps to be regretted that he did not publish them rather than his own poems, which otherwise cannot be said to be of much account. Another very common and favourite ballad, that of "Eas Ruadh," is alluded to in the poem of consolation by the Piobaire Dall already mentioned. "The son of the King of Sorcha," says he, "whose name was Maighre Borb, lost his wife, bright as the sun, and yet he remained alive after her." According to the ballad it is the daughter of the King of the Land beneath the Waves who flees from the addresses of Maighre Borb and is protected by Fionn. Kennedy, in one of his amusing introductions to his ballads, sums up with—"He pursued her in hopes that he would take her from Fingal, for he was of extraordinary height and bigness, and of strength accordingly, besides being a great enchanter or conjurer, but neverless he was kilt by Goll at last. Observe the poem!" John Mackay had cer-

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[1] 'S fhearr i na soitheach bh' aig Mànus,
Mac righ Lochlann nan gnìomh gàbhaidh,
'N uair a chuir e fios gu Fionn,
Gu 'n robh soitheach aig' air bùrn,
"'S mur a dean thu géilleadh dhuinn,
Bheir sinn Eirinn as a grunnd."
Labhair Feargus nan arm grinn,
"'S tapaidh an rud a thubhairt thu ruinn;
'S e cùig cùigibh tha innte,
'S math an luchd dhuibh cùigibh dhi."

tainly observed the poem, for he takes two lines straight out of it.

> 'Mac Righ Sorcha, sgiath nan airm,
> Gur e b' ainm dha Maighre Borb,
> Chaill e 'gheala-bhean mar ghrian,
> 'S dh' fhuirich e féin 'n a deigh beo.'

It has been said more than once that the old tale of the Fate of the Sons of Uisneach contains the materials for a perfect tragedy, and had there ever been any Gaelic Shakespeare it would no doubt have taken that shape. It may be said with equal truth that there are materials for a great tragedy, though more perhaps in the vein of Æschylus than of Shakespeare, in the story of the last fight of the Fiann. Here all that is grotesque and incongruous in the legend disappears, and the fall of Oscar in the battle of Gabhra is cast in a purely heroic and Homeric mould. Macpherson saw its value when he appropriated it for his first book of Temora, but in his hands it assumes another tone, another turn of thought and feeling. In the legend Fionn is wounded in the thigh, and goes to Rome to be cured. While he is absent, Cairbre, son of Cormac, is persuaded to make an attempt to destroy the power of the Fiann. He invites Oscar from the hill of Allen, the seat of Fionn, to Tara, and demands an exchange of spears. Oscar refuses, and hostilities are declared. The next day the great battle is fought, where both Oscar and Cairbre fall. Fionn arrives before Oscar's death, and thinks to heal him, but Oscar knows that no art can avail him, and before long he is dead.

Fionn, too, was slain shortly after the battle of Gabhra, and his death was avenged by Caoilte. In the "Dialogue of the Elders" it is he and Ossian who survive to tell the story to Patrick, but in the ballads it is the aged Ossian alone who appears as a sublime anachronism, confronted by this new faith that he will have none of, that is in his eyes weak and womanish beside the glorious deeds of the Fiann. "It is certain," says Kennedy, "that Ossian survived all the Fingalians, and lived till that era Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Partick, who is no other than this son of Alpin he addressed his poems so frequently to. It is applied till this day to an aged man, who lives after all his friends, relations and children, that he is left alone as Ossian after the Fingalians. ("Tha e mar Oisean an déigh na Féinne.") This is an idea which, more than any other, might be expected to occur in the poetry of the bards, and the allusions to it are not few. Iain mac Codrum, in lamenting the death of a chief, uses the words:—"We are tearful, poor, melancholy, without merry shouting or any hope of it, like the Fiann when left by Fionn. We are without Osgar and Dermid, without Goll the valiant and hospitable, every chief tree going from us to Paradise." It would hardly be worth while to give all the instances where the bards make use of the idea of "Oisean an déigh na Féinne," and one or two will suffice. The Piobaire Dall, in his song to Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, on the death of his wife, says:—"I remain

upon the field, fighting the battle as of old, with my heart sighing after them, like Ossian after the Fiann." So in a song by Alasdair MacCallum:—"Age is ever persecuting me; it has left me weak, poor and wretched; as you see, I am like Ossian, sighing and lamenting for those that have gone from me," Two late instances may be quoted from "An Duanaire," one in the poem on the "Call Ghàbhaig" already referred to:—"That left your brothers without comfort, like Ossian who was ever lamenting after the Fiann—blind on a hillock." The other is in an elegy on William MacIntosh of Bail-an-easpuig in Badenoch:—"I am like Ossian, who would be telling how it befell the Fiann, who would be speaking about Oscar, and sighing over the deeds of the brave men."

In other cases the bards show their knowledge of St. Patrick's connection with the legend. Thus Iain mac Codrum in his elegy on Sir James MacDonald of Sleat:—"Now since I am a poor orphan, direct heir to Ossian, who used to relate his hard fortune to Patrick." Iain Lom, too, in his lament for Aonghas mac Raonuill òig, has:—"I am like a goose that has been plucked, without feathers or plumage; I am like Ossian under judgment in the house of Patrick." In an elegy by Iain mac Ailein, on a child who died in 1706, there is a more general reference to the clerics whom Ossian encountered:—"The others left him lonely, as was Ossian and the clerics after the Fiann in the land of Innis Fàil."

There can be no doubt as to this poet's view of the proper country of Ossian.

Perhaps the finest application of the idea in a new setting is in the song on the "Battle of Egypt":—

'Is aoibhinn leam deagh sgial oirbh,
Ged tha mi crìonaidh, breòit',
Ach mis' ma 's Oisean liath mi,
Mo dhòigh, bidh m' Fhénn sìor-bheò.'

Such then are the points in which the Highland poets of the last two centuries found the legend of the Fiann of service to them to express the ideas they wished to convey. That they are not more numerous is probably due to the fact that the school of poetry was a new one, coming not so much from the professional and educated bards as from among the people, who, while familiar with these tales, were not primarily charged with keeping the knowledge of them alive. Still they have used them to such an extent that we can clearly see the form in which the legend was familiar to them, and so discover that it was the form common to both Irish and Scottish tradition, reaching back through the centuries to the earliest germ contained in the "Book of the Dun Cow," and gradually growing with the years until it attains its full proportions somewhere about the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Even then it did not quite stop growing; the beautiful poem of "Ossian in the Land of Youth," is a last century production, written by Michael Comyn about 1750. Surely such a mass of legend, containing many noble features, and many incidents

worthy of the poet's fancy, ought not to be lightly let go. If our Highland bards of the past have woven some of its incidents and thoughts into verse that deals with other things, let us hope that some Gael will yet do justice to the legend for its own sake, and once more awaken his countrymen to the wealth of poetry that lies yet unexpressed in the Legend of the Fiann.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

PROFESSOR MAGNUS MACLEAN, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

THE history of Education in the Highlands dates back from the remote period when St. Columba first came to enlighten Northern Alba. To the darkness of paganism among the Picts, and the primitive civilisation still rude and barbarous that obtained among the Scots, he presented what Dr. Johnson appropriately called "The benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." Like every great reformer the apostle of Pictland, believed in the dissemination of learning, and had no sooner established himself in Iona than he set about installing a system of education that for hundreds of years afterwards proved very effective in combating the worst features of the time, and undermining the errors and superstitions of paganism.

The principle on which he proceeded was, that every monastery throughout the country, should be a centre and school of learning. Missionary effort was in every instance to be backed up and re-inforced

by scholastic training. It became part of the duty of a bishop in after days to see that the children were instructed. The education so imparted, as we might expect, was based upon the study of the Scriptures. Latin was then the language of the Church, and the studies were no doubt carried on chiefly in that tongue, yet it is to the credit of the Gaelic clergy that they were among the first people in Europe to make their own native tongue a subject of special study.

With the extension of religious houses, therefore, went the gradual spread of instruction throughout the length and breadth of Pictland. For several centuries, as Dr. Skene has remarked, there was no Pictish boy taught his letters but received his education from a Columban monk. It was not a universal system of popular training, such as we are familiar with to-day, for it was necessarily limited in scope in days when scholars could not have books of their own and only a certain percentage of the population was within range and touch of the scholastic work of the monasteries. Still it is a significant fact of history, and one that speaks eloquently in testimony of the industry of the monks, that in 710, little more than a century after St. Columba's death, a knowledge of letters was general in Pictland.

The Norse invasions, not long after, exercised a sinister influence on the progress of education in the Highlands. Nevertheless, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries saw a considerable increase in the number of schools, such central colleges as Abernethy

having apparently several in connection with them. These subordinate schools were mainly under a "rector scholarum" a man of some note and influence, who in turn probably owed allegiance to the *fear leighinn.* The latter, known as lector in English, would seem to have been the ancient *scribhnidh* under another name. As to the chief teacher and lecturer in the monastery, he occupied a place corresponding somewhat to the office of chancellor in the English Church of later times, or of regent in a Scottish University.

A new stage had been reached in the evolution of Highland education when in the reign of Malcolm IV. (1153-1165), burgh schools such as those established in Perth, Stirling, and other Scottish towns, began to come into existence. It is characteristic of these that they were the first to appear separate from religious institutions. Formerly education seemed to have been wholly in the hands of the Church. Now it has developed so far, that to a certain extent it could maintain itself apart from direct ecclesiastical control.

Not much is known of the scholastic situation within the Celtic fringe during the next three hundred years, as there are so few native documents to throw light on the subject. But shortly before the Reformation, Bishop Elphinston of Aberdeen, most laudably exerting himself in the interests of education, procured a papal bull for the foundation of King's College in that city in 1494. This enterprise had the sanction and co-operation of James IV., as

may be inferred from the name. The buildings were completed in 1500, and it is noteworthy that the scheme had for its chief motive the extension of learning and civilisation throughout the Highlands. At the Grammar school which in common with the College of Aberdeen, afterwards drew many students from Celtic districts, Gaelic was one of the languages including Latin and French, in which the scholars were permitted to converse in the building, though the Lowland Scotch, it is now strange to think, was then forbidden.

Government had by this time begun to take an interest in the national education. In 1496 while the College was in process of construction, Parliament passed an Act requiring all barons and freeholders, under a penalty of twenty pounds, to send their sons at the age of nine to schools, where they were to be taught Latin, and afterwards to remain three years at the schools of "Art and Jury." This looks like the first attempt at compulsory education though Dr. Hill Burton thinks it was hortatory, rather than legislative. In any case few of the Highland chiefs appear to have appreciated the good intentions of the authorities, or given heed to this minatory exhortation.

A remarkable feature of that pre-Reformation period was the institution of "Song Schools." At first the experiment was confined to Cathedral towns and designed for choir training in the Church Services. Its success led to a wider diffusion which gradually extended the advantages to young people generally.

After the Reformation other subjects were taught in not a few of these schools, and the original idea has survived in a modified form to the present day. It is recorded that so late as 1733, the salary of a teacher of singing was found as one of the charges against the revenues of the royal burgh of Tain in Ross-shire.

Such was the stage the progress of education in the Highlands and in Scotland generally, had reached, before the Reformation opened a new chapter in our history. It is popularly supposed that a fully equipped school system came into existence with the establishment of Presbyterianism and the advent of Knox. This is not strictly true. John Knox was certainly a potent force in this direction, like his distinguished precursor, St. Columba, a thousand years before him; but the Reformer's enlightened proposal to have a school in every parish in Scotland was not realised for many years after. As Mr Lang has indicated, his efforts in favour of education were too far in advance of his age to be entirely successful. In the Highlands especially, the influence of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation was not much felt. The Highland Barons, following the example of their Lowland contemporaries, seized the revenues which Knox designed for the support of education, and though many schools were established in the northern counties by Commissions of the General Assemblies, quite a number of them soon disappeared, owing to isolation from the central authority, and local hostility and neglect.

But by this time the question of national education

could no longer be shelved. The more school work was frustrated the more pressing and clamant the need of it appeared in the eyes of the governing authorities and as soon as one effort failed another was tried.

James VI. in particular interested himself in the matter, and some of his measures proved eminently wise and beneficial. As early as 1609 he had the subject of education in the Western Islands dealt with by an Assembly at Iona of Hebridean notables, not very willingly brought together under the presidency of Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, who was backed by sufficient naval and military force. Besides the President there were present at that famous gathering, Angus Macdonald, of Dunyvaig, Islay; Maclean, of Dowart; Macdonald, of Sleat; Macleod, of Harris; Macdonald, of Clanranald; Maclean, of Coll; Mackinnon, of that ilk; Maclaine, of Lochbuy; Lachlan and Allan, brothers-german of Dowart; Macquarrie, of Ulva; Macfie, of Colonsay; "togidder with the maist part of thair haill special freindis, dependacis, and tennentis compeir and judiciallie." The measures they passed are still known as the "Statutes of Icolmkill." Of these the sixth provides "that every gentilman or yeaman within the saidis Islandis or any of thame having children maill or famell and being in goodis worth thriescoir kye sall putt at the leist thair eldest sone, or having no children maill, their eldest dochter to the scuillis in the lawland and interteny and bring thame up thair, quhill they

may be found sufficientlie to speik, reid, and write Inglische."

In this mandate it appears that the education of the daughters of chiefs and chieftains only became compulsory when there were no sons, the general impression being at that time that it was neither necessary nor desirable to educate the girls. Thus Martin in his history of the Western Isles makes the interesting statement that "women were anciently denied the use of writing in the islands to prevent love intrigues; their parents believed that nature was too skilful in that matter, and needed not the help of education; and therefore that writing would be of dangerous consequence to the weaker sex."

These were the days when matrimony was regarded as the one chief object in the life of a girl, and though the order in the above Act was made, seven years later, to include all the children of such families over nine years of age, the education of girls was more or less neglected among the peasantry of many parts of the Highlands till well on in the nineteenth century.

The effect of the above representative, and in a manner self-imposed measure, appears to have been good. Many have attributed to it the great change that took place some time after in the feeling of the Highland chiefs towards the Stuart Kings. It is thought that it was those who were thus educated who adopted the new attitude.

The "Statutes of Icolmkill" were, in 1616, followed up by an Act of the Privy Council on similar educational lines. It practically made the provisions

compulsory; indeed, this Act may be regarded as the first compulsory one so far as the Highlands was concerned. In the preamble the "continewance of barbaritie, impietie, and incivilitie" within the Isles is attributed to the neglect of education, particularly as the children were not sent in their youth to the mainland to be trained in virtue, learning, and the English tongue. It was therefore enacted that all the chiefs and principal clansmen send their "bairnis" when upwards of nine years of age, to the inland schools to be so trained. It was further enacted that "no personis quhat somevir in the yllis sal be seruit air to thair father or ytheris predicessouris nor ressauit nor acknawlegeit as tennentis to his Maiestie unless they can write, read, and speak Inglische."

Later in the same year an Act was passed for the establishment of parish schools in Scotland. And here the unwisdom of King James VI. and his advisers with reference to the treatment of the Highland vernacular comes out, for among the objects aimed at was the extinction of Gaelic, one of the provisions of the Act being—"That the vulgar Inglish toung be vniversallie plantit and the Irishe language which is one of the chief and principall causis of the continewance of barbaritie and incivilitie amongis the inhabitants of the Iles and Heylandis may be abolisheit and removeit."

This policy of extinguishing the language of the people in the schools, initiated then, has, except in rare cases, been followed almost down to the present time

and has been held by those most competent to judge, to have been most hurtful to the intelligent education of the Highland people, and even to the progress of the English language in the country.

For the next hundred years after the establishment of the parish schools, very little is recorded of exceptional interest. These schools held the field. One in each parish, which was the aim rather than the accomplished fact, was ridiculously inadequate, but there seemed to have been hardly any attempt to supplement them, much less to usurp their rights and functions, which were jealously guarded. About the middle of the seventeenth century a lady from Morayshire ventured to open a private school in Inverness. In consequence, the magistrates met to consider the innovation which they thought trenched on the vested rights of the parish schoolmaster. They did not go the length of ordering her to shut up the establishment, but they enjoined her not to teach beyond the Proverbs, which, with the Book of Psalms, were considered the elements of school training.

Meanwhile, the scholastic accomplishments of the middle and upper classes had developed apace. They not only received a regular education at local grammar schools, such as those of Inverness and Aberdeen, but they were sent to the universities, and many of them abroad to Bruges, Leyden, Douay, and other Continental towns. Nor was the education of the girls neglected, as may be seen from the Kilravock and other papers of the period. In fact,

Dr. Johnson found a high degree of culture among this class when he travelled in the west, and was astonished at the number and quality of the books they possessed. It is even recorded that many Skye gentlemen spoke Latin better than English, and one traveller at least mentions the fact that when the Hessian troops were quartered in Athole, in 1745, the officers found the Roman tongue a ready means of communicating with the innkeeper.

Thus it fared with the well-to-do, but not with the common people. By the year 1696 it became evident that there were not schools in every parish, that in fact many places were utterly destitute of the means of education, and a new Act was framed authorising "that there be a school settled and established, and a schoolmaster appointed in every parish not already provided, by advice of the heritors and minister of the parish," and fixing the rate of salary to be not less than 100 merks, and not more than 200.

It was utterly impossible, however, that this parochial system could meet the wants of the leviathan parishes of the Highlands. The parish of Harris included outside its own rugged boundaries, as many as seven other islands, not to speak of St. Kilda, with its interesting ferry of fifty miles. Of what account would one school be to this scattered area. It is enough to mention, among others, Lochbroom, Gairloch, Lochalsh, Glenelg, Ardnamurchan, Lochs, South Uist, Kildalton, Jura, each of extent sufficient to make a county considerably larger

than Clackmannan or Kinross. The defects of the public educational provision, as in these instances, began to be recognised. The parish schools, though admirable in their own way, did not and could not overtake the work in the Highlands, and from this period dates the gradual establishment of the non-parochial schools.

A new era of private enterprise had really opened—a new departure in the development of Scottish education had been inaugurated, when at the beginning of the eighteenth century the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge came into existence. It was the first of the kind to undertake the work of providing schools for the poor and neglected areas.

This most useful Society had its origin in the design of a few private gentlemen, who met in Edinburgh in 1701, with philanthropic, missionary, and scholastic aims. Their first school was started at Abertarff, which, in the words of the records, "was the centre of a country where ignorance and popery did greatly abound." The teacher, in this case, was harshly treated by the people, and in less than two years was obliged to leave the parish. Though no successor to him was appointed, the Edinburgh philanthropists went on to plant schools in other parts of the Highlands. They secured the co-operation of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, collected money throughout the kingdom, and in 1709 obtained letters-patent from Queen Anne erecting certain of their number into a Corporation, under the title which has become so well known. By decree of the Court

of Session, the Society is now inseparably connected with the Established Church. Its capital, which in 1708 was £1,000, had amounted in 1781 to £34,000, and by that year the schools numbered 180, with an attendance of 7,000 scholars.

Mr Boyd, the recent chief inspector of schools in the Aberdeen district, thus gives his impression of the Society's work. "Its administration was enlightened and beneficent, its encouragement, pecuniary and otherwise, of promising scholars being an admirable feature, and it supplemented the statutory school supply which was still very imperfect, with equal liberality and discretion. The directors, accepting the common view that the prevalence of the Gaelic language was one of the causes of the existing evils in the Highlands, at first forbade instruction in that language, but afterwards the teachers were enjoined to teach the meaning of the English lessons, and ultimately Gaelic books were circulated, an edition of the New Testament in that language, having been prepared at the Society's expense. The teachers, not a few of whom were men of university education, had to be duly examined, and on passing successfully were awarded a formal diploma. They received fixed salaries, and were not to exact fees. Sometimes the schools were endowed with 'crofts' by proprietors who sympathised with the Society's aims. Shortly before the middle of the eighteenth century, the Society made a notable attempt to establish technical schools. The agricultural schools failed, and the attempts to start linen manu-

factures, as at Lochcarron and Glenmoriston, met with small success. Spinning schools, however, in which various home industries were taught, were maintained for many years in various localities."

It is worthy of note that in its palmy days some of the most distinguished poets of the Highlands were teachers in the service of this Society. Alexander Macdonald, Dugald Buchanan, and Ewen Maclachlan, all had a share in its work. The salary was not great, ranging as it did from £10 to £20, but it must be remembered that from 1696 to 1803, the highest statutory salary of the parochial schoolmaster in Scotland was only £11 2s. 2d. per annum, payable half yearly, and the lowest, half that sum.

Even with the help of the S.P.C.K. the supply of schools throughout the Highlands was lamentably deficient. After the Rebellion of 1715, Parliament voted £20,000 for additional education, and commissioners in a report to the Secretary of State named 151 places where schools were needed, but with the report the matter seems to have ended.

King George I., however, in 1725, gave a donation of £1,000 to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland "to be employed for the reformation of the Highlands and Islands, and other places where popery and ignorance abound." And this gift, which was annually continued by the king and his successors, was placed under the control of a committee nominated by the Assembly and called "The Committee for managing the Royal Bounty." This Committee have usually co-operated with the Society for Propagating

Christian Knowledge, and shared its burdens.

Meanwhile, the stormy period of the Forty-five intervened, and we hear little of education except in so far as the existing agencies were unobtrusively at work, till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when another Act was passed (11th June, 1803), "for making better provision for the Parochial Schoolmasters, and for making further regulations for the better government of the Parish Schools in Scotland."

From this time the voluntary effort began to broaden out, and a variety of new agencies gradually came into existence, which resulted in a vast increase of the non-parochial schools.

First there was the Gaelic School Society, formed in January, 1811. The resolutions adopted at its inception acknowledged the great services rendered by the S.P.C.K. in promoting civilisation and religious knowledge in the Highlands, but deplored the lamentable fact that many parts of that region were still in a state of great ignorance, and that only a small proportion of the inhabitants could read in any language. It was agreed that the cheapest, most expeditious and effective method of dealing with the situation would be the erection of circulating schools for the express purpose of instructing the people in the Gaelic language, and that the only object of the Society should be to teach the inhabitants to read the Holy Scriptures in their native tongue.

On this basis the Society has unquestionably conferred great benefit on the Highlands and Islands. It

was objected against its system at first that it would retard the spread of the English language, and thus militate against the progress of the North; but it has been found, on the contrary, that the Gaelic schools have very materially contributed to awaken a genuine desire for education among the people. Recognising this, the Society afterwards so far modified the original constitution of the schools that they authorised their teachers to impart a knowledge of English to the pupils as soon as they had learned to read in Gaelic.

The number of these schools in 1865 was forty, all but ten in the Hebrides. They were transferred as a rule from one place to another every three years. The salary was £25 a year. No fees were charged, but a house was provided by the people of the district, sometimes by the proprietor. The buildings were thatched cottages, seldom better than the local dwellings around; and though it was one of the original rules of the Society that the teachers should neither be preachers nor public exhorters, this rule was not rigidly enforced, for in remote districts they usually conducted a religious service on Sundays. The schools were visited once a year by an inspector employed by the Society.

In 1824 the directors of the S.P.C.K., after careful inquiry, came to the conclusion that great injury had been done by the general neglect of the vernacular language in the work of education in the Highlands and resolved henceforth to encourage it. As a result they had a set of new lesson books prepared,

and made it a rule that the children should be taught to read Gaelic first before being taught English.

And now during the present century since those who are responsible for the administration of the endowment applicable to educational purposes have been incorporated by the name of "The Governors of the Trust for Education in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," they offer a grant of 5s. a year for every pupil who can read Gaelic—a grant which may reach a maximum of £10 a year in the case of any school that can earn that amount. In 1903 as many as 72 schools received payments for eligible pupils under this arrangement.

Reverting to the year 1825, we find another important and useful class of schools established. These were known as the General Assembly Schools, of which, in the course of forty years, there were altogether about 200 throughout Scotland, twenty-nine of them in the Hebrides. The following was the system adopted. The heritors supplied the site and buildings for school and school-house, providing also a croft for the teacher, or money equivalent, and the General Assembly gave sums varying from £5 to £25 in lieu of salary, keeping the appointment of the teacher and general superintendence of the education in their own hands. Most of the schools so provided were under government inspection.

By the year 1838 Parliament had again awakened to the fact that the parish schools, and other means of instruction existing in the Highlands and Islands, were wholly inadequate to the needs of the people

This was borne in upon the legislators particularly by the recent erection of quoad sacra parishes demanding the endowment of additional centres of education if there was to be a school in each parish. A new Act was therefore passed providing for quite a number of side schools over and above the parish schools already in existence.

In 1843 an event occurred which affected still more intimately the educational machinery of the Highlands. This was the Disruption of the State Church, leading to the formation of the Free Church with its very large following. No sooner had the divergence taken place, than the new denomination set about establishing schools of its own. The result was that not a few of the teachers who originally held parochial, General Assembly, or S.P.C.K. school appointments, transferred their allegiance to the younger body, and became masters in the Free Church congregational and district schools. In the circumstances, a certain amount of rivalry and competition was inevitable, but it appears to have been on the whole more stimulating than hurtful.

These newly appointed schools, under the charge of a committee of managers connected with the congregation of which the minister was always the chief member, were mostly in the northern half of Scotland. Indeed, the Parliamentary Education Commission of 1865, found that in the counties of Ross and Sutherland nearly half the education seemed to be carried on by means of Free Church money and influence. The appointment of the teacher lay

virtually with the local minister, who superintended the work, and as the Free Church education committee had no inspector of schools, those of the latter that were not under Government inspection were regularly examined by the local presbytery on the same system as that followed in the Established Church, and a report was sent once a year to the committee in Edinburgh. Most of the teachers were very inadequately paid, though some in better-favoured districts received very respectable incomes. The funds seem to have come from collections for educational purposes raised throughout the Church, and distributed by the committee, the ordinary annual allowance for each school in the Hebrides being £12. In addition, there were at the disposal of headquarters, Privy Council grants which certain of the schools earned, and the interest of the Maclaren Bequest of £7,000, with any other legacies and donations that accrued as the work of the Church developed. Fees were also invariably charged.

Closely connected with these educational organisations of the two Churches existed other two agencies, conducted on a different footing, under the titles, the Church of Scotland Ladies' Association Schools, and the Free Church Ladies' Association Schools.

The first of these Societies was founded in 1846 for the purpose of supporting or aiding education in destitute Highland localities. Reading in the native Gaelic was wisely regarded as of primary importance to such children as understood no other

language; but English was taught in all the schools, while in some of them the instruction was as comprehensive as in any of the neighbouring scholastic resorts. The number of teachers supported wholly or partially by the Society in 1865 was 34 at a cost in salaries of £645 per annum. Of these schools, there were 10 in the Hebrides; all except 3 conducted by female teachers. None of them was maintained exclusively by the Ladies' Association; for some had connection with the General Assembly, or S.P.C.K.; while others were partially supported by subscriptions of proprietors and others interested. The usual salary was £20 a year; but the Society encouraged the taking of fees where they could be got.

The second of the Societies above mentioned, namely, the Edinburgh Free Church Ladies' Association for the Religious Improvement of the remote Highlands and Islands was formed in 1850, for two special objects, viz., (1) to increase aid schools in destitute Highland districts, and (2) to assist promising young men in prosecuting their studies for the ministry. In 1865 there were no less than 55 such schools, taught chiefly by students in the summer months, who supplied local substitutes during the winter when they were absent themselves at College. Of the above number 40 schools were in the Hebrides, the rest scattered over the Highland Mainland. In the majority, provision was made for the teaching of sewing, and in many instances the Association supplied clothing for the poorest of the children. No fees were charged, but the inhabi-

tants were expected to provide the buildings and to contribute a few pounds annually to the funds of the Association. In most places they generally contributed something also in other ways to the teachers' support. The buildings were usually of the poorest order, and the substitute who acted in the winter, being merely a youth from the district, or one of the senior pupils of the school, could not be expected to give the same efficient service as the university student, though the school during his term had generally its best attendance. Yet the system proved very helpful in the remote districts supplied, and the schools did not always suffer very much by the annual change.

The teachers received a salary of £20, half of which they paid their substitutes, and in addition to this, each student-teacher got £10 every session to assist him in his college studies; so that as an agency the Society was effective in providing means for the promotion on a small scale, both of the lower and higher education.

These appointments were certainly beneficial to many aspiring Highland youths, enabling them to proceed to the university, and even preparing them for their future work in the ministry, since not a few of them exercised their talents in conducting occasional religious services.

A Glasgow Free Church Ladies' Association, having the same objects in view, was founded two years later, but it was afterwards affiliated with the Edinburgh one.

In addition to all these kinds of schools, there were three other classes that had been gradually springing up in the towns and more populous centres. These were, (1) The subscription Schools maintained either by proprietors and other persons interested in particular localities, or by the inhabitants, and worked independently of the denominations and societies above mentioned; (2) the private adventure schools, of which there are a few, chiefly in the towns; and (3) the endowed schools still more rare.

Most of the academies, collegiate institutions, and secondary schools that fall under one or other of these categories in the Highlands, have been established during the course of last century, and are now under government inspection and in receipt of state aid, as are also the Roman Catholic Schools that subsequently came into existence.

Another inportant step forward in the evolution of national education was taken in 1861, when the Parochial and Burgh Schools Act was passed. Some of the more beneficial provisions of this measure were these: (1) The examination of parochial teachers was transferred from the Presbytery to a qualified body of examiners consisting of six university professors. (2) The schoolmasters were no longer required to sign the Confession of Faith, or Formula, but to make a declaration and to undertake to conform to the Shorter Catechism. In fact, in the case of the burgh school teachers absolute freedom was given on this score. "From and after the passing of this Act," the measure went on to say, "it shall

not be necessary for any person elected to be a schoolmaster of any burgh school to profess or subscribe the Confession of Faith, or the Formula of the Church of Scotland, or to profess that he will submit himself to the government and discipline thereof, nor shall any such schoolmaster be subject to the trial, judgment, or censure of the presbytery of the bounds for his sufficiency, qualifications, or deportment in his office, any statute to the contrary notwithstanding." (3) Jurisdiction in cases of immorality were transferred to the sheriff. (4) A method of procuring resignation from superannuated teachers was introduced. (5) Female teaching was sanctioned, giving rise to heritors' girls schools. (6) The salaries were raised They were from this time to be not less than £35 nor more than £70 per annum, but where there happened to be two or more schools established in the parish, the total amount of the salary payable to the schoolmaster was not to be less than £50 nor more than £80, to be apportioned among them as the heritors should determine, in the manner provided by the Act.

So far so good; but it soon became evident that this could only be a temporary measure, for the circumstances of the country were fast changing and really demanded a brand-new system of education. No tinkering at the old methods would much longer suffice. Accordingly, a Royal Commission on Education was appointed, and in 1865 the Assistant Commissioners, Mr A. C. Sellar, M.A., and Lieut.-Col. C. F. Maxwell were authorised to enquire into

the state of education in the country districts of Scotland. They gave in their report next year along with another bearing on the Hebrides by Assistant Commissioner, Alexander Nicolson, M.A., Advocate, and both were presented to Parliament. It is evident from these documents that the country was ripe for a change, and that a real national system of education which would supersede the multitude of struggling agencies at work that were still far from adequate, was much needed. The investigation revealed a lamentable backwardness and ineficiency, not only in many State-aided Schools, but also in not a few of the voluntary ones.

The standard demanded by the country had changed, and what was deemed good fifty or a hundred years before was now no longer regarded as satisfactory. Speaking of the S.P.C.K. schools in the Hebrides, Mr Menzies, a former inspector of the Society, stated in evidence before the Education Commission that "the education in them was of a very low character indeed," a report which Mr Nicolson corroborated. And this is only one instance of the conditions that were more or less prevalent throughout the country—though there are exceptions to every rule, and some Schools of Scotland produced a number of excellent scholars.

The buildings in particular at that time were very inferior, and scarcely half the population, especially in the Highlands, were efficiently educated. In 1862 the percentage of men in the Hebrides that signed their names by mark in the marriage registers

was 47.6. and of women 64.8. There was as yet no legal compulsion of attendance at school, and consequently the Commissioners found, in 1865, that in 133 parishes or districts of Scotland which they visited, less than half the number of children between three and fifteen years of age were in school. In Easter Ross the percentage of those who did not attend they found to be 55. And it is curious now as we look back from the short distance of less than 40 years, to read the candid opinion of these experts relative to the subject of compulsion, which was just beginning to be mooted. "It is hazardous," they reported, "to express any decided views upon the question of compulsion, direct or indirect, in the present uncertain state of education. The difficulties lie in the public feeling against all restrictive measures and in the expense and organisation necessary to establish the machinery to carry them out. If compulsory education is ultimately to be established, the process must be gradual, and public opinion must be prepared to see the necessity of it. At present the opposition to such a scheme would be invincible."

This was the stage reached by enlightened opinion on the subject when the great Act of 1872 was passed, revolutionising education in Scotland and putting it upon an entirely different basis. From this time the bogey of compulsion disappeared, for it became legally imperative to educate children of school age. The former Acts of 1696, 1803, 1838, and 1861, were repealed; the need for separate denominational schools passed away, and a great unification in the

general system of education was effected whereby the ecclesiastical control of education in Scotland, which had lasted for 1,200 years, came to an end.

Among other striking signs of the new order were the creation of a Scotch Education Department, the formation of triennial School Boards, and the erection of large and commodious school buildings all over the country, for which grants were provided. Nowhere was the contrast between the new and the old more marked than in the Highlands, where the houses that so frequently did duty as schools, were often deplorable. As the Crofters' Commission subsequently observed, the visible effects of the Act in this respect were "almost as remarkable as the state of the Highland roads after they were constructed by Marshal Wade." "If the design has been in some cases unnecessarily costly," they added, "not to say extravagant, the advantage from an educational point of view, of accustoming the children of the poor to rooms which are patterns of cleanliness and order, cannot be reasonably questioned. The more they are impressed by the contrast between the tidy comfort of the schoolroom, and the rude poverty of their homes, the more likely are the dwellings of the next generation to be improved." This was a shrewd prediction which has already largely been fulfilled. The change in the housing of the Highland peasantry since the passing of the Education Act, and the work of the Crofters' Commission has been simply phenomenal—and scarcely could be credited twenty years ago.

At the same time a result which was certainly not contemplated by the framers of the Scotch Education Act, created a difficulty in the Highlands. This was the exorbitant school rate in some of the insular parishes. In the parish of Barvas, Lewis, in 1881, it reached the extraordinary maximum of 6s. 8d. in the Pound; in Harris, the following year, it was 2s. 8d., and in North Uist, 3s., though in the Lowlands it did not exceed, as a rule, a few pence.

Indeed the immediate effects of the Education Act in the Highlands were by no means salutary, for there was necessarily much delay in many parishes in the erection of the new buildings, and meanwhile the schools that used to be kept up by ecclesiastical agencies or benevolent societies were being abandoned. Hence arose a temporary paralysis of educational effort which unmistakably affected adversely in many places the interests of the rising generation. Generally speaking, the Crofters' Commission found that the benefits of the Act did not, for several years after its passing, come fairly into operation in the Highlands and Islands, and they had several useful recommendations to make to the Education Department. For one thing they urged that all rating above 2s. in the pound should be paid by Government; for another, that the building debts should be cancelled; and for a third, taking into account the difficulties of attendance at school in these remote regions, they recommended that the number of days qualifying for the grant should be reduced.

As one result of their report, Mr Mundella sent Dr. Craik to the Highlands in September 1884, to investigate. The Commission had called attention to the low attendance, and the causes of this he found not only in the natural difficulties of the country, distance from schools, bad roads and bridges; but also in the circumstance of the parents' poverty, appearing in want of clothes, food, and fees, as well as in their need of the children for herding and other work. There was over and above, some apathy and even hostility to education. Attendance, he urged, must be enforced for the money returns and the education dependent upon it. He did not see his way to fall in with the recommendations of the Commission regarding the rates and building debts, but he suggested a considerable increase of grants. For fostering secondary education he recommended the employment of a graduate in one school in each district with special facilities for teaching and gaining higher grants for the higher standards and subjects.

With regard to the teaching of Gaelic, considering every view candidly, he arrived at the conclusion that it ought to be taught to the junior children whose mother tongue it was, and might be taught to the senior children as a specific subject.

After the department deliberated over these points, a Highland Minute appeared early in the following May, making important additions to the Code in regard to the Highlands, and generally giving effect to Dr. Craik's suggestions.

The new regulations set forth that in these parts, burghs excepted, if a school made an average attendance of 65 per cent. for the year, taking as a basis the number on the roll at the year's end, the average attendance grant would be raised from 4s. to 5s. per head, for 70 per cent. to 6s., for 80 per cent. to 8s., the double of the original sum and the maximum obtainable.

Secondary education received a powerful impetus through the concession that if central schools were established, each under a graduate, with time for extra work, by only having 30 pupils allotted him in average attendance, 10s. would be given for each pass in specific subjects, instead of 4s. as in other parts of Scotland. In regard to the teaching of Gaelic, Gaelic-speaking pupil teachers might be employed for the infants and junior children. Such teachers would be recognised and paid the P.T. grant, even though the numbers in the school did not entitle them to this payment; and further, the P.T. would be allowed to spend the last year of his apprenticeship at a preparatory school for entrance to a Training College. For each infant thus taught by Gaelic P.T.'s 10s. was promised, and for the upper classes Gaelic was made a specific subject like Latin or Mathematics.

It is interesting to note that in the discussions held at teachers' meetings in various places in connection with this Highland Minute, the fact was brought out, that only 50 per cent. of the children on the roll in the Highlands were in average attendance,

so that to gain even the first additional shilling, a leeway of 15 per cent. had to be made up. Yet it gave the local Boards a stimulus, and matters are now on a much better footing.

In 1888, in view of an impending financial breakdown in the Hebridean parishes of Barvas, Lochs, and Uig, and certain other Highland districts, the Education Department adopted a further Minute whereby these places were to receive exceptional assistance, and a representative of the Department, Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, was associated for this purpose with the local administrative authorities. This arrangement has proved eminently successful.

Later, under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, 1890, and the Education and Local Taxation Account (Scotland) Act, 1892, the State-aided Schools of Scotland were relieved from the payment of school-fees, and Town and County Councils were empowered to contribute to the support of technical instruction. The result has been a broadening out of secondary education not only throughout the Lowlands, but all over the Highands where secondary centres have been established.

Very noteworthy is the encouragement now given to promising pupils by the annual award of County Council and Highland Trust Bursaries. Under its new name the educational part of the old time Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge is more active than ever, and has a yearly income of

upwards of £4000 which it spends mainly in the interests of education.

In the Highlands, as elsewhere, subjects of Science and Art are taught; evening schools are in evidence, and classes provided by the County Councils for instruction in cookery, laundry and dairy work, besides lectures on agriculture, ambulance, and sanitation.

The ancient tongue, too, is at length receiving more generous treatment from the educational authorities, as may be seen from the fact that Gaelic has been put in the list of voluntary subjects for entrance to the Training Colleges, for the Arts degree, and still more recently for the leaving certificate examinations. These are highly interesting concessions; but, in view of its national importance, Gaelic should also be recognised as a subject for the preliminary examination and bursary competition in Arts in such of our Universities as provide for its study as a subject for graduation. This will, we hope, soon follow as a natural sequence to the steps already taken.

The day of technical education in the Highlands has so far not much more than dawned, yet the initial experiments, promoted by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Congested Districts Board, show that the need is being felt for established effort, and, by and by, if present tendencies are a sure indication, we may yet see a large extension of popular industrial education attached to the rural school system as part of its ordinary curriculum.

Under the revised Code of 1900, further progress has been made towards the realisation of a still more rational system of elementary education; and when the proposed new legislation is carried, providing larger areas more representative and assessable, we may expect a change in the near future more drastic and beneficial than any that has taken place within the last half century.

NA SEAN-FHACAIL.

IAIN R. MAC-GILLE-NA-BRATAICH.

Tha sean-fhacail a' Ghàidheil 'nan teisteas mór air feabhas a ghnè cridhe agus inntinn. Tha iad a' taisbeanadh a chliù air dhòigh nach urrainn ealdhain no sgoileireachd no bàrdachd na dùthcha aige sin a dheanamh. Ann an àite gun chothrom cha bhuin an ealdhain no'n sgoileireachd do dhuine, ach duin' ainmig; far am bi 'n cothrom faodaidh iad sin a bhi aig duine 'sam bith. B' àite gun chothrom a' Ghaidhealtachd. Airson Bàrdachd dheth, 's e ni th'innte mu nach còrd daoine idir. Thig i ro-fhurasda o chuid, 's o chuid eile cha tig i ach gu h-éiginneach. Cha 'n e nach 'eil gu leòir dhith math agus ro-mhath; ach bhiodh e duilich a shònrachadh a' chuid Bhàrdachd sin a cho-aontaichteadh 'togail suas mar shamhladh air mòralachd inntinn an t-sluaigh gu léir. Càileachd innleachdach, gnè an sgoileir, no comas filidheachd fhonnmhoir, cha do bhuin iad do'n mhór àireimh riamh, 's ar leam nach gabh e chothachadh gur h-urrainn doibh a bhi 'nan aithris 'bhios idir iomlan air a' ghnè inntinn 'san do chleachd an Gàidheal e fhéin. Ach do thaobh nan sean-fhacal, 's ann annta chìtear 's a' thuigear

an Gàidheal ceart mar a ghluais e: cha 'n ann mar troimh sgleò na Bàrdachd a tha sinn a' cur eolais air; ach sud e fhéin eadar 'éirigh 'sa luighe. 'S e 'n neach sin do 'n fheàrr is aithne an eachdraidh a tha 'ga h-innseadh, agus 's e sin e fhéin; oir 's e fhéin, air fharsuinneachd, is ùghdar do na sean-fhacail. Tha gach neach anns gach ceàrn 'g am meas mar iomraidhean a bhuineas, cha 'n ann do dh'ùghdairean sònraichte 'sam bith, ach do gach aon le co-ionannachd còir a labhras a' chànain 'sam bheil iad. Chinn iad á gliocas agus gnàth-eòlais nan linntean a dh' aom. Eadar smaoin agus cruth-bhriathran, cha dealbhadh inntinnean 'sam bith iad ach inntinnean Gàidhealach; 's choisinn iad, le dearbhadh agus ùghdarras am feabhais fhéin, gu'n do rinn an sluagh an roghainn diubh 's an stéidheachadh le urram anns a' ghnàth-sheanachas mar bhriathrachas a bhuineadh dhoibh an coitchionnas. Dh' fhàs iad mar gu'm b' ann le eachdraidh a' Ghàidheil, 's ann leis a dhealbhadh iad, 's ann leis a dh' altrumadh iad, agus mar sin, is ann annta is cinntiche gheibhtear an dearbh aithris air gach ceart mar a bha. Labhair an dàrna duine am facal, agus ma dh'fhaoidteadh car gun fhios aige air fìor luach a bhriathair; thug am fear a chuala 's a thog e cothrom a shiubhail do'n fhacal sin uaireiginn eile, agus mar sin dh' fhalbhadh e. Anns gach àite ruigeadh e, gheibheadh e 'ghnùis sin a choisinn airidheachd dha. Ma bha rogha na smearalachd de thoinisg ann, 's gu robh e dol a chuideachadh le geiread seanachais, gach fear a chluinneadh e, dheanadh e chuid fhéin dheth. Anns

an deagh roghainn a rinn an sluagh de na briathran ud tha iad a' toirt an teist a's àirde orra fhéin. Cho-aontaich iad gu'm b'iad so an sàr fhacail; 's ma 's e facal duine a tha nochdadh a chomas breathnachaidh, ciod iad sàr fhacail sluaigh ach tomhas an dearbh thuigse. Do bhrìgh sin 's iad na sean-fhacail a's cinn-tiche thaisbeanas dhuinn gnè cridhe 's comas inntinn na h-àireimh choitchinn de luchd-àiteachaidh na Gàidhealtachd.

Do réir na fìrinn so 's déistinneach ri thoirt fainear an dearmad a rinneadh le teallsanaich 's le luchd each-draidh. Thubhairt, gun teagamh 'sam bith, aon de cheatharnaich na cainnte cumhachdaich gu'n aithnichteadh tomhas comas-inntinn, ceud-fath is gliocas sluaigh anns na sean-fhacail a chinn 'nam measg; agus is math a labhair e. 'S ann tha 'n fhìrinn an sud cho so-léirsinneach 's gu'n sparradh i i-fhein air aithne dhaoine 'sam bith aig am biodh mothachadh cuibheasach. Gidheadh, 's ann air na sean-fhacail so a rinneadh an dearmad bu mhò leis an luchd-eachdraidh choigrich sin a ghabh orra fhéin cùisean na Gàidhealtachd a rannsachadh, 's a dh'fheum aithris glé leathann a chur fa chomhair an t-saoghail air na fhuair 's na chunnaic iadsan. Is ainneamh duine a thuig mar a thuig Mac-'Ille-Dhuibh, na'm b'e a rùn eòlas cothromach fhaotainn air fìor ghnè an t-sluaigh,'nan crionntachd inntinneil 's 'nan tograidhean uile, gu 'm feumadh e 'n cànain a thoirt fo ùidh an toiseach 's dol le bàighealachd an dlùth dhaimh ri 'n uile chor is fhaireachduinnean cearta. Ciod a b'fheàrr duine faontrach dhiùbh

sud a dh'easbhuidh eòlas na cainnte, na duine gun chlaisteachd; 's nach bu bheag a dh'fhiosraicheadh balbhan far an gann an robh ni eile ach cainnt.

Cha 'n 'eil ann an eachdraidh nan cogaidhean 's nan uamhasan fuilteach a bh'ann ach an taobh duaichnidh de 'n eachdraidh iomlain. Tha 'chuid so dhith coltach ris a' chuid cheudna an aithrisean shluagh eile, 'na h-innseadh air cruadal, treubhantas, neo-thruasalachd, ceilg, is cluainteireachd gu leòr. A h-uile dùthaich aig am bheil móran troimh-cheile fhuilteach agus ùpraid cogaidh'na h-eachdraidh, tha e 'na gnàths a bhi deanamh anabarr uaill asda sin. Ma tha leithid sin 'na aobhar cliù, bha na Gàidheil, ma ta, cho math air clamhadh a chéile ri feadhainn a bh'ann riamh; ach 's i 'n eachdraidh chaomh thaitneach eachdraidh an t-saoghail chiallaich, shàmh-aich a bha gluasad mar leigteadh leis fo'n ùb àb so. Ach cha bhiodh iad aig an t-saothair na rag-bharal-aich shiùbhlach ud—'s tha e gu sònruichte soilleir nach b'fhiach leo—a thuigsinn gu'm faighteadh de dh'fhorfhais eile air a' Ghàidheal tre a chànain, seadh an cuid glé chothromach tre a shean-fhacail, na dheanadh cuis-leughaidh pailt cho taitneach ri sìor ailis na buirbe ud eile. Mar sin 's iomadh biùthas airidh air nach d'iarr 's nach d'fhuair iad riamh sgeul, 's air nach b'urrainn dhoibh iomradh dheanamh; 's cha chùis iongantais idir a th'ann ged is iomadh tuaileas is claon-sgeul aimhleasach 'tha'n diugh craobh-sgaoilte gu anntlachd a' Ghàidheil.

Gabhaibh Sasunnach mór an Fhoclair bheurla mar shamhladh. Cha robh annsan ach aon de'n

àireimh nach bu bheag. Ged robh esan air aideachadh nach b' aithne dha smid de chainnt nan daoine lùthmhor luaimhneach ud a bha chòmhnuidh 'measg uigean is stùcan fiadhaich na h-Alba, agus nach b'urrainn dha breith thréibhdhireach a thoirt air a' chainnt sin no air a luchd-labhairt o nach d' fhoghlum e eòlas air an aon chuid no a' chuid eile, cha ruigeadh sinn leas dìmeas roléireach a tharruing air-san, no gaiseadh 'sam bith a chur ann am mòrachd ainme. Cha bhiodh a dheagh chliù-san idir an eismeil eòlais, ma b'fhìor, mhi-tharbhach de 'n t-seòrsa sin. Ach feucham an e sin a rinn e; 's ann a thug e beachdan agus barantas do 'n t-saoghal m' an déighinn le chéile, air an robh 'n coltas gu 'm b'ann stéidhichte ann an eòlas rochumhachdach 's ro-choimhlionta bha iad. Ach tha fhios againne ged a thug e cuairt chabhagach mu thuath, ma b'fhìor, a thogail seallaidh, nach do sheall e riamh ach o'n chòmhnard. Thog e aon uair, co dhiùbh, a shùilean ri Beinn na Caillich agus is cinnteach gu 'n do smaointich e an uair sin gu'm bu sgaoilte 's gu'm bu tlachdmhor an sealladh sin 'bu leis-san a ruigeadh an càrn a chual e bha gleidheadh comuinn ris na siantan shuas am mullach àrd na beinne. B'eadh gun teagamh, agus b'amhuil e an sealladh eile gheibheadh an duine sin air daoine agus dòighean na Gàidhealtachd a ghabhadh stéidh-amhairc na Gàidhlig. Ach do thaobh an dàrna ni b' usa leis-san fuireach gu h-ìosal, 's airson an ni eile cha robh dhìth air dol ás a bheachd. Cha robh aige ach smaointeachadh air fear sònraichte bha sud, 's bha aobhar a

shaoid 's a shiubhail a' leum 'na chuimhne, 's cha d'fhuair am madadh-ruadh riamh air leithid an turuis sin a bha foidhe-san, teachdaire b'fheàrr na e fhéin. Thubhairt e' gun teagamh, corra ni bha 'g aideachadh airidheachd nan daoine thachair ris; ach bha 'n gamhlas air tuineachadh ann, agus, mar 's ann da b'fhios, gun am beagan molaidh cha deant' an càineadh ceart.

Cha'n 'eil teagamh na 'n innsteadh dha aig an àm ud mu fhear de dh' àrd chiallaich na dùthcha 'bha 'dol a bhi fo leithid de bhruaillean inntinn air tàilleamh faoineachais de chònnspaid 's gu'n cuireadh e roimhe 's gu'm faigheadh e sè troidhean de chuaille garbh air am biodh caob tri òirlich a thighead a dh' aona ghnothach gus slachd dheth fheuchainn air an fhear a b'aobhar da mhi-thlachd, nach abradh e gu'm bu truagh cor inntinneil an duine sin, 's gu 'm bu bhrònach mar an ceudna an ìnnseadh bh'ann air staid na dùthcha 'san robh e. Gidheadh 's e fhéin a bha ri bhi mar sud 's e'n Sasunn.

'S e sin a' chulaidh-bhochdainne: ma 's fhiach an teachdaire 's fhiach a naigheachd. Ma 's e 's gu 'n tachair do neach a bhi urramach am beul an t-sluaigh air tàilleamh buaidhean sònruichte air choireiginn, bheirear géill agus creideas dha 'nuair 'bhios e ri baoth labhairt air gnothaichean air am bheil e fad air seachran, no gu tur an aineolas. Chuir esan 's càch de sheòrsa tuille 's a' chòir de dhòchas 's de mhuinighin an leabhraichean 's an cathraichean eòlais 'nuair a cho-dhùin iad nach b'urrainn do Ghàidheil no do dh'fheadhainn eile

bhi fìor thapaidh 'nan toinisg as an eugmhais. Cha d'thug iadsan umhail, air an cuairteachadh mar a bha iad leis gach sòghalachd litreachail, gu robh 'n leabhar mór uile-chùiseach sin eile ann, mar bu ghnàth leis riamh, gu fialaidh fosgailte do gach neach a fhuair sùilean a chitheadh agus crìonnachd a bhreithnicheadh; 's cha chreid sinn gu'n robh cion deagh thoirt fainear, no cion geur bheachdachaidh 'sam bith, air na Gàidheil ri linn turuis an Ollaimh Johnson, ged b' àmhghaireach air iomadh dòigh an linn a bh'ann. Cha 'n e mhàin sin ach tha eòlas ghnèidhean dhaoine 'n t-saoghail a' nochdadh gu 'm b'ann de 'n chruthachadh fuireachail faireachduinneach 'bha 'm pòr o 'n d'thàinig iad, 's gu 'n robh, mu 'n deachaidh sgrìob air duilleig, clàr no seice, gun tighinn air clo-bhualadh air leabhraichean, meanbh fhaireachadh is mion mhothachadh annta cho math 's cho pailt 's a bh'ann an daoine eile cruthaichte. Mur an robh litreachas sgrìobhte aca bha briathrachas litreachail aca, agus b' iad fhéin na leabhraichean. Beag mór 's g'am bheil a' chuid litreachais sgriobhte sin a ràinig ar linn, is math e; agus 's e is cùis-iongantais gu'n do chaomhnadh uiread 'nuair a chuimhnicheas sinn air tricead agus fuathas nan atharraichean iorghuilteach frionasach sin a chuir an tìr ach gann anns na h-ospagan uairean gun àìreimh; 's ma bha corra chùil anns nach do thachair an t-ànradh fhéin, cha b'ann an sin a b'fheàrr càradh dhaoine, oir bha 'n t-eagal 's an t-iomaguin làitheil 'g an sàrachadh; 's is miosa uair 'sam bith an t-eagal

na 'n cogadh. Ach fhad 's a mhair cànain mhair na sean-fhacail; 's fhad 's a mhair iadsan mhair bunachas fìor litreachais. Ged nach biodh maireann o'n t-sean aimsir ach iad fhéin tha 'n dearbhadh annta, cho cinnteach 's a tha aon chas na's leòr leis an fhìrinn ged a thuiteas a' bhreug leis na trì, nach e idir deireas gliocais, ach cion fàth is cothroim a cho-éignich gainnead luchd-litreachais agus teircead torraidh inntinn mar a mheasar sin ann an co-cheangal ri leabhraichean.

Ach 's e th'ann, mar 's e 'm fear a's treise 'bhios an uachdar 's am fear a's luaithe 'bhios air thoiseach, 's amhuil a tha barail ro ghasda aig na Sasunnaich mhóra ainmeil chumhachdach air am pòr fhéin an coimeas ris na Goill no na h-Albannaich; 's a rithis tha fhios againn, math gu leòr, nach fhiù leis na Goill na Gàidheil an taice ri 'n tréibh fhéin. Cha luaithe theid Gàidheal 'nam measg na bheir e fainear an ni so; 's is cianail 'bhi toirt aire do'n dìchioll a ni cuid, cha 'n ann idir gus Gàidheil na 's cliù-thoiltinniche a dheanamh dhiubh fhéin, 's feum aig onair an dùthcha air cuideachadh a h-uile h-anail diubh, ach gus cur as do 'n dùthchas sin gu tur, feuch an còrd iad ris na Goill. Mar so leis a' chaoin shuarachas tha 'n Gall a' dol 'na Shasunnach, 's an Gáidheal, uairean air ghaol na mòr-chùis, a' dol 'na Ghall. Bu duilich do luchd eachdraidh choigrich an dùthchas 's an dualchas sin a bh'annta fhéin a chìosnachadh gu buileach 'n àm bhi 'g iomradh air sluagh na Gàidhealtachd. Air an lìonadh le mòrachd agus greadhnachas gach gnàths beurla, bha 'n da rireadh

airidh gu leòr, air an dalladh ach gann le measalachd agus flathaileachd na dùthcha mu dheas, an taice ri suarachas 's neo-fhasgalachd na Gàidhealtachd ùdalaichte bhochd, cha 'n ioghnadh idir ged nach robh iarraidh na sùl furachlais aig luchd an àilghis ach airson comharran buirbe 's allmharachd; do bhrìgh sin bha iad mar bu trice 'buain nan àirneagan searbha 's a' saltairt nan cìrean meala.

Tha 'n saoghal a nis ùine mhòr a' cur nan car dheth; 's tha na Gàidheil ghramail a' greimeachadh ris cho fada ri daoin' eile, mur 'eil na's fhaide. Nach bu tràth a dh'aithnich an Gàidheal gu 'm b'e saoghal nan car a bh'ann. Riamh o thùs eachdraidh bha iad ann daoine beachdail pongail a thuig gu 'm b'fheàrr an saoghal sin ionnsachadh na sheachnadh, 's mar sin, a bha air mòran a thoirt fainear, fhaicinn, a chluinntinn, fhaireachduinn 's a thuigsinn. Bha latha 'deanamh sgéil do latha dhoibh ni b'fheàrr na bha e 'deanamh do mhóran, gus an d'fhuair iad truiseadh glé chothromach de dh'fhéinfhiosrachadh a thasgadh suas 'nan cànain anns na sean-fhacail.

Is cinnteach gur h-iomadh dearbhadh is deuchainn mhór is bheag a dh'éignich bhuatha na facail sin. Sruth leotha, is sruth 'nan aghaidh; là air mhisg 's là air uisge, latha 'mharbhadh iad fiadh 's latha nach marbhadh gin, gus an do dhearbh iad air an cosg no'n cosnadh fhéin na rogha bhriathran suidhichte sin a dh'aidichear anns gach àite 'sam bheil cluas a thuigeas iad agus mothachadh a dh'aithnicheas am brìgh, gur h-e 'n gliocas coimhlionta

th'annta. Facail 'sam bith a chinn mar rinn iadsan am measg an t-sluaigh, 's a chòrd ris an t-sluagh gu léir gun umhal do chreud no paidir, 's fheudar gu 'm bheil mothachadh, cha 'n e mhàin fìor, ach air leth sònruichte annta.

Tha e coltach, ged a dh'fhaodar car a thoirt á duine le iomadh baoth-ìnnleachd eile, nach deargar air a' char 'thoirt as mu'n t-sean-fhacal. Aithriseadh duine facal nach fhiù, 's có air bith a thuirt am facal an toiseach, ged bhiodh e aithnichte, cha 'n e sin an duine a mhàin a choisneas tàir, ach esan a chaill d'a chiall na tha leigeil cead sgaoilidh leis. Mar sin 's e 'm facal freagarrach a mhaireas, oir is ainneamh neach nach 'eil dearbhte gu'n aithnich e toinisg. Fulaingidh duine dhuit a ràdh ris nach 'eil e 'na sgoileireachd cho iomlan 's a bha duine riamh, ach abair ris gu 'm bheil dad 'sam bith de chion a' mhothachaidh air, agus 's ann sùil mu 'n t-sròin a' gheibh thu do fhreagairt. Uaithe sin tha e tighinn nach teid uair 'sam bith 'na fhìor shean-fhacal ach am facal bhios iomchuidh, airidh.

Ach is lìonmhor na briathran goirid agus glic a chaidh a labhairt o chionn nan linntean nach deachaidh, air a shon sin, 'nan sean-fhacail. Is fheudar gur h-eadh, ach cha 'n e a h-uile briathrachas, eadhon math, ris an gabhtar idir. Tha lagh dìomhair ann a tha 'cuartachadh teachd is buanas shean-fhacal, 's tha an lagh no am feart so suidhichte ann an inntinn nàdurra 'n duine, tha e coltach; oir is car ionann, tha mi 'g aithneachadh, 'tha dòigh roghnachaidh nan sean-fhacal anns gach

cànain. Anns a' Ghàidhlig, co dhiúbh, mur bheil am facal cho geur's gu'n sgailc e air a' chuspair shònruichte 'bhios ann le cuimse 's cumhachd, cha bhi gnothach ris ged a bhiodh gach maitheas eile air. Mur bheil e goirid, feumaidh e bhi 'na dhàn no 'na rann, air neo cha bhìtear a strì ris; 's mur bi gliocas agus faicill iomlan air an leigeil ris ann, bidh a' bhuaidh sin a choisneas àite maireannach dha ann an togar an t-sluaigh, gu tur a dh' easbhuidh air. Biodh coir air bith air, ciod air bith cho faoin, 's mur téid ás dà gu buileach an ùine gheàrr, cha bhi, air a' chuid a's fheàrr, air a ràdh mu dheighinn ach gu'n d' thuirt an leithid so de dhuine gasda leithid so de bhriathran tapaidh. Ach ma bhios fìor airidheachd ann 's nach dealaich do thlachd ris ge b'e gean 's am faod thu fhéin a bhi, 's gu 'm faigh e cead siubhail, 's iongantach mar a ni e 'rathad; agus anns gach àite thaghlas e gabhar eòlas air. Tha e soilleir gu'm bheil ni-eiginn a bharrachd air deagh bharail agus chomh-airle air iarraidh 'sna sean-fhacail. Cha b'e 'n t-aon duine dheanadh iad. Tha na sean-fhacail a's fheàrr cho simplidh 'nan cainnt, ach cho fada thall, agus a' ciallachadh uiread 's gu'm b'e 'n duine sin a shuidheadh a dh'aona ghnothach a dheanamh shean-fhacal glice, ma b'fhìor dha fhéin, a cheart fhear mu dheireadh a dh'amaiseadh air an leithid. Cha b' ann mar sin a chaidh na sean-fhacail chòire chruthachadh; na'm b'ann cha bhiodh iad a choidhche an ni a tha iad: 'nan aithris gu'n chearb air inntinnibh an t-sluaigh.

Is iad na sean-fhacail deagh thoradh nàdurra gach cainnt anns am bheil iad. Is cian o'n a thugadh fain-

ear le seann sgrìobhadairean an t-saoghail gu'n robh earalachadh glic agus luachmhorachd toinisg ri 'm faotainn 's na sean-fhacail aca fhéin. Tha iad pailt anns an leabhar naomh. Nach bu tric a thugadh ruith shùistidh orrasan leò a "shìolaidheadh a' mheanbh-chuileag ach a shluigeadh an càmhal." Ach cha teid an sionnach na 's fhaide na bheir a chasan e, 's cha teid mise seach a' Ghaidhlig: 's cha ruig mi leas. Cha'n 'eil na sean-fhacail a th'innte òirleach air ais, ar leamsa, orra-san th'ann an cainnt 'sam bith eile. Biodh iad annta fhéin fìor 'nan ceud chiall no 'nam brìgh, 's ann a' treòrachadh gu fìrinn, gu grinnead, gu riaghailt mhath 's geur theagasg a tha iad an còmhnuidh. Tha earail choimhlionta annta do 'n duine a thaobh a ghiùlain fhein; 's mar an ceudna 'thaobh a dhleasnais d'a choimhearsnach. Co dhiubh thachras do neach a bhi sealbhachadh sonais agus sògh an t-saoghail, no tha e 'n teinn le bochdainne agus trioblaid, tha comhairle dha, no còmhnadh, a réir fheum, 'sna sean-fhacail. Co dhiubh 's e feabhas inntinn, stiùradh spioradail no rabhadh saoghalta tha e 'sireadh, gheibh e sin o sheanairean a bha thall 's a chunnaic, 'nuair a labhras iad ris anns na briathran a's usa 'n tuigsinn, a's crìonna rabhadh agus teagasg, 's a's cuimsiche dh'amaiseas dha air smior na fìrinn. Cha'n 'eil oisinn de theampull cridhe 'n duine anns nach 'eil lagh no bagradh freagarrach crochte leò. 'S mar is ann o'n chridhe thainig iad, 's ann mar sin a's fheàrr is aithne dhoibh an cridhe ruighinn, agus le dìrichead

ghuinich saighid, an làrach 's am bi 'n cron no 'n coire shònrachadh. A thuille air sin is teòm an tuigse th' annta, ged 's àbhaisteach na briathran. Is cudthromach am fiosrachadh, ged 's ann ach gann an cagar a dh'ínnsear e. Is farsuinn an eachdraidh air an tig iad, ged is goirid an aithris. Cha ghnàth leò labhairt ach ris na h-aignidhean a's cliúitiche. Cha 'n fhuiling iad na spìocairean, na sguinn, no na slaightearan. Cha'n 'eil ni salach no suarach air ainmeachadh leo le meas no modh, ach cha'n 'eil faoin-ghrinneas 'sam bith 'gam bacadh o fhianuis na fìrinn a sheasamh. 'Nuair nitear an t-olc, tha 'n sean-fhacal a' feitheamh le peanas. 'S iad is dara coguis an duine. 'S iad a's miosa oirnn no eadhon an caraid sin a ghabhas fàth air a' cheart uair 'sam bheil sinn a' fulang agartais inntinn air tàilleamh na mi-shealbh a thug sinn 'n ar caramh fhéin, gus an droch mhanadh a rinn esan dhuinn ùrachadh d'ar cuimhne; faodaidh sinn an duine sàrachail sinn a ghrocadh bhuainn, ach cha dealaich leithid an t-sean-fhacail ruinn a tha sìor ràdh, "Am fear nach seall roimhe seallaidh e 'na dhéigh." Ged nach biodh de lagh air aghaidh na Gàidhealtachd ach lagh neo-sgrìobhte nan sean-fhacal, cha bhiodh an t-uireasbhuidh a b'fhaoine air an t-sluagh airson reachdan riaghailt gliocais agus fìor dhaonnachd.

Bu mhath leam a thoirt fainear, cuideachd, ged tha na ceart shean-fhacail air uairean ri 'n tachairt riù araon an Gàidhlig 's am Beurla, gu 'm bheil eadar-dhealachadh mór eadar a' mhór-roinn de 'n fheadhainn Ghàidhlig 's an fheadhainn Bheurla. Cha 'n

ionann blas nan cànain; 's idir cha 'n ionann blas nan sean-fhacal. Tha e coltach, mar an ceudna, nach 'eil na sean-fhacail Bheurla cho fìor fhreagarrach 's a shaoileadh duine, airson gu 'n cleachteadh iad am measg dhaoine ionnsuichte—co dhiubh's e sin a' bhinn fo 'm bheil iad aig an àm. Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil e 'na choire orra nach 'eil na briathran a th'annta iomalùbach gu leòr. Tha 'm pailteas dhiubh neo 'r thaing beusach cliùiteach; ach air ghloinead an tobair bidh salachar ann; 's tha fhios gu 'm bheil beagan fhacal 'tha car suarach teagmhach 'nam measg, 's ma dh' fhaoidteadh gu 'n d'rinn iad sin, gu mi-shealbhach, dìmeas a tharruing air an iomlan. 'S coltach e gu 'n do mhill beagan taois ghoirt air choireiginn am meall uile, oir cha 'n 'eilear a nis 'g an gnàthachadh ro thric. A rithis, tha na sean-fhacail Ghallda cho math, cho geur, 's cho freagarrach air gach dòigh ach an aon, 's nach gabh feabhas an seadhachaìs faotainn ach anns a' Ghàidhlig. Ach tha coire orrasan, cuideachd, agus 's e sin nach 'eil urram cànain aig a' chainnt 'sam bheil iad. Ma chuirear ann am Beurla sgoileirichte iad, caillidh iad gu tur an tlusmhorachd, am brìgh, 's am blas; 's o nach faod iad tighinn an làthair meud-mhóir agus mòrchùis na dùthcha 'san an deise dhùthchail, 's ma 's fhìor tàireil, 's am bheil iad, theid as doibh, seadh, chaidh as doibh anns an tomhas a's motha cheana. Co aig tha còir air cainnt nan Gall a labhairt a nis? 'S airson a sgrìobhaidh dheth cha'n 'eil a chridhe aig duine—mur h-ann le car de mhagaireachd air fhéin, no le seòrsa de sgeig-

eireachd ailiseach air cuideiginn eile bhios e 'g obair—ach Beurla na Ban-righinn a chleachdadh. Ciod eile ach Beurla, 's a' Bheurla a 's spailpiche 's a's spagluinniche ghabhas faotainn. Mar a's duilighe 'tuigsinn, 's ann a 's motha meas oirre. Bheirear so fainear do thaobh na Beurla gu tric: nach e 'n ni air am bheilear ag iomradh 'tha cudthromach idir ach an dòigh anns am bheil an ni air ìnnseadh. Tha bharail so làn cheadaichte 's a' toirt cothroim anabarraich do dh'fhein-spéisealachd sgrìobhadairean. 'S e maise nan sean-fhacal Gàidhealach, co dhiubh, gu bheil àrd ghliocas nàdurra annta 'ga fhoillseachadh gun an tuille spleadhaireachd cainnte mu dhéighinn. Biodh sean-fhacail eile mar a tha iad, tha 'n fheadhainn Ghàidhlig cho taitneach 's cho freagarrach 's nach e mhàin nach 'eil nì 'nan aghaidh is fhiach ainmeachadh, ach 's ann ro bhochd a bhiodh a' chànain as an eugmhais. Goirt 's g' an ruig iad duine air uairean tha'n sluagh 'gan gràdhachadh; agus 's airidh air sin iad oir dh'fhàs iad á deagh ionmhas cridhe 'Ghàidheil, 's tha teisteas na h-aosmhorachd aca gu'm bheil iad buan 'nan gliocas. Tha de bhuaidh air a' chainnt 's am bheil iad gu'n do mhair i chuige so, a dh' aindeoin co theireadh e, beò fallain, 's gu 'm bheil i air an latha 'n diugh móran na's measala na bha i o chionn linntean. Nach foghainn e dh'innseadh air a h-inbhe gu 'm bheil, cha 'n e mhàin sgoileirean na dùthcha so fhéin, ach, mar an ceudna, sgoileirean an t-saoghail, na Gearmailtich, a' faighinn iunntasan innte.

An Gàidheal a rùnaicheas a bhi comasach 'na

chainnt, 'g a labhairt no 'g a sgrìobhadh, feumaidh e bhi ullaichte lé deadh thomhas de stòras-fiosrachaidh nan sean-fhacal. Ma bha aon ni ann riamh air an robh miann is meas nan Gaidheal, b'e sin geurad ann an seanachas. An duine bhiodh coimhlionta air an dòigh so, bheirteadh mach a chuideachd, air neo—ni bha cheart cho dòcha ma bha 'n t-aobhar ann—sheachainnteadh e. Thugadh iomadh deagh shamhladh air an ni so le "Caraid nan Gàidheal" 'n uair a bhiodh e 'freagairt a luchd casaid anns an "fhocal 'san dealachadh" a bhiodh 'na "Theachdaire Gaelach"—

"Fhuair sinn," ars esan, "litir a chuir Iain Gallda ann am Beurla chruaidh Shasunnaich d' ar n-ionnsuidh, 's dh'fhaodadh e 'ràdh mar a thuirt an t-òran.

"Faicill oirbh an taobh sin thall,
Nach tig an ceann an tiota dhibh."

'S e 'n gearan a 's truime 'tha aig Iain Gallda 'nar n-aghaidh an spéis a tha againn do shean fhacail; agus gu 'm bheil e leamh mi-mhodhail dhuinn litrichean ar càirdean a fhreagairt le sean-fhacail. Do réir coslais tha Iain sgìth dhiubh mar bha 'n losgann de 'n chleith-chliata. A nis, 'Iain, air son fearas-chuideachd dhuinn fhéin freagraidh sinn do litir le sean-fhacail a dhearbhas dhuit cia freagarrach 's a tha 'n dòigh so, air am bheil thu 'gearan cho trom. Cho luath 's a thàinig do litir thuirt sinn "Is mithich a bhi 'bogadh nan gad." An cuala tu riamh, Iain Ghallda, "Ged a dh'éignichear an sean-fhacal cha bhreugnaichear e ?" 'S e 'n ath

ghearan a th' agad gu'm bheil sinn ro ghaolach air na tha sinn fhéin a' sgrìobhadh. An cual thu riamh "Gur toigh leis an fheannaig a garr-isean fhéin," agus "Gur e 'leanabh fhéin a 's luaithe 'bhaisteas an sagart." Tha thu gearan gu'm bheil anabarr spéis againn do chàirdean àraidh agus gu 'm bheil sinn ri tàir air muinntir eile a tha airidh air barr-achd meas. Iain Ghallda, "Tha 'n càirdeas mar a chumar e" agus na cuir thusa do làmh eadar a' chlach 's an sgrath." Tha thu 'g ràdh gu'n cum thusa sùil oirnn, agus gu 'n dean thu faire oirnn. Dean sin Iain—tha sùil iongantach agad ma chuireas i eagal oirnne; agus do thaobh faire 'dheanamh oirnn, "B'e sin gleidheadh a' chlamhain air na cearcan," Tha thu 'maoidheadh gu'n dean thu tuill 'san "Teachdaire!" Eirich air—"Cha dean thusa toll anns nach cuir sinne cnag." Tha thu 'g ràdh nach fiù leat sgrìobhadh airson an Teachdaire, nach d' fheuch thu ris, agus nach feuch. An cual' thu riamh lethsgeul na caillich—

"A Chailleach an gabh thu'n Righ?
Cha ghabh o nach gabh e mi."

A thaobh an leabhair a tha thu 'g ràdh tha 'tighinn a mach a smàlas an "Teachdaire" bochd, fuirich, Iain, gus an tig e; ach gabh thusa com-hairle agus "Na h-abair bìd ris an eun gus an tig e as an ubh." Tha chuid fa dheireadh de d' litir na 's taitniche na 'toiseach—"'S i 'cheud taom a thig as an taigeis am bitheantas a 's teotha." Slàn leat Iain, na tig na 's dàine, agus na buail na 's truime, no tuigidh do thuagh an sean-fhacal, "Gur maith an ealag

a' chlach gus an ruigear i"; agus tuigidh tu fhéin, mar a thachair do dh'Eóghan, "an uair a shaoil e bhi air muin na muice gur ann a bha e làmh rithe anns an lub."

'S ann da fhéin a b' aithne 's a b'urrainn pronnadh nam meanbh-chuileag a dheanamh air peasain na h-aimsir 'san robh e beò.

Rinneadh co-chruinneachadh de shean-fhacail Ghàidhlig airson a' chlo-bhualadair, mar is aithne dhuibh, le fear Mac-an-Toisich 'sa bhliadhna seachd ceud-deug ceithir fichead 's a cóig. Thionaladh mòr-an dhiubh le daoine comasach air uairean eile; ach b'iad na chruinnicheadh le Mac-an-Tòisich an aon fheadhainn a fhuair clo-bhualadh riamh gus an do chuir an Siorram Mac Neacail, nach maireann, lànleabhair mhóir eile dhiubh fa chomhair an t-saoghail; 's gu cinnteach 's e 'n leabhar sin aon luach airgid cho math 's a th'anns a' chànain.

Tha mi cinnteach gur h-iomadh sean-fhacal faobharach sgailceach a thog air a thurus air tùs as na céilidhean sona seasgair a bhiodh aca aig an tigh, 'nuair a bhiodh an cròilean beag àbhachdach a' deanamh suidhe shumhail mu 'n cuairt de 'n teine mhór mhòine bhiodh am meadhon an ùrlair. 'S ann as na céilidhean ud a chinn 's a chraobh-sgaoil iomadh teagasg iomchuidh, 's air aon diubh sin gu 'n còir do dhuine aire fhaicilleach 'thoirt air a dhleasnas nuair a chuireas e e fhéin ann an suidheachadh ris am bi gnìomh no dreuchd co-cheangailte. 'S e sin an teagasg a bh' ann dhàsan a bhiodh 's a chùil: 's e shùil-san bhiodh air an teine. Anns na céilidhean

sin bhiodh gu tric an duin' òg a 'cur comas cuimhne 'n t-seann duine gu làn dheuchainn 'nuair bhiodh coimh-leigeadh eatorra feuch có dhiubh b'fhaide dh'aithriseadh sean-fhacal ma seach; 's faodar a bhi cinnteach, an fheadhainn a bha 'g éisdeachd, gu'm b'fhaoin am facal a rachadh seachad orra. Tha 'n cleas no'n cleachdadh so 'ga chumail gu beothail fhathast; 's cha 'n fhios dhomh dòigh a's fheàrr air òigridh oileineachadh ann an iomadh fiosrachadh fìor agus feumail. Cuid mhath de na comhairlean a gheibheadh iad annta, bhiodh iad a cheart cho feumail dhuinne 'sa chuideachd so. Ma bheir sibh an aire, am fear sin bhios a ghnàth modhail 'n ar measg fhéin, gabhar fàth air gur h-ann socharach, ma dh'fhaoidt', a tha e. Am fear a bhios dàna, cha ghabhtar a mhi-mhodh bhuaidhe, ged shaoileas e fhéin gur modh am mi-mhodh; 's am fear a ni diorras, 's iomadh ni diorras ris; ach 's i'n riaghailt bu cho-thromaiche dhuinn, na'n gabhamaid i, riaghailt an t-sean-fhacail—a bhi dàna modhail; 's e sin lagh na cùirte—a chuimhneachadh gur math an fhiacail a bhi roimh 'n teanga, 's am fear a ghleidheas a' theanga gu 'n gléidh e 'chàirdean.

Is tric a chluinneas sinn gur daoine colgarra fiadhaich a bha 'nar n-athraichean an dà chuid 'nan cainnt 's 'nan gnìomh. Bheirteadh oirbh a chreidsinn gu'm bu choingeis leò nàmhaid no caraid; 's mur faigheadh iad a bhi 'n sgòrnan air chor-eiginn gu'n deanadh gach aon diubh caonnag ri dhà luirginn fhéin. 'S e 'n tuairisgeul sin àicheadh cuid de dh' aobhar mo labhairt. Ma sheallar a stigh car tacain ann am beagan de chaithe-beatha 'Ghàidheil, 's a bheirear

fainear mar tha 'bheul fhéin ag ìnnseadh rùintean a chridhe, chìtear nach b'e am fiadh-dhuine cunnartach so a bh'ann, 's gu'm b'fhada bhuaithe sin a ghabh e. Ach 's fheudar an t-aobhar gearain 'bhi ann. Bha e uair dh' an robh e treun neo-sgàthach ri uchd cruadail, 's dh'fheum e sin; cha'n'eil 's cha robh beairt an aghaidh na h-éiginn, ach chuireadh ás a leth gu'r h-ann borb a bha e. Tha e nis air a chomhairle fhéin, 's aon duine eile na's siobhalta 's na's sèimhe cha'n 'eil air ùr uachdar na talmhainn. Ach an àite sin a chòrdadh ri daoine, cha bu chulaidh-fharrain dhoibh riamh ach e, nach 'eil mire-chatha gu leòr ann, 's gur docha leis an cruaidh chosnadh no dol dh'an arm. Cha tuigear air na sean-fhacail gu'n robh iarraidh fola no fuathais ann an gnè a' Ghàidheil na's mò na bh'ann an daoin' eile. Thuirt iad gu dearbh nach leig duine d'a dheòin a chòir bhreith le duine beò; ach cha'n 'eil miadh air fuil no fòirneart air a nochdadh anns na briathran sin; 's na's miosa, cha'n fhaighear gu'n dubhairt iad. Bha fios aca, gun teagamh, sam bith, nach b' àm codail an cogadh. Bu ghlé thoigh leo duine bhiodh meanmnach èasgaidh; ach bu chulaidh fhanaid agus àbhachdais leo luathad nan cas anns an rachadh an t-eagal. Bha iad deimhinn am fear nach teicheadh gu'n teichteadh roimhe, 's nach buadhaicheadh gu bràth am meata. Bu choma leo treubhantas an duine bhig a bhiodh ri feadaireachd agus fuaim. Gidheadh, cha shireadh iad an cath na's mo na sheachnadh iad e. 'Nuair bhuaileadh iad cù bhuaileadh iad gu math e; 's nuair a bhiodh iad ris an obair sin, co dhiubh, bhiodh e 'nan cuimhne nach d'fhàg claidheamh Fhìnn riamh

fuigheal beuma. 'S ged a theireadh iad an tràth-s, 's a rithis gu'm bu ghiorrad an Gall an ceann thoirt dheth, cha bu mhios iad air a thàilleamh sin na daoine eile; seadh, co idir a b'fheàrr na iad ri'n linn? Cha robh daoin' ann riamh gun lochdan, co dhiùbh, ach tha sean-fhacal ann air an robh na Gàidheil glé spéiseil a bu chòir a bhi fada 'nan cliù. 's b'e sin nach do chuir Fionn riamh blàr gun chumha; 's e sin, gun chothrom tighinn gu cùmhnant roimhe. 'Nuair thuigear fìor ghnè an nàduir, chítear nach b'e na daoine doirbhe bh' annta a dheanteadh dhiubh le each-draidh am bitheantas. Mar a theirear, cha d'thugadh ann an Cille-mo-cheallaig fhéin breith na bu chlaoine na thugadh orra do thaobh na gnè so.

'S e mar rinneadh ann an Cille-mo-cheallaig, o'n tha mi aige—'s tha e coltach gur h-ann an Eirinn a tha 'n t-àite —cùirt lagha no mòd a chumadh an sin air fear a ghoid beathach eich. Le gainnead nam firionnach anns an taobh dùthcha sin aig an àm, b'iad mnathan, tha e air innseadh, bu bhreitheamhna; 's cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach robh car de bhàighealachd aca ris an duine, eadhon ged b'e am mèirleach fhéin a bh'ann, 's fhuair e leigeil ma sgaoil le cion dearbhadh na mèirle 'na aghaidh. Ach fhuaradh an t-each aige rithis; 's a rithis thugadh gu mòd nam ban e. Na cheil esan, ma b'fhior, roimhe, dh'innis e nis, 's cha robh sgeulach nach robh breugach, chothaich e air fhìrinn 's air fhacal gur h-ann a bha de thlachd aig an each air-san, gu 'm biodh e 'na ruith as a dhéigh 's 'ga leantuinn anns gach àite, 's nach b'urrainn dhàsan gun fiughair a dheanamh ris air

uairean ged nach bu leis e. Is e 'n co-dhùnadhg us an d' thainig na mnathan caomhail: gu'm b'e 'n t-each bu choireach; leig iad as an duine's chroch iad an t-each.

Ciod air bith mar bha na mnathan, 's cha'n 'eil duine nach mol an tròcaireachd ann an Cille-mo-cheallaig, chì sinn gu 'm b'e barailean dhaoine glice bh'aig air seanairean mu gach ni a thigeadh mu'n coinneimh; 's thig barail duine ghlic faisg do 'n fhirinn, Ach cha robh iad idir gun riaghailt a b'àirde na iad fhéin. B'aithne dhoibh cho coimhlionta, 's is aithne do neach beò an diugh gur geàrr gach reachd ach riaghailt Dhé, 's nach 'eil math nach tréig ach math Dhé. Ach na'n rachadh tu thar riaghailt cheart orra, cha bhiodh iad fada 'g innseadh dhuìt nach d' thubhairt Dia fhéin na thubhairt thusa. Mu dhéighinn an t-saobh chràbhaidh sin a thilgear a nis cho tàrcuiseach orra, cha'n 'eil mi idir cinnteach nach do dhearbh iad barrachd 's nach robh iad móran na bu ghlice na sinne, 'nuair a thuirt iad "An neach a ghèilleas do ghisreagan géillidh gisreagan dha." Co dhiùbh, b'fheàrr iad do thaobh creidimh na an luchd casaid an diugh, mu 'm faodar gu cinnteach a ràdh:

Cha 'n ioghnadh duine dall
Dhol le allt no le creig;
Ach, thusa do'n léir a' chòir,
Nach dean le d' dheòin dhith ach am beag.

Bha iad fiughail fialaidh mu 'n cuid fhad 's a mhaireadh e, 's cha bhiodh an sùil an déigh an cosguis. Bheirteadh cuid oidhche do charaid 's dheanteadh carthannas ris ged bhiodh ceann fo achlais. Bu bheag am meas air cuireadh cul na

coise, 's air duine bhiodh tuille 's math air saodachadh an rathaid, a labhradh a mach beannachdan spleogach gu leòr ris an fhear thuruis a bha falbh, ach aig am biodh beannachd Chaluim gobha fo anail—ma thogair ged nach till.

Thuig iadsan nach b' fheàirrd eadhon an càirdeas fhéin a bhi ro-dhian, 's idir nach b' fheàirrd e bhi fann neo-thogarrach. 'S e call caraid taghal tric; agus 's e call caraid taghal ainmig. Toigheach 's g'am bi daoine air cuideachd a chéile,'s i 'n riaghailt a's lugha shàruicheas. Mar a bha 'n ceistear a bh' anns a' Ghàidhealtachd o chionna fada, agus air a shiubhail air feadh na dùthcha bhiodh e air uairean a' toirt na mnatha leis. Air latha glé shònruichte bha sud, bha e ri dol do dh'Ionbhar-nis,'s tha e coltach gu robh uaislean aige ri 'n coinneachadh an sin, 's gu'm bu cheart cho math leis ged nach fàgadh a bhean an tigh an latha sin o nach robh i cho buileach gasda ris fhéin. Ach cha dùraichdeadh e gun a toirt leis. Bu mhath leis i 'nuair nach biodh i 'n làthair; 's bu chulaidh-shàrachaidh dha i bhi teann air. 'S cinnteach gu 'n tug cuideiginn an aire do 'n imcheist 'san robh e, 's ma b' fhior, gur h-e bha 'n ceistear ag ràdh ri mhnaoi: "Nis, na bi teann orm"—'s mar gu'm buaileadh an sin an t-aithreachas e—"'s na bi fada bhuam." Chaidh sud 'na shean-fhacal, 's tha fhios againn gur h-iomadh suidheachadh air am freagair an riaghailt tha na briathan ag earalachadh.

Cha robh uiread feum air comunnan measarrachd do thaobh bidhe no dibhe 's a th' ann a nis. Ged is fior gu'n dùbhradh gu'm b'fheàrr aon tòrradh na dà chomanachadh dheug, cha robh 'n Gàidheal ceart

riamh peasanach m'a bhiadh no m'a dheoch. 'S ged bu tric a dh' fhiosraich e air a chosg 's air ana-cothrom gu'n tig an t-acras na's trice na aon uair, bha e 'na chòmhnadh mór leis nach do chuir Dia riamh beul chun an t-saoghail gun a chuid fa chomhair, 's gur h-e còir bhreith gach neach a bheò-shlaint fhaotainn. Gidheadh, dh' fhóghnadh leis na dh' fhóghnadh, 's bu mhiosa leis na 'n t-uireasbhuidh tuille 's a chòir. An duine bhiodh sàthach a ghnàth, bhiodh easbhuidh co-fhaireachaidh cheirt air; "Cha tuig," ars esan, "an sàthach an seang; 's mairg a bhiodh 'na chù d'a bhroinn." Ma tha 'm brochan idir ann, biodh e tiugh no biodh e tana, nach math teth e; 's mur bheil e ann, ged a bhitheadh beagan acrais ort, bi duineil: "Teannaich do chrios gus am faigh thu biadh."

Cho beag 's gu'm biodh aig duine, bha féinealachd air a toirmeasg dha, leis gu'n tarruingeadh e 'n dìmeas bu déine air fhéin air a tàilleamh. Bhiodh an duine rochomharraichte bhiodh cho mosach ris na glasan. 'S e "dona," faicibh, a bh' acasan air féinealachd no spìocaireachd. "Taisg bonn is cosg bonn, 's bi sona, taisg bonn 's na cosg bonn, 's bi dona." An làmh a bheireadh 's i gheibheadh; 's am fear nach biathadh a chù cha ruigeadh e leas a stuigeadh. B' ann air fear na fialaidheachd fhéin,'s air an làimh nach sòradh, a bhiodh gach rath; gus an tràighteadh mhuir le cliabh cha bhiodh fear fial falamh.

Bha dìchioll, foighidinn agus saothair onarach, mar an ceudna, air am meas gu miaghach cuide ris gach deagh bheus eile. B' fheàrr an rathad fada glan na 'n rathad goirid salach. Le foighidinn gheibh-

teadh furtachd 's gheibheadh eadhon trusdar bean. Ged nach biodh duine cho fìor dhìchiollach 's a bha Murchadh—'nuair a bhiodh am Murchadh so 'na thàmh bhiodh e ri ruamhar; 's cha chuireadh e ionghnadh orm, air tàilleamh a shìor shiubhail ged b'e so a' cheart Mhurchadh air am biodh an cnatan annasach, thigeadh e air uair 'san ràidhe,'s mhaireadh e trì mìosan—bha 'n dìchioll ri chur gu deuchainn cho tric 's bu chòir; 's ged nach biodh ann ach an dìchioll lag, b' fheàrr e na 'n neart leasg; ach idir gun a bhi mar 'bha iasgairean Bharbhais nach rachadh gu muir gus an cluinneadh iad gu'n d' fhuair feadhainn eile iasg.

Is éibhinn ri thoirt fainear cho neo'r-thaingeil, neo-eisimealach 's a bha nàdur nan Gàidheal an déigh na h-uile car. Dh'fhiosraich iad gu 'm b'ann a réir am meas orra fhéin a mheasadh càch iad. 'S ann a' beachdachadh mar so ,'s cinnteach, a bha 'm fear a thuirt, "Ged tha mi bochd tha mi uasal, buidheachas do Dhia 's ann de Chloinn 'Ill-eathain mi." 'S mar thuirt am fear eile, cuideachd, ged b'ann air ràmh eile bha e. "Ma 's coma leis an Rìgh Eóghan, 's coma le Eóghan co dhiùbh."

'S ann airson faireachduinnean mean agus dian, a dh'aindeoin eachdraidh eile, a's comharraichte nàdur a' Gháidheil; 's na'm b'e spùinneadh agus creachadh agus dò-bheirt bu rogha miann a' chridhe, nach bu neònach gu 'm bu docha leis am bonnach beag le beannachd no 'm bonnach mór le mallachd, 's gu 'n cuireadh e 'nàire air thoiseach air ni eile air an t-saoghal. 'S e thuirt e—"Is beò duine an déigh a shàrachadh ach cha bheò an déigh a nàrachadh."

Tha so a' comharrachadh gu robh sùil bheachd glé bhiorach aig gach neach air beusalachd no mi-bheusalachd a choimhearsnaich. 'S e teisteanas a' choimhearsnaich bh'ann air gach neach. Cha'n abair mi idir gu'm bheil an t-amharus math; ach is glic duine 'na earalas, 's air fhiosrachadh sin dhàsan nach biodh a h-uile còir aige bhi faicilleach roimh 'n chealgair a ghoideadh an t-ubh circe nach goideadh e'n t-ubh geòidh. Saoil sibh am b'ann amharusach a bha e ged a dh'ionnsaich e mu'n chleachdadh a bh'aig Niall gu'n robh e riamh ris; 's mu 'n fhear a bhiodh carach 'sa bhaile so gu 'm biodh e carach 'sa bhail' ud thall ?

B'e gnàths uasal 's cleachdadh beusail grinn a gheibheadh an t-urram aige. Dh'aithnicheadh e an sgonna-bhallach 'sa mhaduinn, mu 'n deanadh e car ach a bhròg an a chur uime: bhristeadh e 'm barriall; 's nuair bhiodh an t-ùmpaidh am measg dhaoine,'s e smugaid-san a mhilleadh a' chuideachd. Ach far am biodh an deagh dhuine leis, bu duine e 'n cuideachd 's 'na aonar.

Cha bu leòm Leathanach no spaga-da-gliog Chloinn Dòmhnuill a dhearbhadh an duine tuigseach, ach an gnìomh bhiodh ionraic: 's ann a mhilleas dànadas modh,'s is i 'n dias a's truime 's ìsle chromas a ceann.

Do thaobh na h-òigridh, nach bu chaomhail mùirneach an dòigh anns an do chuireadh mu 'n coinneimh-san iad a bhi iriosal cùramach 's gun imeachd ach dìreach a réir an comuis, anns an rann.—

> "Ged dh' fhaodas luingis mhóra
> Dol air taisdeal fada,
> Feumaidh sgothan beaga
> Seóladh dlùth do 'n chladach."

Do thaobh mhnathan, bha na Gàidheil a ghnàth measail cùramach 'nan cainnt; 's tha e aidichte le daoine fiosrach gu bheil a leithid sin an còmhnuidh 'na dhearbhadh air àrd shuidheachadh inntinn sluaigh. Thug iad, gun teagamh 'sam bith, an rabhadh fìor ud do fhleasgaichean—am fear a phòsadh bean gu'm pòsadh e dragh—ach, mu choinneimh sin, b'fheàrr leo bean ghlic na crann is fearann; 's b'e 'm beachd-san le rùn 's le fìrinn, am fear a labhradh olc mu mhnaoi gu'n robh e 'cur mi-chliù air fhéin. Tha e coltach gu robh na boirionnaich ùra, no na nuadhagan, car iomraiteach 'sna làithean ud mar tha iad 'nar aimsir fhéin, ach tha mi cinnteach gur h-e thug tur-shiocadh air an seòrsa 'sa Ghàidhealtachd, ma bha iad riamh ann an sin, tàirealachd ro-éifeachdach an t-sean-fhacail: "Is coma leam an rud nach toigh leam, eireagan a' dol 'nan coilich."

Cha'n 'eil deagh bheus a ghabhas ainmeachadh nach fhaighear air a chliùthachadh anns na sean-fhacail. Fìrinn, ceartas, dìlseachd, tapadh, meas-arrachd, dìchioll, aoidhealachd, irioslachd, càirdeas, agus ciall; cha'n 'eil dearmad no deireas air am moladh. Bu mhath leam, uime sin, a ràdh gu'n gabhadh na sean-fhacail cur gu mór-fheum ann an làmhan fir eachdraidh, agus gu'm biodh an each-draidh sin ùr, ann an tomhas mór, a sgriobhteadh ann an solus an fhiosrachaidh a tha iad a' leigeil ris.

Ach an uair a bhios am port a' fàs fada bidh e fàs searbh; 's ma's ceòl fidilearachd, fhuair sibh gu leòr dheth.

THE GAEL AS SEEN IN HIS LANGUAGE.

LACHLAN MAC BEAN, KIRKCALDY.

The proper study of mankind is man; the proper study of the Gael is the Gaelic race. Associations like the Gaelic Society of Glasgow are therefore established for the purpose of getting as near as possible to the heart of this race by every available avenue—the study of their music, of their customs, of their poetry, and of their tales. But of all possible roads the most direct is by a careful study of their language. It is the most direct route and also the safest. Critics tell us that this or that article of the Highland dress is not ancient or native; they argue that this or that example of Highland music is a loan from another land; they will prove that Highland customs are modern importations, and that we have no certain knowledge of either the physique or the mental characteristics of the Gael. The fair or red-haired Highlander will be shown to be a relic of the Scandinavian invasion, and the black or brown-haired Highlander to be a descendant of the Iberian or some other pre-Celtic race, so that unless your specimen is absolutely bald he can easily be shown to be anything but Celtic. The poor Highlander

cannot claim even the clothes he wears or the hair on his head as his own. But no critic has yet arisen to challenge the right of the Gael to his Gaelic. It is his most personal and indefeasible possession. It is the very reflection of his mind. In the Gaelic vocabulary you have his thoughts crystallised, so that you can study them at leisure. Just as in our Highland rocks there are fossils, each of them the mould or cast of a once living animal, so in Gaelic speech are embedded the casts or moulds of the thoughts of the Gael from the earliest times until now.

It is impossible to exaggerate the closeness of the intimacy of word and thought. Words are more than the symbols of thoughts, they are knowledge fixed. We know a thing only when we can name it. The two Gaelic words *aithne* and *ainm*, knowledge and name, resemble each other in sound but they have a still closer connection in original meaning. It was on account of the practical identity of thought and word that the Greeks gave the one name, *logos*, to both speech and reason. So with us too, *brath*, judgment or knowledge, and *briathar*, a word, spring from one root. So also we call an active-minded man *suilbhir*, that is *so-labhair* or speakable, while a mindless man is called *amhlair*, tha is *am-labhair* or speechless. Reason, that godlike faculty in man by which he reaches out into the infinite and grasps the conceptions of space and eternity, owes all its power to language. Without speech the mind would have no means of systematic

thinking. It is only when a thought has taken form in a word that it can become a basis for new conceptions. Our thoughts are therefore limited in number by our vocabulary, and their scope and quality are conditioned by the language in which they are expressed. The man who knows only one language has just one mode of thinking and he cannot conceive any other possible. But if by good fortune he acquires another language he finds that his intellectual apparatus is doubled and his outlook upon the universe is more than doubled. He has moreover learned the invaluable lesson that man's thoughts are not constant realities for every race and clime, but that their number and their form are determined by the language of each nation. Were there no other reason than this for preserving our Gaelic tongue it ought to suffice. A bi-lingual people has great intellectual advantages.

How does thought evolve for itself a suitable body in the form of language ? It begins in the humblest way and uses the lowliest materials, but through its own inherent spirituality it ends by etherealising and transfiguring them, changing the earthly object and the animal sensation into that which is transcendant and divine. This is true of all languages, but our study here is the evolution of our own ancestral tongue and we must begin by confessing that the noblest Gaelic words and the thoughts they denote have had a lowly material origin. *Anam*, the soul, is only another form of *anail*, breath, just as in English *spirit* and *inspiration* are founded

on *spiro*, I breathe. "That is first which is natural then that which is spiritual" is the law laid down by St. Paul as well as by Darwin. We are told that it is from the material *uchd*, the bosom, to which the mother clasps her weeping child, that we form the word and the idea of *iochd*, pity; that from *cinn*, the head, where throbs the thinking brain, we get the idea and the expression *cinnte*, certain knowledge; and from *cridhe*, the heart, we derive the thought and the word *creideamh*, belief or faith. If we take even so abstract a conception as fairplay we find that the word *cothrom* is made up of *co* and *trom*, signifying the weighing of one thing against another in the scales of justice. So the word *domhain*, deep, is at first what we call in Scotch a mere "dubbie" but its value expands with the growing thought until you apply it to the depth of ocean or of space, and finally the great abyss of the universe appears well designated *an domhan*. So the most spiritual things have their base upon the earth. *Flaitheanas*, paradise, the realm of heavenly glory, is named from the *flath* and *flaitheas*, the noble and the nobleness of this world. Sometimes, of course, we cannot trace the genealogy of a word so clearly as this. We know that somehow *diugh*, to-day, and *di* in the names of the days of the week, are varied forms of the one word signifying the brightness of day. It re-appears in *dealradh*, shining, and again in *dealanach*, lightning, and still again in *dian*, radiant or intense, and finally it is honoured as *Dia*, the name of God.

To illustrate how thoughts arising from something apparently quite outward and earthly, may branch out into interesting abstractions and blossom into the fairest flowers of the mind, take the common Gaelic word, *meidh* or *meas*, a word which in meaning as in shape resembles the English word measure. If we take the form *meidh* we know that it means to weigh, but the notion of size is also there, for *miad* is size. The other form of the word, *meas*, also implies size, for *ionmhas*, literally great size, is our word for wealth. A lowlier use for the word is found in *mias*, a dish or plate, probably on account of its being used to measure by. In Gaelic we prefix prepositions to the word to qualify the meaning as when we say *tomhas*, that is *to-meas*, to measure to; or *coimeas*, to measure with or compare; or *eirmis*, that is, *air-meas*, to measure on or aim at, and so to find out. Applying this thought of measuring to time the mind of the race formed the word *mios*, the month, that is the portion of time distinctly measured by the moon. But the great current of time which flows on from generation to generation is named in Gaelic *aimisir*, that is literally the measureless. Passing into the region of energy and motion we find the same word used with only a slight change of form in *comas*, or power, or rather capability, that is *co-meas* the energy "measured against" something and found sufficient. Ascending still higher by the easy steps of this thought we enter the region of the intellect. First we have a simple conception in *amas*, to measure on, or rather to

chance upon by a kind of fortuitous measure, and so to discover. Then we have the word applied directly to things of the reason for in this aspect of it *meas* means to judge. *Coma*, the Gaelic for indifferent, is just co-measured, or equal. Here we come upon a still older form of the word ending in n—*men*. The Sanskrit word *man*, the Latin *mens*, and the English *mind*, refer to our thinking powers as the faculties by which we measure and compare and judge. So in Gaelic *mein* or *meinn* is the disposition of mind. *Cuimhne*, that is *co-mein*, is the recollection, for memory is just the association of one idea with another. *Imnidh*, that is in-mind, is care or diligence. These are all mental states or acts, but the Gaelic language, still using the form *men*, begins here to add a shade of feeling or sentiment. *Miann* is more than disposition—it is desire. *Muinghin* is more than settled thought—it is confidence. *Moineis* is more than self-conciousness—it is vanity. Then in our *meanmna* we have the word for mind doubled, giving us the meaning of quickness of spirit or strength of heart. *Meanmnach* means both magnanimous and resolute. *Mac-meanmna*, the son of *meanmna* or of the quick flashing mind, is the Gaelic term for the imagination. In some very ancient dialect of Gaelic, this word *men*, the mind as the internal measurer, was uttered *med* or *mad* and so we still say *farmad*, over-thought, for envy, and *dearmad*, or too little thought, for neglect, while by prefixing *a*, not, we have the Gaelic for a fool, *amadan*. But higher than the intellect is the

moral world and here too the genius of the Gaelic language introduces the word *meas*, to measure, and endows it with new meanings. *Meas* is to measure in morals and therefore to judge. Hence the noun *meas* means esteem, and *measarra*, which is literally measurable, means estimable. *Ion* is an intensifying prefix, and thus *inbhe*, *ion-me*, means rank. *Duine inbheach* is a man of rank, a man of class. On the other hand *dimeas*, means contempt, a kind of detraction or belittling. A curious turn is given to the thought in *diomasach*, over-proud. The idea seems to be the unmeasuredness of a man "too big for his boots." As a contrast to this we have the word *cuimse*. Literally it is just co-measuring and therefore it is the Gaelic word for a foot-rule or other instrument for measuring. But *cuimse* means in the moral world moderation, and by another advance it signifies a sufficiency or moderate amount. There remain four flowers of Gaelic thought on the highest branches that have grown from this root *meas*. The first is *misneach*, courage. The central thought here is "measuredness" but of a mental kind—in fact mindfulness. Courage with the Gael was therefore an affair of reason and not of blind fury. But the more direct meaning of measuring is also there, indicating that so far from being unthinking rashness, this courage was first a triumph of mind over feeling and secondly a means carefully calculated to an end. This is a matter in which the Celt has been rather misrepresented. The second of these highest blossoms is our word *maith*, good. Now *maith* is just

measured, as if we should say *meidhte*. The idea is weighed, measured, well-proportioned. Here again the Celtic nature has been strangely misunderstood. The race is supposed to be extravagant, extreme, unbalanced. But the fact is that when the Gaelic thinker wished to sum up all that is noblest in life, all that is excellent in man, all that is to be adored in God, he instinctively used the word *maith*, justly measured, right, perfect. An approximation to this thought is to be found in the English word *meet*, fitting, just as in Gaelic we have the word *mithich*, which carries the same meaning; but only the Gaelic mind happened to work out the truth that goodness itself is just proper measurement. Based on *maith*, good, we have a very suggestive word *maith*, to forgive. In this we combine the two thoughts, to measure and to make good. A French proverb affirms that to know all is to forgive all, and the force of that truth centres in the little Gaelic verb *maith*, for it implies that if you correctly measure the circumstances you will forgive, and in doing so you will make the evil good. This one word throws more light on the true spirit of the Gael than all the legends of clan feuds. Finally we get from *meas* the splendid thought of beauty in the form *maise*, perfection and symmetry and all that men hold lovely, because it is in measured and perfect proportion. The Gael has no higher praise for anything than that it is *maiseach*, harmonious in all its parts, perfect.

This little cluster of related words enables us to see

how the Gaelic mind pushed its way through unexplored realms of thought, making its path as it proceeded. Here we have examples of the happy ingenuity and intellectual keenness characteristic of the race, using the word to give form to the new thought and the thought to transfigure the word, so that

> Each by turns was guide to each,
> And fancy light from fancy caught,
> And thought leapt out to wed with thought
> As thought expressed itself in speech.

This close connection of the mind and the word will enable us to see in the language the real character and spirit of the race who use it. The value of the result we have obtained so far lies in this, that as the Gaelic language is just Gaelic thought materialised we can examine it as if it were a vein of rich ore, we can gauge its length and its breadth, we can probe down and discover in what regions it is deepest, we can mark the sources and age of the later deposits, and we can thus form some notion of the character of the Gaelic mind as a whole.

Now in mere extent the language is not to be compared with the great modern languages of Europe. An ordinary Gaelic dictionary such as M'Leod & Dewar's or M'Alpine's may contain 35,000 to 40,000 words, and a very complete list would not probably exceed 60,000. Webster's Unabridged English Dictionary contains 114,000 or nearly double the number that we have in Gaelic. But a comparison of the number of speakers of the

two tongues makes it surprising that the Gaelic vocabulary is so extensive. The speakers of Scottish Gaelic throughout the world do not exceed half a million, while English is spoken by more than 100,000,000. The greater the number of speakers of any language, if they are thinkers also, the further ought its range to extend in various directions. The wonder therefore is that Gaelic vocabulary is so extensive.

But it is perhaps more interesting to inquire in what directions Gaelic speech is most abundant. Language is the garment of the mind, and the Highland tongue, like the Highland dress, may be found scanty in certain directions but full and flowing in others. In the great regions of deep human emotion and strenuous thought, in sublime views of time and eternity, in all that is deepest in personality the wealth of the Gaelic language bears witness to the fertility of the Gaelic mind in those directions.

Look at our variety of words for death—*bàs*, a word akin to *bata*, a staff or cudgel, showing that it really means killed; *eug* a cousin of the Greek and Latin words concealed in *necropolis* and *internecine*; *teasd*, to go out, derived from *as* and *ta*; *caochail*, to change; *teirig*, that is *tair-thig*, to go over, to wear done. Or again take the thought of eternity. Here we have *siorruidh*, continualness, *sior* being the same word that we have in *sìn*, to stretch out. We have *gu bràth*, forever, literally "until the judgment." We have *a choidhche* which means until the great *oidhche* or night of nature. We have *am*

feasd, a sister word to *fathast*, meaning literally "from this time forth." Still further we have *suthainn*, eternity, from *so-tan*, this word *tan* meaning time as the *tana*, thin or stretched out thing. Or if we turn to the emotions see what a large number of names for love may be found in Gaelic, each of them conveying a new shade of meaning—*Gràdh*, love with all its good will; *gaol*, love in its intimate affinity; *seirc*, love with a touch of thoughtfulness; *rùn*, love as a secret choice; *bàidh*, sympathetic love, and *dèigh*, love as pure desire. For love that melts into praise we say *luaidh*; for doting love we say *loiceil*; for longing love we say *cion*; for "I love" we say "*is toigh leam*." Gaelic is the true language of love, expressing every chord in its music. On the subject of beauty also the thoughts of the Gael have been many. We have seen how the full grace of symmetry is denoted by the word *maise*, but there are other qualities that appealed to the taste of the race—*loinne*, that is beauty as a radiance; *eireachdas*, beauty in its stateliness; *grinneas*, ornate beauty; *boidhcheas*, akin to *buaidh*, the victorious influence of beauty; *dreach*, the sightliness of beauty; *rìomhachd*, the music, the rhyme and rhythm of beauty; *àilneachd* and *àille*, the glory of beauty, and *brèaghachd* the *brìgh* or power of beauty. So with the language of Joy. There is an absurd impression abroad that the Gael is a melancholy animal, but in spite of all the cant about Celtic gloom we have in the language but one word, *gruaim*, for that mood, while we have a score to ex-

press the whole gamut of happiness—*aoibhneas*, *aighear*, *aiteas*, *àgh*, *ciatas*, *cridhealas*, *gàirdeachas*, *gean*, *mire*, *meadhar*, *sonas*, *sòlas*, *sealbh*, *subhachas*, *sùgradh*, *sòigh*, *sunnd*, *taitneas*, *tlachd* and *toileachas*.

In the region of pure Thought also the Gael conquered wide tracts and it will repay us to study how these advances were made. *Saoil*, to think, or suppose, was formed by the Gaelic mind on *samhuil*, likeness, for to think is to compare. So also *tuigse*, understanding, like the word *thig*, points to the collecting of things and placing them side by side. *Inntinn*, the mind, is from *sinn*, an old word meaning sense, for the mind is in a manner the efflorescence of the combined senses. *Tùr*, the Gaelic for intelligence, is derived from *to-aire*, indicating a concentration of attention. *Meamhair*, to meditate; *meas*, to judge; *meanmna*, spirit or reason; *smuain*, thought; and *cuimhne*, memory, are all founded on a root meaning to measure. *Beachd*, a view, means as in English a mental view or opinion, and *chì*, to see, leads to the faculty of mental vision—*ciall*, the reason. *Breith*, a judgment, being connected with *abair*, to speak, is an acknowledgment of the link between thought and speech, and from it we get *breithnich*, a recognition by the mind of knowledge received through the senses. From it also we get *barail*, an opinion, from *breith*, to judge, and *amhuil*, like; *bar-amhuil*, a comparative judgment. *Cnuasachadh*, study, means the scraping of things together. The intellect is *toinisg*, another word connecting reasoning with language. *Seagh*,

good sense, meant originally mental power. *Foghlum*, learning, is from *fo*, under, and *gleum*, light or order as in *gleus* or *gleidh*. *Foghlum* is thus the background of knowledge that illuminates and sets in order. *Conn*, the understanding, is probably derived from *ceann*, the head, and *aigne*, the mind, is from *gno*, knowledge, the same word that we have in *gnàdh*, a custom, in *ioghnadh*, wonder, in *gniomh*, a deed, in *gnothach*, business, and in *aithne*, knowledge. From the same root too we have *eagna*, deep knowledge or science.

Before leaving this section of the subject, that dealing with the richness or poverty of Gaelic and Gaelic thought in certain directions, it may be noted that we have no word for husband or wife, or uncle or aunt, or cousin, but we have many words that are awanting in English such as *cliamhuinn*, a son-in-law; *ogha*, a grandson, or grand-daughter, *oide*, a foster-father; *muime*, a foster-mother; *dalta*, a foster-child; *bodach*, an old man; *cailleach*, an old woman, and *co-aois*, one of equal age.

Having glanced thus hurriedly at the extent and the greater or less richness of the Gaelic vocabulary, let me make one or two obvious remarks on its general appearance, for even the outward form of the words has its own significance. Gaelic has not the initial *pt*, *ps*, or *pn*, of the Greek, nor indeed any *p* at all in genuine native words. The absence of the forceful *p* is a curious trait of the language. But it has initial *tl* as in *tlath*, *tn* as in *tnù*, *sr* as in *sròn* and *dl* as in *dlùth*. It is fond of open vowels.

It has more nasal sounds than English but not quite so many as French. Like German it is a strongly guttural language, and this may perhaps indicate a certain homely vigour in the race. The English were a more virile people when they said brycht and nycht and licht than now when they have refined these to the daintier bright, night and light.

When we cut below the surface and examine the grain of the language we find that generally speaking its system of word building is much the same as in the classic and Teutonic tongues. It follows what may be termed European architecture. As *ie* added to an English word signifies little, so in Gaelic *ag* (from *og*) added to a feminine or *an* (from *gin*) added to a masculine noun means little. Again as in English and other languages there is no similar expedient to indicate bigness. As in English, Latin and other tongues we have a whole list of prefixes and affixes used in word construction. *Fo*, under, and *gniomh*, action, make our word *foghnadh*, to suffice, just as the English word suffice is made up of *sub*, under, and *facio*, I do. *Amhghair*, distress, is said to be made up of *an*, not, and *gàir*, a laugh, meaning that it is no laughing matter. The pronoun *co*, who, combines with *eile*, other, to form *céile* (*co-eile*) a spouse, "the other who," and *cèilidh* a chat. *Co*, as in Latin, means together, and thus *còmhradh*, conversation, is made up of *co* and *ràdh*, to say. *Còmhla*, together, is *co-làmh*, hand-in-hand. *Còmhnadh*, help, is *co* and *gnìomh* an act.

Gaelic has its own scheme of thoughts, which

does not always or even generally correspond with any exactness to that of another language. *Thall* and *bhos* both mean "over," but the former means "over there" and the latter "over here." *Null* and *nall* are adverbs of motion with the same difference in meaning. Place seems to count for more in Gaelic thought than in English. So in many sets of words—those for colours for example—we find much over-lapping of meaning when we try to lay them alongside another language. *Bàn* and *geal* have but one English equivalent, white, but they are not at all synonymous. We may apply *bàn* to white hair, but *geal* to the whiteness of snow. So *glas* and *liath* are both grey, but they are not interchangeable. A man's hair may be *liath* and his coat *glas*. *Ruadh* and *dearg* both represent the English red, but while a man's hair may be *ruadh* but not *deàrg*; his lip is *dearg* but not *ruadh*. Land is *tìr* but land as opposed to rocks is *fearann*. *Tìr* is land as opposed to water. In English we have only one word for man, but in Gaelic, as in Latin, we have two. In face of the wide universe and before the eternal powers a man is *duine*, a mortal. But as against women and children he is *fear*, which appears to be only another form of the preposition *far*, over. *Fear* is the superior animal, the predominant. Hence we say *fearail*, manly. Hence, too, when the Gaelic mind wished to describe one as doughty, it coined the word *fuirbidh*—being a man; and when it wished to describe perfection it used *foirfe*, being all that a man ought to be. It is

this implicit belief in the superiority of one sex that leads to a son being termed *mac*, that is, increase, the same root that we have in "magnify," while a daughter is only *inghean*, that is, begotten, the same word that we have in genesis.

Even this superficial, though I hope not uninteresting, study of the Gaelic mind through the Gaelic vocabulary, may be more complete if we try to seek out the origins of the language. We see its width of range, its depths and its shallowness, its density and its grain, but to know it well we must ask concerning the sources of its various deposits. The material of the language is obviously derived from three sources—first, the inheritance from the common stock of the related races; second, the new words formed by the Gael as necessity arose, and third, words taken from other languages. But an attempt to classify Gaelic words into these three divisions would be futile. In the first place, the words inherited from the common stock have been much modified by this particular race in accordance with its own bent of mind. In the second place, the new words created to meet new needs were modelled on the old words already possessed. In the third place, the words borrowed from other tongues have been also quite changed in form and often in meaning. The result is that in place of three easily distinguished sets of words we have, in obedience to a strong speech feeling, which is another form of racial instinct, one closely-knit homogeneous language. To illustrate what has happened let us take one example. The

English words, mill, malt, melt, and mellow, are all descended from an ancient Indo-European word meaning to grind. It has in Gaelic a form *meil.* That is part of our inheritance from the common stock. But when the Gael left the South of Europe and faced the cold of the north they sometimes found themselves chilled and the life ground out of them with cold. So they coined the new word *meilich*, to starve, from *meil*, grind. In course of ages the Gael became acquainted with mills for grinding. These mills were in the hands of Latin-speaking people. Perhaps the Romans introduced them into Gaul. Anyhow the Latin word for mill, *molena* (which, like the Gaelic *meil* and the English *mill*, is derived from the original word for grinding) was borrowed by the Gael and made more like Gaelic in the form *muileann*. Here then we have examples of three sources of Gaelic, the inherited *meil*, the newly-formed *meilich*, and the borrowed *muilinn*. Now the question may well be put—how did these Gaels happen to have a word for grinding, seeing they had to borrow the word for a mill? The answer is that they had their small native mill, named *brà*, which indeed is another form of the same word. The truth is that the common stock from which the European tongues drew their earliest vocabularies was not a distinct, well defined language, but rather a mass of dialects in which a common word might have several forms. The word for grinding was probably *mra*, as it is in Sanskrit, but it seems to have taken at least four different forms:

bra, *ble*, *mar*, and *meil*. Now Gaelic continued to use each of the four, but the idea of grinding and being ground was extended to mean exhaustion, then slowness, then endurance, then death, then putrefaction, then moral evil. Take the first form: *bra* is a quern mill, *braich* is malt, *breun* is putrid, *brath* is betrayal, and *bradach* is general rascality. Take the second form: *bleith* is to grind, *blàthach* is ground or churned milk, *bleoghainn* is to rub down the teats in milking, and *bliochd* is milk. Take the third form, *mar*: *màirneal* is delay, *màireach* is to-morrow, *mair* is to endure, *marbh* is dead, *muir* or *mara* is the sea or dead water, *mart* is a cow for killing, *mairg* is pity, *mèirle* is theft (a moral evil), and *mearachd* is error (an intellectual evil). Now take the fourth form of the word: *meil* means to grind, *meilich* to starve, *mall*, slow, *mult* a sheep for killing, and *malc* to rot. These words show that in all the dialects the ancient Gaels developed their original system of thought on identical lines, from the literal to the metaphorical, from the material to the mental and moral.

The rudiments of art, science and civilisation were included in the stock of ideas received by the Gael from his Indo-European ancestors. Such words as *fuaigh*, to sew; *fighe*, to weave; *greus*, to embroider; *snaidh*, to hew; *gobha*, a smith; and *saor*, a carpenter, are very ancient. The word *àr*, to plough, found in Greek and Latin and Sanskrit, is the basis of our words *aran*, bread, and *arbhar*, corn. Our commoner word for ploughing *treabhadh*, is connected

with *treabhair*, houses, and *tréibhireach*, prudent, showing the connection between agriculture, settled dwellings and thrift. The Gaels shared with the Italians their skill in domesticating animals and rearing cattle. The Latin, *bos*, a cow, is our *bó*; the Latin *taurus*, a bull, is our *tarbh*; the Latin *equus*, a horse, is our *each*; the Latin *canis*, a dog, is our *cù*, *con*; the Latin *ovis*, a sheep, is reflected in our *oisg*, and our *aoghaire*, a shepherd; and the Latin *acies* a field in our *achaidh*. From those ancient days too, have come some of our notions of government, for our *rìgh*, a king, is the Latin *rex*, and the Sanskrit *raj*. There are also many names of common objects which the Gaelic shares with the Teutonic languages; for example, *laigh*, is lie; *loch*, lake; *làr*, floor; *luaidh*, lead; *ruadh*, ruddy; *nochd*, naked; *glan*, clean; *fios*, wise.

The new words coined by the Gael as new thoughts presented themselves were of course formed on the old words already known. The stall built for the cow was named *buaile*, from *bó*, a cow. *Snas*, elegant, is formed from *snaidh*, to hew. So, too, when an object absolutely new was found, such as iron. It would appear that the Celts were the first race of men to recognise the possibilities of this ore and to utilise it. With characteristic eagerness they exploited the new metal on a large scale and made it the foundation for a new development of civilisation. They called it *iarunn*, which the etymologists tell us means sought-out, a word that has been borrowed into every European tongue. The extent to which

the Gaels themselves appreciated and used the new discovery is shown by the fact that all implements and furniture are called in Gaelic *àirneis*, ironwork, which through the French came into English as harness.

As we pass from words inherited and words newly formed to words borrowed from other languages the interest of the enquiry deepens. It is conceivable that every people encountered by the Gael—Pelasgians, Iberians, Belgians and Picts, yielded a tribute of words to be incorporated in our present Gaelic tongue, and with the words of course new thoughts. Enough for us here to mention two or three additions thus received in historic times. Each of them marked a double event—a new stream of thought and a new deposit of words. The first of these took place when the Gaels were Christianised. The race then received not only new words and new thoughts but an extraordinary infusion of new mental life. When the sensitive mind of the Gael first felt the warm light of the Gospel the heart of the people was touched with a new fervour, their latent artistic genius developed new forms, their native sweetness of disposition took on a new grace, and their intellectual powers throbbed with new activity. Of course their language was enriched from the stores of Latin, the universal language of the day, but the apostles of the new faith found in the existing Gaelic an excellent substratum of native religious terms such as *nèamh*, heaven; *naomh*, holy; *ùirnigh*, prayer; and *cràbh*, devotion; all eloquent of the natural piety of the Gael. In these days of research in the origins

of religion it may be interesting to trace how such religious words, and the thoughts they connoted, were formed. Conscience, the faculty which lies at the centre of religion, is in Gaelic *coguis*, that is *co-aig-fios*, a closing in of knowledge, such a self-revelation as the word "conscience" itself indicates. Almost the same motion of the mind may be seen in *aidich*, confess. It is *a-dachaidh*, a bringing-home to one's self. But Latin opened up new regions for Gaelic thought. Such words as *beannachd* from *benedictus*, *glòir* from *gloria*, *gràs* from *gratia*, and *coisrigeadh* from *consecratio*, were quite new. Think of all a Highlander comprises in the word *beannachd*, blessing, and you can judge what a blank its absence would cause. Along with such words came a necessary though less important supply of ecclesiastical terms—*sagart*, a priest; *easbuig*, bishop; *manach*, monk; *eaglais*, church; *cill*, cell; and so on, and as culture came in the train of Christianity, Gaelic appropriated from Latin such terms as *sgrìobh*, to write; *leabhar*, a book; and *ceisd*, a question. Many of these Latin words were very thoroughly Gaelicised in appearance. *Muinntir*, meaning one's family or people, is really the Latin *monasterium*. *Ceilearachd*, our word for the warbling of birds, is in reality *celebratio*, the Latin term for the magnificent service of song for which the Celtic church became famous. *Pàg*, our word for kiss, is really the word *Pacem*, indicating the kiss of peace, which was part of the public service of that church, a very interesting and sacred origin! But the Latin

speaking monks of the Gaelic church introduced quite a large vocabulary of Latin words into the Gaelic speech of every-day life. *Cùram*, care, is the Latin *cura*; *tiota*, a little while, is iota or jot; *facal*, a word, is *vocabulum*; *ceap*, a block is *cippus*; *fàilte*, welcome, is *valete*; *pòs*, marry, is from *sponsa*, a spouse; *port*, a tune or catch, is from *porto*, I carry; *port*, a ferry, from *portus*; *pobull*, people, from *populum*; *ceangal*, to tie, from *cingulum*. Some of the words were introduced without apparent necessity. *Maduinn*, morning, from the Latin *matutina*, supplanted a good predecessor, *mochrath*. *Comunn*, from *communio*, is no better than the old *cuideachd*, nor is *saoghal*, the world, from *saecula*, any more expressive than the Gaelic term *an domhan*. And yet one can understand how the churchmen might often prefer the new Latin to the old Gaelic term. Marriage for example was an institution well known to the old pagan Gael. They called it *lannamhas*. But the new faith threw a new sanctity over the old rite and christened it by a new name, *pòsadh*. Indeed the new word almost always brought a new quality of thought. The ancient Gael knew the stars as *na reulta* and *na reannagan*, the shiners and the ordered ones, but the knowledge of them as great globes came with the new term *na speuran*, from *sphera*, a globe. The Gael had always such words as *saothair*, labour; *gnìomh*, a deed; *gnothuch*, a business, but with the word *obair*, from the Latin *opera*, came a new meaning —work. Such words came from the Latin and yet the thought attached to the word is usually as different

from the Latin thought as the Gaelic form is different from the Latin. For example the church divided all men into two classes, the clergy and the laity. But the word *laoch*, from *laicus*, means in Gaelic a hero, showing that in the native mind also there were but two classes of men—the cleric who could not fight, and the laic who could and would.

The second great deposit of foreign words came from the Norse. It is from the sea-rovers of Norway that we have such words as *acair*, an anchor; *stiùir*, to steer; *sgioba*, a crew; *sgoth*, a skiff; and *bàta*, a boat. Of course the Gael had already a fair supply of native-made terms for the sea-farer. The ocean, he called *fairge*, the boisterous; a boat, *eathar*, that is *a-tir*, away from land. He had his *seòl*, or sail; his *ràimh*, or oars; and knew how to *iomair*, or row. But most of our sea words are Norse, and so also are many words of common life such as *gàradh*, a garden; *tràill*, a slave; *sgiot*, to scatter, and so on.

The latest addition to the language is from Saxon, both Scotch and English. Through these we have also many French words such as *seòmar*, a chamber, and *gròsaid*, a gooseberry. But there is a fair number of pure Anglo-Saxon words. *Stuthaiceadh*, starch, is from the English stiffening; *staidhir* is from stair, and *rathad* from road. Perhaps Gaelic has been quite unnecessarily hospitable in receiving superfluous words from English. Almost any speaker of Gaelic will use *nàdur*, nature, when the native word *gnè* would be more appropriate. We say *flùr*

when we might say *blàth*; *cupa*, when we might say *cuach*, and *ciste* when we might say *cobhan*. From which it will be gathered that the Gael is self-depreciating and has little of the self-assertion of some neighbouring races.

But if Gaelic is hospitable she firmly insists that all the words she receives as her guests must wear Highland dress. We use the wheel but only as *cuibhle*, and a coat as *còta*, and boots as *bòtan*, and even breeks is pronounced *brigis*. The speech feeling of the Gael insists upon the change, for his mind is at bottom artistic and masterful, and he has no choice but to tone down to harmony the varied ingredients of his speech, whether they are inherited along with much of his mental outfit from primeval times, or shaped by his own thoughts and feelings and moral instincts reaching out to a fuller life, or adopted from other races and transmuted into genuine Gaelic by the chemistry of his genius. Here as in some other fields the Gael is conqueror even in submission.

In his language the Gael of to-day has a priceless heritage. It is the very embodiment of the spirit of his ancestors. Its words are the images of the thoughts of a whole race, and therefore its disappearance would be a loss to the world comparable only to the destruction of a national gallery of pictures.

The mind of the race knew how to form abstract conceptions on the analogy of outward things. It has incarnated itself in a language of

wonderful range and depth, especially in the human regions of emotion and speculation. Its strongly marked character is reflected even in the scheme of sounds of the Gaelic vocabulary. Its insight and imagination are revealed in its system of word-building. Its openness to external influences is revealed by historic receptions of words and thoughts from Latin and Teutonic tongues. Finally its instinct of propriety and its virile force are shown by the completeness with which it modifies such transmitted words and conceptions into harmony with its own character.

[The writer desires to make grateful acknowledgement of his indebtedness to the valuable Etymological Dictionary of the late Dr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, in tracing the derivation of most of the Gaelic words mentioned in this paper.]

THE CLAN SYSTEM AS A LEGAL ENTITY.

HUGH MACLEOD, WRITER, GLASGOW.

"The Clan System as a Legal Entity," I was led to take up by finding in the law reports a case in which the point was tried. Put sharply, the case to be considered raised a trial between the Clan System and the Feudal System, the former being at the disadvantage of having on the bench so to speak judges of the latter persuasion. The subject, I think, you will agree is interesting. I was further led to look into the matter by a reperusal of the Report by Lord Napier's Commission of Enquiry into the condition of the Crofters and Cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 1883. In that report Lord Napier and his fellow-Commissioners say:—"The History of the economical transformation which a great portion of the Highlands and Islands has during the past century undergone does not repose on the loose and legendary tales that pass from mouth to mouth; it rests on the solid basis of contemporary records, and if these were wanting, it is written in indelible characters on the surface of the soil." It is, then, just in proportion to the fact whether that economical transformation was or was not due to the abolition of the clan system

as an entity, political or social, that the case under consideration is interesting even for polemical purposes. That the advocates of the clan system maintained on behalf of the clansman—be he crofter or cottar—an inalienable right to live on the soil, will be fresh to everyone who reads the press of the day; but, strange to say, the people themselves, when given an opportunity of expressing their opinions on that point, i.e., before the Commission, did not seem to put forward a claim of such a sweeping nature. This is what the reporters say—"It is fortunately not necessary to enter upon any controversial disquisition as to the state of the people or the distribution of proprietary rights at a remote period. To this argument we have not been invited by the witnesses who appeared before us. . . In reverting to the earlier conditions of the country and its population, the delegates did not for the most part go farther back than the interval between the fall of the clan system in the middle of the last, and the great clearances for sheep farming completed in the first quarter of the present century. In referring to alleged deprivation of land rights, if we may except a few ambiguous utterances, they urged no claim to property in the soil in the strict sense, but rather to security of tenure as occupiers at a customary rent or a rent fixed by some impartial authority."

Now had they done this, few of us would be disposed to question their right to do so. For the very good reason that being in the figurative sense

children of the chief thence brothers and sisters, the right of every member of the clan to have a share of the property of the clan was based on the high standard of moral law superior to that of any man-made law. But, as I have said, a much more serious claim was put forward by the clan than is above admitted, for the average Mackinnon, Macdonald, or Macleod, would say "I'm a member of this family, community, or confederation, called the Clan Mackinnon, Clan Macdonald, &c. I can claim descent from a former chief. My ancestors fought and bled for the retention or the redemption of the clan lands, and I am as such, landlord *pro rata* of the clan lands." Morally he was right;—a Zulu, a Swazi, or a Somali could say the same; this would not be disputed. The Zulu Chief would not banish his dusky warriors, nor would the American Red Indian. Savage as these may be or have been, the law of eviction was foreign to their nature, and it was left to the highly civilised Christian Highland Chieftain to enforce an iniquitous and barbarous principle misnamed *law*. The Earl of Selkirk in his "Observations on the present state of the Highlands of Scotland, 1805" p. 120, puts the case of the clansman succinctly and correctly, though from a different object from me, as follows:—"They recollect also the services their ancestors performed for them—the chiefs. They recollect that but for these the property could not have been preserved. They well know of how little avail was a piece of parchment or a lump of

wax under the old system of the Highlands. They reproach the landlord with ingratitude, and remind him, that, but for their fathers, he would now have no estate. The permanent possession which they had always retained of their paternal farms they consider only as their just right for the share they had borne in the general defence, and can see no difference between the title of their chief and their own."

The Napier Commission again states regarding the same subject, and as the Report may not be readily of access to all of you, I will quote in some detail that learned body's remarks—

"The opinion so often expressed before us that the small tenantry of the Highlands have an inherited inalienable title to security of tenure in their possessions, while rent and service are duly rendered, is an impression indigenous to the country, though it has never been sanctioned by legal recognition, and has been long repudiated by the action of the proprietor."

But I ask here how was it indigenous to the country? What made it so? It couldn't have arisen except in the full belief of generations that the right was there, and based on services rendered and recognised. The "long repudiation" is no answer to the fact that the belief was there, and for the belief we know there was a solid foundation. The Commissioners then go on to state that Captain Burt refers to it, but that it was unknown to the Statute Book. But the clansman's answer

is "Our fathers and we had no hand in framing the Statute Book." They then go on, "We are not, indeed, informed whether the claims of the people were admitted in principle by the tacksman or the proprietor, but it may be assumed that where the numbers and fidelity of the clan constituted the strength and importance of the chief, the sentiments of the humblest vassals would be habitually respected."

Just so, and what was contended for, is that not only should the right be habitually respected, but that the right should be capable of enforcement. "Removals had, indeed, already commenced in the time of Captain Burt, for we hear of emigrants from Inverness-shire to Virginia, but it does not distinctly transpire under whose impulse, on what occasion, or among what order of men this early movement occurred. We are bound to express the opinion that a claim to security of tenure, founded on the old usage of the country, cannot now be seriously entertained."

No it cannot, because a Feudal Government superimposed a Feudal system upon a Tribal System, but was this right or just? They then say, "The clan system no longer exists. The chief has in many cases disappeared, and his property has been transferred by sale to another name and another race. The people have in many cases disappeared as a distinct sept of common extraction, under the influences of emigration, intermarriage, and substitution. The relations of ancient inter-

dependency, which have vanished with the parties, can still, after a manner, be discovered and brought face to face; the duties which are natural and lawful in another age can no longer be performed by either party to the other. It is, however, not surprising that the tradition of a lapsed privilege should be preserved under altered circumstances, for it was created by causes which leave a durable impression among an ardent and isolated people, or that where the belief has expired it should be easily revived, for it may be made the basis of a claim of material value. Nor must it be forgotten that the authority of chieftainship has been reasserted, and the obligations of vassalage have been avowed, in a new form and for a new cause, almost within the memory of living men."

This is quite true, for some Highland Regiments were raised on the distinct understanding or bargain that the old people would never be removed from their homes. Some of us maintain there was no necessity for this new compact, for immunity against eviction existed already, and the Commissioners might have logically said so, that is on their own showing. They then proceed to deal in a general way with the gradual improvement in the condition of the people of the Highlands, but with that I am not concerned here.

Now you will notice that Report states "The clan system no longer exists." But that there was an attempt to maintain its existence so late as 1860 seems to have been forgotten by the Commission,

even by the learned Sheriff Nicolson, who reported the case which I proceed to bring now under your notice.

In 1632 the Earl of Moray of that day let the lands of Faillie and others to Donald MacGillepheadrick, head of the sept of Clan Bean, one of the sixteen tribes which made up the Clan Chattan, for his lifetime and the lifetime of the two next heirs male, and for three periods of nineteen years, to his heirs male and assignees of the Clan Chattan only; and this was the narrative upon which the case proceeded. The Earl bound himself, after the expiry of the three liferents and the three nineteen years' tacks, and after the expiry of that second tack to renew it in like manner. On 15th July, 1707, this tack was confirmed in favour of Donald Macbean, eldest son of John Macbean, eldest son of the above-mentioned Donald, and again in favour of William Macbean as "heir male seised and retoured to the deceased Don. Macbean of Faillie, his brother - german." This was on 16th January, 1749. Subsequently on 17th February, 1771, the then Earl, in implement of the foregoing obligation, granted a feu charter to Don. Macbean, the nephew and heir male of William Macbean, the former proprietor, and to his *heirs male* and *assignees* of the Clan Chattan allenarly, *i.e.*, only.

Donald Macbean, without being infeft on the feu charter, sold the lands to Captain William Macgilivray of Dunmaglass, also a member of the Clan Chattan. By the conveyance the said Donald Macbean, on the

narrative of the said heritable tack and feu charter, sold and disposed the said lands to William "and to *his heirs* and *assignees* of the said *clan* of *Clan Chattan* heritably and irredeemably." William's title was duly and legally completed, and he was succeeded by his only son, John Lachlan Macgillivray, the last proprietor, who obtained a precept of *clare constat* from the Earl, and on this he was duly infeft. John Lachlan died at Inverness on 6th February, 1825, without leaving direct heirs. A dispute then arose as to the succession to the estates. Several actions were raised, the principal one being by Neil John Macgillivray of Dunmaglass against Mrs Ann Macarthur or Souter, John Macgillivray Noble and George Laidlaw Davidson Mackintosh, Mrs Magdalen Julia Macgillivray or Brackenbury and her husband, as claiming to be the heirs at law of John Lachlan, to have it declared "that under the subsisting destination of the lands of Faillie, &c., no person is entitled to succeed thereto as heir of the deceased John Lachlan Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, who is not a *member of the Clan of Clan Chattan*, and that the pursuer is the nearest and lawful heir of the said John Lachlan Macgillivray, *who is a member of the said Clan.*"

Neil John, the pursuer, averred that he was the eldest son and heir of the deceased John Macgillivray of Dalchombie, in Canada West, and of Easter Aberchalder, in Inverness-shire, who was the son and nearest lawful heir of Farquhar, who was the son and heir of Donald by his wife, Janet Mac-

gillivray, who was sister of the deceased Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, who was father of William of Dunmaglass, who was in turn father of the deceased John Lachlan. He also maintained he was nearest heir male of the said John Lachlan, both being descended from Farquhar, who was proprietor of Dunmaglass in 1682, which estate was destined to heirs male, and was possessed by the said John Lachlan under that destination at his death. A jury found he was the nearest heir male of John Lachlan, and as such succeeded to Dunmaglass; but as to Faillie, unless he could establish that *membership of the Clan Chattan was indispensable to a proper legal title*, he could not succeed, as Mrs. Souter and John Macgillivray Noble were held to be the nearest and lawful heirs portioners in special and in general to John Lachlan. The pursuer then averred that the Clan of Clan Chattan comprehended several clans or tribes, embodying the Mackintosh, Macbean, Macgillivray, &c., and membership of the Clan Chattan was constituted by belonging to one of the clans or tribes which are branches of the clan Chattan. Membership of a clan was transmitted to the *issue of males only*. The issue of females were members of their father's clan and not of their mother's clan. The pursuer was a member, both by his father's and his mother's side, of the Clan Macgillivray, which had been frequently recognised in formal deeds bearing reference to the Clan Chattan as forming a branch of the latter Clan, and his predecessors in the lands of Dunmaglass were recognised as Chiefs

of the Clan Macgillivray. The defenders were not members of the Clan Macgillivray, not being descended from males of that Clan, nor did they belong on the father's side to any clan forming a branch of the Clan Chattan, and so were not "of the said Clan of Clan Chattan," and that the proper name of the Defender, John Macgillivray Noble, was John Noble, he having only recently assumed the name Macgillivray, and that the Defender, George Mackintosh, likewise assumed that name. The pursuer further stated that the existence of clans and branches of clans, and of chieftains and heads of clans, was recognised in various Acts of Parliament, and in particular the existence of the Clan Chattan. Reference was made "inter alia" to the Acts of 1587, caps. 94, 97, 100, 101; 1594, cap. 231; 1633, cap. 30; and to the Memorial of President Forbes, 1745.

The defender, Mrs Brackenbury, withdrew from the case. She claimed to be first cousin, thrice removed, of John Lachlan Macgillivray. The other two stated defences. They did not admit that William Macgillivray was a member of the Clan Chattan, or that the pursuer was the nearest heir male of John Lachlan and a member of the Clan Chattan. They explained that that Clan had no known or recognisable existence in law. They admitted that the clans and branches of clans, and chieftains, or heads of clans, are referred to in Acts of Parliament; but they explained that the said Acts contain no recognition whatever of clans as

entities possessing legal rights or *status*, but they regard them only as illegal associations of broken and disorderly men, depending on the direction of certain captains, chiefs and chieftains, "be pretence of bloud or place of their dwelling," and they are accordingly directed "to be esteemed public enemies to God, the King, and all his trewe and faithful subjectes, and to be pursewed with fire and sword quhairever they be apprehended, without crime, paine, or danger to be incurred be the doers therethrow." They admit that the Clan Chattan was mentioned in the Act of 1587, cap. 97, but explain that it was so only as composed of an illegal association of men, who were declared to be and directed to be dealt with as public enemies to God, the King, and all his true and faithful subjects. The Lord Ordinary (Ardmillan), before whom the case first came on 17th March, 1860, remitted to Cosmo Innes, advocate and principal Clerk of Session, to investigate and report on (1) what is a clan, and are there now any clans; (2) is there a clan known and described as the "Clan Chattan," and, if so, of what does it consist? Is clanship or membership of a clan understood to be transmitted exclusively through males? The defender did not consent to this remit, and on an appeal the First Division of the Court said that, however proper might be the inquiry proposed, it could not be ordered save of consent. This decision was unfortunate, for the report of the learned antiquarian would, I am sure, form the most interesting document connected with the Highlands of recent

or remote times. I will not attempt to deal with the questions which were to be submitted to Innes, but will merely give you the opinions of the Judges who tried the case, and who refused the argument of the pursuer founded on his membership of the Clan Chattan.

You will remember the sale to Captain William Macgillivray was to him "and his heirs *and assignees* of the said clan of Clan Chattan," but the writ of *Clare Constat* in favour of John Lachlan, his son, in 1790, made no mention of Clan Chattan. Mrs Souter and Mrs Noble urged in defence (1) that in the tack of 1632 and in the charter of 1771, and in the Disposition to Captain Macgillivray of 1771, the limitation of the succession "to the clan of Clan Chattan allenarly" applied to *assignees* only, and not to heirs; (2) that even assuming the limitation to apply to heirs that limitation was discharged and evacuated by the writ of 1790, which made no mention of the Clan Chattan. The Lord Ordinary repelled both these pleas. He was unable to read the words of the titles as confining the condition of membership of the Clan Chattan to assignees only, but the validity or legality of the condition was the question which he then set himself to dispose of. It seemed to him impossible to escape from the necessity of considering whether the limitation attached to the succession of heirs, that they shall be "of the Clan Chattan allenarly" was effectual. But was it a quality or condition of heirship which the law could recognise? The pursuer claimed as

heir of provision under the destination in the titles—not as the nearest heir of line, but as the nearest heir of line who was of the Clan Chattan.

Was it, therefore, a legal quality or condition of the character of heir that he must be "of the Clan Chattan?" Lord Ardmillan held the point as extremely novel, as well as difficult and important, but he was of opinion that the character of heir could not be so qualified, and that clanship of Clan Chattan as a condition of heirship and a limitation of the succession of heirs could not be recognised or enforced by law. In the course of his opinion he said "it is to be observed that this condition of membership of the Clan Chattan is not put by the pursuer as a condition which can be purged by an heir taking the succession. It is not like the condition of bearing a certain name, or assuming certain arms, or residing in this country, or being a Protestant. Pursuer states it to be an essential "quality attached as a condition" to the heirship, not a condition fulfilment of which is required, and which the heir must fulfil or forfeit the succession, but a condition precedent and pre-existent over which the heir has no control, and which the heir cannot himself fulfil."

In the case here put by the judge you will notice the heir has an offer of the succession, so to speak; but still *sub conditione*, and having a choice, he must resolve either to fulfil the condition and accept, or reject, and forfeit. But in the case put by Neil John no choice is left. In his petition to the

Sheriff of Chancery he claimed to "be served nearest and lawful heir of the clan of Clan Chattan, and of provision, &c." The Lord Ordinary remarks this latter is a novelty, and is without precedent or authority. Such a condition, says he, cannot be lightly sustained. "There is no presumption in favour of it and no precedent to support it, for the result would be to exclude perhaps from the succession the nearest heir of line, even though very closely related in blood. It would, *e.g.*, exclude a grandson, if he be the son of an only daughter by marriage with a man not of the clan; and, as heirs female are not excluded, and a daughter being of the clan might succeed, it would even exclude her only child from succeeding to her if the father of the child was not of the clan. The lapse of time and the progress of civilisation, with the attendant influences of settled government, regular authority, and the supremacy of the law, have entirely obliterated the peculiar features and destroyed the essential qualities and character of Scottish clanship, but whether they are viewed as they once were, or as they now are, a court of law is equally precluded from recognising clans as existing institutions or societies, with legal *status*, and the inquiry which the pursuers' averments demand is open to serious objection in point of principle. In an earlier age, when feudal authority and irresponsible power was stronger than the law, and formidable to the Crown, clans and chiefs, with military character, feudal subordination and internal arbitrary dominion, were allowed to sustain a tolerat-

ed but not a legally recognised or sanctioned existence. In more recent times clans are indeed mentioned or recognised as existing in several Acts of Parliament. But it is thought that they are not mentioned or recognised as institutions or societies having legal status, legal rights, or legal vocations or functions, but rather as associations of a lawless, arbitrary, turbulent and dangerous character. But nothing now remains of the feudal power and independent dominion which procured sufferance in one age, or of the lawless and dangerous turbulence which required suppression in another. When all military character, all feudal subordination, all heritable jurisdiction, all independent authority of chiefs, are extracted from what used to be called a clan, nothing remains of its essential and peculiar features.

The clans are no longer what they were. The purposes for which they once existed — as tolerated, but not as sanctioned, societies—are not now lawful. They cannot legally act; the law knows them not. For peaceful pageantry, social enjoyment, and family traditions, mention may still be made of clans and chiefs, but the Highlands of Scotland, no longer oppressed by arbitrary sway or distracted by feudal contentions, are now inhabited by loyal, orderly, and peaceful subjects of the Crown. There is nothing in the nature of the Clan Chattan to create any favourable peculiarity or special claim to recognition. On the contrary, it appears that the peculiar circumstances of the Clan Chattan tend to increase the difficulty. It is not said to be a family

or tribe; it is not said to be an association of persons bearing one name, or dwelling in one locality, or even acknowledging one head or chief. It is believed that a Mackintosh will not recognise Cluny Macpherson as chief, nor will a Macpherson bow to the feudal supremacy of Mackintosh. The Clan Chattan is said to comprehend many different families and several distinct clans, including the Clans of Mackintosh, Macpherson, Macgillivray, and Macbean, and others not enumerated by the pursuer, and this aggregate or composite body is what the Court is called on by the pursuer to recognise, and membership of which the Court is called on to declare to be a legal quality and condition of heirship in the succession to heritage," but this the Lord Ordinary would not do.

The pursuer, who was represented by the most eminent counsel of his day, the late Right Hon. Edward Strathern Gordon, afterwards Lord Advocate, was not satisfied with this decision, and he appealed to the First Division, which was then presided over by the most distinguished Judge of his time, the Right Hon. Duncan Macneil, Lord Colonsay, himself a Highlander. The Court ordered the pursuer to lodge a Minute containing further particulars anent clans and the Clan Chattan, and this he did, stating briefly as follows:—That the antiquity of the Clan Chattan was so great that it was impossible to condescend on its original constitution; that the word "clan" signified children, and that all the members

of a clan bore the same surname, and were regarded as descended from a common ancestor, of whom the chief was held to be the lineal representative. That smaller clans joined, and assumed the name of a larger clan, and in particular the Clan Chattan. That in an old MS. of the Mackintosh family it was stated that the progenitor of the Clan Macgillivray joined the Mackintoshes in 1268; that a bond of union was entered into in 1609 by the tribes of Clan Chattan, and that it was signed by "Malcolm MacBean in Dalcrombie, Ewen MacEwen in Aberchalder, and Duncan Farquhar in Dunmaglass for themselves, and takand the full burden in and upon them of their haill kin and race of Vic Gillivray," which bond was executed in order that "perpetual friendship, amity, and kindness might remain and abide betwixt them and their Chief in times coming, and amongst the said haill kin of Clan Chattan."

A translation, with a fac-simile of the bond itself, you will find in "The Minor Septs of Clan Chattan." The minute further stated that in a declaration granted by the Lord Lyon in 1672 it is stated that the Clan Chattan comprehended, among others, the Clan Macgillivray; that in President Forbes' memorial of 1745 there is distinct recognition of the Clan Chattan, and that its existence is recognised in the Acts of 1587, cap. 97, and 1594, cap. 231; that the rules by which the Clan Chattan and other Clans were governed were founded on custom, the principal features being obedience by all the members to the Chief, from

whom, in return, they claimed and received protection; that obedience was paid to the Chief as representing some remote ancestor, from whom it was supposed the whole tribe was originally descended, and whose name was the distinguishing appellation of the tribe; that all persons bearing that appellation were held to be members of the clan, and that the male descendants of a male member of the clan were also members of it; that the descendants of a female were not member's of their mother's clan, but belonged to the clan or family of their father; that such descendants were not in subjection to and did not acknowledge as their head or Chief the head or Chief of their mother's clan; that in this respect the authority of a Chief or head of a clan resembled the *patria potestas* of the Roman law, which was limited to agnates (i.e., relations through males) "qui igitur ex te et uxore tua nascitur in tua potestate est," &c.; that the only qualification required for being members of the Clan Chattan was being descended from a male member of one of the clans comprehended in the Clan Chattan, and that members ceased to belong to the clan by being expelled from it; that the privilege attached to membership consisted in obtaining the assistance and protection of the Chief when required, the corresponding obligation being obedience to the Chief's command.

There was printed along with this minute a long appendix of extremely interesting extracts, but the Court was not yet satisfied that they had before them the whole history of and the facts and circumstances

attending the Clan Chattan, and on 21st November, 1861, they ordered the pursuer to give in a note setting forth specifically what he averred as to the then constitution of the Clan Chattan, the rules by which they were governed then, the persons or classes of persons who were held to be members of the clan or body, the distinguishing qualification of the members, by what means and on what conditions persons could become members or cease to be members, and what were the privileges or obligations attached to membership, and to refer to any authorities or writings on which he founded.

The pursuer accordingly answered, that about the middle of last century, one of the prominent features of the clan system—consisting in military service and obedience by the members to the Chief, ceased; that clans continued to exist and were recognised by their clansmen and by the public as existing and as being united by the tie of common origin; that each clan was composed of the male members of the clan—the transmission of membership between the ancestor and his descendants being constituted through the intervention of males only, such descendants bearing the clan name; that a head or chief was still recognised by the members; that the members of each clan bore its own distinguishing name and used the tartan, crest, and badge peculiar to that clan, as distinguishing the members from other clans; that the Clan Chattan still comprehended the various clans enumerated by the Lord Lyon in his Declaration in 1672 and of the Bond of 1609; that there were no means by

which persons could become members of the Clan Chattan if they were not members of one or other of the clans comprehended in that clan; that the pursuer was a member of the Clan Macgillivray, and as such was a member of the Clan Chattan.

One would think that the claimant had even now adduced little beyond what he had previously advanced, but anyhow the Court thought that they had at last sufficient material to end a litigation which had begun some years before, and the Lord President, as became him, gave the leading opinion, which was against the contention of Neil John. He at first reviewed the different steps in the litigation and the different titles referred to in this paper, and concluded that membership of the Clan Chattan was a very evanescent matter altogether. It was difficult to sieze hold of it. It could not exclude the party in possession of the lands from altering the order of succession or from burdening them with debt, or from assigning or disposing them. He could conceive that in 1632 Lord Moray may have had an object in inserting the clause in the tack, but a party claiming to exclude the heir at law must found on something plain, tangible, and known to the law.

Lord Curriehill followed also with a long and elaborate review of the facts, but he is not clear that on these, apart from the condition of clanship, the pursuer ought not to succeed. It is, however, on this latter point that part of his judgment, as well

as that of Lord Deas, who followed him, is of interest to us. He says, for example, "Had the solution of this question depended on the validity of the destination in 1632, I would have felt great difficulty in deciding the question in the negative. I am not aware of any instance of such a direct condition in an entail (for it comes to be an entail although the grant is in fee simple), but I think it is perfectly competent to make it a condition that an heir be a member of a known and legal association—*e.g.*, the Highland Society."

I may here pause to remark that this Highland Society is probably the one whose motto was *olim marte nunc arte*, and which motto the learned judge's colleague, Lord Neaves, is credited with having translated "ance robbers, noo thieves!" But the learned judge goes on: "And if the Clan Chattan were a body of that kind, I am not prepared to say that it would not be a lawful condition. I am not giving any opinion on that question, but I see great difficulty in negativing it. I see that two centuries and a half ago bodies under the denomination of clans were distinctly recognised by the legislative party in the reign of James VI. Between the years 1591 and 1594 there is a series of statutes, recognising them as associations known to the law. . . The statutes I refer to could not have been carried into effect without some well-known means of identifying persons as members of the clans. It was even required in some of them that registers of the members

should be kept in the parishes, and the Chieftains were to find caution for the good conduct of the members, who were subject to severe penalties, inasmuch as they were responsible for each other. I would therefore be slow to say that if this question had occurred in the reign of James the VI., or of his immediate successors, this would not have been a valid condition of destination. But, as I have said, the original destination is at end in 1771. Before that, considerable changes had taken place in the history and condition of the country. There had been revolutions and changes such as made the continued subsistence of the clans scarcely consistent with law. . . The preamble of the Act George II. in 1715, for disarming the clans, and the Act 20 George II., for the abolition of military holdings, prove this. So that the distinguishing features of clanship are therefore at an end, and clanship as an institution recognised by law is at an end, if not by positive enactment, at least by desuetude."

Lord Deas, while agreeing with the other Judges, gave, as usual, a most interesting disquisition on the completion of titles and the interpretation of different cases founded on in the argument. At the very outset he asked the pursuer what was to become of the estate if neither he (the pursuer) nor the other claimants were of the Clan Chattan. He goes on—"I read the destination in the charter of 1771 as pursuer does, and I hold the condition of clanship embodied in that charter to remain still as applicable as it ever was to the heirs of investiture. The

question remains. What effect is to be given to that condition now? To answer this question, I should desire to know what the condition means. There are conditions in destinations, such as (giving examples)—some lawful and some not, some reasonable and some unreasonable and absurd, but in any event the condition must be something definite and intelligible. If it be not so in its own nature, it must be made so by explanation before we can be expected to enforce it. Now, it will scarcely be said that membership of the clan of Clan Chattan is so definite and intelligible, in its own nature that it has only to be stated to be understood.

It is rather remarkable that the charter of 1632 in favour of Donald MacGillaphadrick does not bear *in terminis* that he was himself of the clan of Clan Chattan, nor the deeds of 1707, 1749, and 1771 in the Retours of Service. All this seems to indicate that although the limitation or condition still stands in the title deeds, it has never been found practicable to act upon it. Dr. Johnson says a clan in the Highlands means 'children,' and English writers quoted by him use the word as signifying 'a family, a race.' But whose children—whose family—what race—compose the multifarious and apparently heterogeneous clan Clan Chattan? It is said. . . that the Clan Chattan comprehends several clans or tribes *including* the four named—Mackintosh, Macpherson, Macgillivray, and Macbean. An heir belonging to some clan not named, and yet comprehended in the Clan Chattan might be a nearer heir

than the pursuer for aught that is either averred or is capable of being ascertained, . . . It is said membership is transmitted to the issue of males only. But it is not said that membership cannot be conferred or acquired otherwise than by such transmission, such as by adoption, adherence, or recognition. Nor is it said that it cannot be lost or forfeited by absence, disclamation, or expulsion. On the contrary, the documents referred to show that adoption and expulsion are both recognised. The more important observation, however, is that to say that it transmits by succession to the issue of males only throws no light at all upon the question what constitutes the membership itself which is so transmitted. To that question there is no answer in the record whatever.

It is of little moment to say that the existence of clans and their chieftains, and in particular the existence of the clan of Clan Chattan, is recognised in various Acts of Parliament and public and historic documents. Some of these recognitions are creditable to the warlike character, courage, and devotedness of the Highlanders, which are well-known over the world, while others are certainly not of a complimentary description. But both classes of recognitions are equally vague and unfitted for the destination of an heritable estate. The Act 1587, cap. 101, refers to all residing in a certain district as constituting a particular clan under the chief of these bounds. But residence does not constitute membership.

The Act 1594, c. 231, deals with certain surnames and applications, including that of Clan Chattan, as of themselves sufficient for authorising a roll of "the wicked thieves and limmers of the clannes" who seek "revenge for the least hurting or slauchter of ony ane of their unhappy race," although such slaughter may have occurred in the course of justice or in rescuing stolen goods. A description sufficient for being hanged or shot is not necessarily a sufficient description for being served heir of destination to an estate. The question is not whether there are clans in some sense or other, any more than whether there are "wandering Arabs and Tartars of the East," Gibbon's description of whom is said to be in a great part applicable to Highland Clans, prior at least to the rebellion of 1745. In another extract, from a writer whom we all highly reverence (Sir Walter Scott), we are told that clans which were broken up and joined other clans (as the Macgillivrays seem to have done the Clan Chattan) "bore to those under whom they lived very nearly the same relation which the Humsauzas bear to the Oolos or Auffghan tribe with whom they reside."

I confess this does not enlighten me much in dealing with a Decree of Declarator or the service of an heir: I am still left in the dark on the question what constitutes membership of the clan. Is it regulated by law? and, if so, by what law? By charter or statute? and, if so, by what charter or statute? By deed or agreement? if so, by what

deed? By immemorial custom? and, if so, what is the precise nature and effect of the custom alleged?

The learned Judge then refers to immemorial custom and the statement already quoted, and proceeds, that, while it is intelligible in a popular sense, it is still very obscure and shadowy for judicial purposes. In one of the extracts it is said, "the government of each clan or commnuity was patriarchal—a sort of hereditary monarchy, founded on custom and allowed by general consent rather than regulated by laws." . . . It is not said that the chieftain can be compelled by law to protect the clansmen, or the clansmen to obey the chieftain. The very nature of the protection and the obedience is inconsistent with the supposition, in modern times at least, of legal compulsitor. What the protection and obedience were can be gathered pretty clearly from the Bond of Union in 1609, and there may have been a time when that sort of protection and obedience was capable of being enforced by law, and one set of clansmen could be compelled by their chief to destroy another set of clansmen by fire and sword. But it will not be affirmed that such has been the state of the law at any time since the date of the original feu charter in February, 1771. But except the allegation that a chief is bound to protect his clansmen and that the clansmen are bound to obey their chief "in all actions at arms, deeds and occasions whatsoever"—mutual rights and obligations which, if they once existed, certainly exist no longer—I see no allegation either of privilege or

duty—either of right or obligation—or of rules of any kind which can be said to place a member of a clan in any different position from any other member of Society; and it would be a strange kind of voluntary association (which is what a clan seems to resolve into) the members of which have neither rights, duties, rules, nor privileges, except what are common to all Her Majesty's subjects.

As regards descent, which is the only other bond of connection even suggested, it seems to me that to refer to "some remote ancestor, from whom it was *supposed* the whole tribe was originally descended," is little better for the purpose of a service of heirs, and is certainly more indefinite than to refer to the remote ancestor from whom we all claim to be descended, and whom it is unnecessary to name. The words of the minute are borrowed, I observe, from the article in the appendix by Sir Walter Scott. But to say that the whole clansmen are children of somebody unknown is little better, for the present purpose, than to describe them, as the same learned author does elsewhere, as "children of the mist." He accordingly declined to give decree of declarator, as sought by the pursuer.

Thus ended, figuratively speaking, the last Clan battle, fought not amidst the Highland hills, but on the floor of Parliament House, Edinburgh. It is difficult to see how the result could have been otherwise. The unfortunate thing is that the interesting question involved arose in such a heterogeneous Clan as the Clan Chattan. Had the destin-

ation been, say, to "William Mac Rae of Dornie, and to his heirs male and assignees of the Clan Mac Rae allenarly" there might perhaps be more and clearer room for debate. There being few, if any sects, of that Clan, the condition was by so much limited, and the designation thus more definite. But even then the result would be anomalous. For, if the claimant's contention were held good we should have a grandson of William's defeated by a Mac Rae, perhaps forty times removed. Assuming that the pursuer's contention were to be maintained, then we are thrown back to this question: could this grandson called, say, Donald Mackintosh, purge the condition, by dropping the name Mackintosh assuming his mother's name Mac Rae, and seeking by this means to become a member of the Clan Mac Rae? Would he be admitted a member of the Clan known as the Clan Mac Rae? Who could admit him, or who could refuse him admission, or how was the admission to be gone about? In other words, what really does constitute membership of the Clan Mac Rae, sufficient to qualify or disqualify a right to succession to land? Would the mere assumption of the name be sufficient? That again drives us back to a consideration of the question of the origin and formation of clanship: was membership hereditary and through males only, voluntary or elective? A very difficult subject, and one involving more time and space than that now available. But, generally speaking, it would seem to be that at a time when a man's broadsword was of value the wielder

would readily be admitted a member of a Clan without form or ceremony, but that did not include any status known to law as the word Law is known to us. The net result then is that M'Gillivray *v.* Soutar and others, was decided according to the feudal principles of the 19th, and not according to the more elastic principles of the Tribal system, such as might have prevailed in the Braes of Lochaber in the 15th century.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE AND THE PEOPLE WHO SPEAK IT.

By Malcolm Mac Farlane, Elderslie.

It is my purpose to put before you some ideas which have grown in me as my knowledge expanded regarding the Gaelic language and the people who speak it. I have not made a laboured study of the subject, and the opinions which I shall express are but generalisations from salient facts, put forward to assist in the formation of a workable theory on the subject. I consider that such generalisations have their uses. Tentative theories are necessary in all cases of research, and, when the subjects are enveloped in more than ordinary obscurity, they are often of great service—in fact, indispensable.

There are two ways of looking at things, namely, in the mass and in detail. In approaching a large building—say a church—one man will look at it taking in the mass alone, while another will lose sight of the mass and note only a detail or two. The first person, in offering an opinion on the building, may term it "grand" and "beautiful," or "mean" and "paltry" on account of its size, pose or outline. The other may pronounce it "lovely" or "ugly,"

because some feature appears to him to be in good or bad taste. The first kind of man is more likely than the other to ultimately form a correct general and particular estimate, and to take less time in doing so. To assist in forming a proper estimate of the subject which I have taken in hand, I now proceed to present it as it appeals to me in the mass.

The great fact which has led to your meeting here as a society for special objects, differing much from those which cause most other societies to meet in this large city, is one of language. They are not reasons of race, but reasons of language, which bring you here. Were it not for the existence somewhere of a language differing from that prevalent in Glasgow you would not be met together in your present capacity. Some of you, perhaps, have not a command of that language; but your sympathies are with it, I have no doubt. That language is the Gaelic language. Neither you nor I can contend with knowledge that our sympathy is due to our descent from the stock which owned that language, say, two thousand years ago. It is usual to speak of the Gaels as a particular race or breed. There was a breed or race of men of that name who owned the Gaelic language. But there are now numerous Gaels by race who do not speak that language; and there are many who are not, by race, Gaels, who do speak that language. We must be careful, then, to discriminate between Gaelic race and Gaelic language in any enquiry into the latter. For your

purposes as a society the true definition of Gael is: one who speaks or writes and sympathises with the Gaelic language; or one whose immediate ancestors spoke that language, and who, although not actually making use of it, sympathises with it and aids in the effort to continue its existence.

But, what is the Gaelic language? One would think that "Gaelic language" was a term explicit enough to leave no doubt as to its limitations. It ought to be so; but, with many, it appears it is not. With most of you, I fear, it means the language used in the Highlands of Scotland. But that is not only an unfair but a mischievous use of the term. We are all more or less guilty in this matter, and are to be excused on the ground that it was customary to so use the term "Gaelic language" when we came on the scene; and we, while we remained ignorant, continued the misuse of it. The unfairness lies in using the name of the whole to designate a part.

The misuse of terms in this way has done much harm; and I take this opportunity of referring to a case which requires serious attention. The term "Celtic," which has great vogue in Glasgow, is very much misused in referring to matters which are purely Gaelic. The term "Celtic," it is unnecessary, I hope, to tell you, embraces in its scope those branches of the Aryan language which are spoken in Brittany, Wales, Ireland, Man, and the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and the peoples who speak them. In writing or speaking of these languages or peoples as one group distinct from other similar

groups, or in referring to facts common to this one group, we are justified in using the term "Celtic." But when it is something pertaining to only one of the components of the main group we have in view, we are not justified in using the term: it includes too much. The disposition to use "Celtic" when only "Gaelic" can with justice be used, is the same as that which is aimed at in the proverb: "'We hounds slew the hare,' said the messan." The Scottish Gael, if not already the messan of Celtdom, will soon be, if he does not bestir himself a little more than he is doing; and, messanlike, he desires to share in the whole prestige of the Celt, a prestige in which he is only partially entitled to share. Those individuals who use the term "Celtic" in the objectionable way are not consciously acting the messanlike part; but they allow the messanlike fashion to get the better of them. That the Gaelic people of Scotland so much favour the name "Celtic," when "Gaelic" is the proper word to use, is a sure sign that their self-respect is slipping from them. It is time, therefore, for those who are guilty to take thought and desist. This is a digression; but, I hope, not an unprofitable one.

I was, when I turned aside, at the misapplication of the name "Gaelic language" to a dialect only. The Gaelic language is, in fact, that of three-quarters of a million people in Ireland, one quarter of a million in Scotland, a few thousands in Man, and many thousands over the sea;* and it is desirable that the

* See Appendix.

term "Gaelic language" should be used in this wider sense as often as possible. To do so conduces to unity between the several branches of it, and makes for expansion of knowledge about the language; and therein lies a power for good. In referring to the several branches, we should be more specific than we are accustomed to be, and use "Irish Gaelic," "Scottish Gaelic," and "Manx Gaelic" as our purposes require.

Our brethren in Ireland are guilty, like ourselves, of misapplying terms, and, although not a few of them are conscious that they are going wrong they do not appear to see in what direction the remedy is to be found. Not long ago a controversy was carried on as to the use of "Anglo-Irish" to designate English literature produced on Irish ground or by Irishmen. "Anglo-Irish" is inadmissible as a name for such literature. One would be justified in naming it "Irish-English," but, surely, never "English-Irish." English-Irish means Irish produced by an Englishman. Irish-English means English produced by an Irishman. But I do not think it is correct to speak of the old language of Ireland as Irish. The foreigner may be excused for so doing, but the Irishman acquainted with the old language, should know that the proper name is "Gaelic." "Irish" refers to the soil and not to the speech. It was the English-speaking man who began to call "Gaelic" "Irish," and this he did in Scotland as well as Ireland. There is no reason why we should accept and continue his mistake of

calling the Gaelic language by a name which is not its proper one.

The Irish branch of the Gaelic language is the principal one. It is the dialect of the greatest number, and contains almost all the old literature. It was at one time the language of a comparatively well-developed civilisation; and no Gael can be broad or complete in his conceptions of his language without a knowledge of it. In fact, I consider it reprehensible in the educated man, who professes to speak with knowledge about the Gaelic language, to be ignorant of the Irish dialect. To read of the past and present struggles of the Gaelic language in all its habitats, should not only be interesting but fascinating to those who love the old tongue; and, to those who wish to study our position as a people speaking a dialect of the Gaelic language, a knowledge of the dialect of Ireland is indispensable.

Who are the Gaels of Scotland; and how is their dialect related to the principal dialect of their language? There are different theories as to how the Gaelic tongue came to Scotland. For a long time it was thought, very naturally, that the first Aryans who came westwards were Gaels; that they made their way through Europe, crossed the Channel into what is now England, pushed northwards into Scotland, pressing before them their precursors, the Iberians; and that they reached the Mulls of Cantire and Galloway, and overflowed in that direction into Ireland. Some of the present day students of the subject reject that theory, and

contend that no Gael came to Britain who did not put out from the shores of Ireland in a boat. They do not say "no Celt," but "no Gael." They say that branches of the Celts, of which the Cruithne, or Picts, were, and the Cymry, or Welsh, are the representatives, spread through most, if not the whole of Britain, leaving traces of their language in the place-names of the country, including even the Highlands of Scotland.

Dr. Mac Bain, supporting his opinion by good argument, alleges that the Picts were an early branch of Celts who were pushed into the North by later Belgic incomers who were also Celts with a dialect or language akin to that of the Picts; and that the Gaelic language, which supplanted that of the Picts, came at a later epoch from Ireland.

Briefly, his main argument is as follows. The Celtic stem of the Aryan root is divisible into two branches, known as the P branch and the C branch. Old Gaulish and Latin words which have "qu" in their composition, appear in the P branch, which is the Brittonic, with "p" for "qu," and in the C branch, which is the Gaelic, with "c." For instance, the word "maquos" is in Welsh "map," and in Gaelic "mac," both meaning "son." The Picts, Dr. Mac Bain alleges, were P Celts, and, consequently, their language was more akin to that of the Britons than to that of the Gaels. The Gaelic name for the Picts is Cruithne, which must have been, previous to its appearing in writing, "Cruiteine," or something to that effect. The Welsh name of the Picts was

Prydain—practically the same as Cruithne, if we recognise in the c of the latter the p of the former. These Cruithne, or Prydain, or Picts, were submerged by the Scots, who came from Ireland speaking the Gaelic language. The Cruithne left a number of place-names behind them, some of which are impossible as Gaelic and possible as Welsh or Brittonic. Racially—Dr. Mac Bain holds—the people of a large part of the Highlands of Scotland are mainly Pictish, although their language has, for many centuries, been Gaelic. The superior organisation, policy, and culture of the Gaels, through whom, moreover, Christianity came to the Picts, overcame the language of the latter, which probably had little or no written literature.

That branch of the Gaelic language which supplanted the Pictish, and which now survives in Scotland, is divisible into two sub-dialects—the northern and the southern. This is a statement made by Dr. Mac Bain and others. They say also that the southern approaches more closely to the Irish dialect of the Gaelic language than the northern. Is this the case ?

A few years ago, in a series of articles on " Bàrdachd an là 'n diugh," I had the temerity to question this opinion in regard to the northern and southern dialects of the Gaelic branch in Scotland. I was then met by the usual opposition which new ideas meet with. But now that opposition is dwindling the more the matter is being looked into.

I had the privilege of being present on three

occasions at the Irish Oireachtas, where Gaelic-speaking men from all parts of Ireland were met together. One of the things which struck me was that the linguistic habit called Eclipsis, so common in Ireland as to receive grammatical recognition, was in a small measure existent in Scotland, and that it was more general in the north than in the south of Ireland. I knew that much before I went to Ireland; but it was borne in on me by my visits to the Oireachtas. Alongside of that I found that the use of ia for è and é, which distinguishes the Gaelic of the north from that of the south Highlands, also distinguishes the Gaelic of the south from that of the north of Ireland. I speak generally: there are exceptions to this as to all things. I also saw that not only were there linguistic affinities between southern Ireland and northern Scotland, but that certain types of face and figure which are commoner in the north than in the south Highlands, appeared more frequently among the men who came from Munster than among those who came from other parts. Perhaps another might be differently impressed; but that is how it struck me. I do not know how an Irishman might find the case if he were to be brought without gradual preparation face to face with an assemblage of Gaels on Scottish ground. But I know that Irishmen said of a far-north Highlander who was present on two of the occasions to which I refer, "How like he is to some of ourselves!" and, assuredly, the remark was appropriate, whether applied to the individual in

question from a mental, physical, or linguistic standpoint.

Now, here is an outstanding fact: South Ireland and North Scotland have certain affinities of speech, This is undeniable. I add that similar types of men are to be found in both places. Who are they who lie between, partly in Ireland and partly in Scotland? There are similarities of dialect in these parts also, which may be called Ulster and Argyll. There is very little of Eclipsis in Argyll. Eclipsis, although it now prevails in all Ireland, has not been quite so strong in the north as in the south of Ireland. In most parts of Ireland, for our "cha 'n 'eil," they use "ni bhfuil." But in the north it is our word "cha" which takes the place of "ni." In the course of my reading of books written in Irish Gaelic or treating of the dialects of that language, it appeared to me that the Gaelic of the district comprising Meath and the south-east of Ulster has many peculiarities which entitle it to be regarded as the dialect most akin to southern Scottish Gaelic. It is a fact, at all events, that Gaelic written by an Ulster man, or even a Connaught man, is much more acceptable to myself than that written by a Munster man; and, while a Munster man's spoken words may be barely intelligible to a Scottish Gael, a set speech by a Connaught or Ulster Gaelic speaker, may be quite easily followed. But, although it is true in the main that written Munster Gaelic cannot be read by a Scottish Gael with the same appreciation as the product of the northern Irish Gael, there are ex-

ceptions. It appears to me that the literary style of Irish Gaelic, such as that found in historical and narrative prose writings, approaches the literary style of the Scottish dialect which has been founded mostly by southern Scottish Gaels. The literary style of Irish Gaelic is not a Munster one. The literary style of Scottish Gaelic is not a North Highland one. Neither of them is the colloquial style of any particular place; but both appear to be north Irish and south Highland.

Another characteristic which the northern Scottish and southern Irish writers have in common, is their reluctance, amounting almost to a refusal, to come under the banner of the literary style of speaking and writing. They insist on their colloquial dialects through thick and thin. This stubborness has a weakening effect on the vitality of the language. Not long ago, I read a criticism of a book produced by a Munsterman, and one of the points objected to was that present participles ending in "adh," as "bualadh," were spelled ag, as bualag, according to the writer's own local pronunciation and at great variance from the general Irish pronunciation, which is "bualu." "Bualag," for "bualadh," exemplifies a localism to be found not far from the town of Inverness. "Bualu," the common Irish pronunciation, is not an uncommon one in the Highlands; but it cannot be said to be a southern one. Whatever the reason, there has been, and there is still, a decided disinclination on the part of northern Scottish writers and speakers of Gaelic as well as

southern Irish ones, to use the literary style. Both show a great preference for idiom which is appropriate enough to the concerns of every-day life and work, but often utterly incongruous when applied in literature of an order above the conversational style. Most Gaelic writers of the present time lay themselves open to the preceding objections; but the more guilty are those from the northern parts of Scotland and the southern parts of Ireland. The practice of using colloquial idiom in dealing with every subject, is banishing all feeling of dignity from Gaelic literature, and that accounts for the frequently expressed opinion of scholars who have only a literary knowledge of the language, that modern Gaelic literature is silly. It is a pity that all should not try to cultivate the literary style.

Affinities of physique and character between the northern Gaels of Scotland and the southern Gaels of Ireland lend weight to the opinion that in olden times the people of those parts were affected by the same racial and lingual influences. The peoples of the northern and southern extremes of Gaeldom appear to me to possess more of the imaginative faculty than their intermediate brethren, to whom the charge of being hum-drum might with a degree of truth be applied. The imaginative faculty, which is so strong in the former, accounts for the fact that with them to appear to do a thing is doing it. It accounts also for the fact that most of the advances made in the causes which they have taken in hand have been made by spurts. Swagger may carry a

man a good distance onward, but swagger sooner or later evaporates. Northern Gaelic and northern ideas, southern Gaelic and southern ideas have been for some time distinctly aggressive in their respective spheres. The unfortunate thing about both is that their tendency has not always been constructive, but too frequently disruptive.

There has not been, so far as I am aware, any attempt made to account for the affinities of speech which exist between south Ireland and north Scotland, and between the south Highlands and north Ireland—perhaps because no notice has hitherto been taken of them. Let me endeavour to work out a theory. Some one better equipped for the work may come after and on its ruins rear a permanent one.

The Celtic-speaking races which have survived to the present day are, in regard to certain habits of speech, divisible into two classes—those who aspirate certain consonants, and those who both aspirate and eclipse them. The former are located in Scotland. The latter are spread over Brittany, Wales, Ireland, and Man; and the northern Gaels of Scotland show a leaning towards eclipsis.* The greatest development in eclipsis is among the Brittonic peoples: the Welsh and the Bretons. The Irish make a close second. The smallest development is among the Scottish Gaels. Manx Gaelic holds a middle place, but nearer in this and some other respects to the Irish than to the Scottish dialect. If the Gaelic

* See Appendix.

language came into Britain by way of Ireland, one would be inclined to think that the dialect of the first stream would be represented by north Highland Gaelic; that the succeeding stream would be represented by the southern Gaelic of Scotland; then the dialect of Ulster; and that the last stream which came into Ireland would be represented by the Munster dialect. But how comes it that the dialects of the assumed first and last streams have certain affinities peculiar to themselves?

There is one way in which this could have happened. Assume that before the Gaelic invasion of Ireland, the southern part was peopled by a Brittonic folk, and the northern by a non-Brittonic folk. In the course of time the uneclipsed Gaelic of the invaders, who became rulers in both areas, would, among the common people, take different developments. The southern would be liable to move towards eclipsis. The northern would not have that tendency. Assume, again, a political resurrection to have taken place in the north. Along with it the language of the non-eclipser would emerge more or less broken down in form, but none the less vigorous owing to its loss of inflections, and showing a preference for an analytic over a synthetic turn of thought and speech. At the present day the people of south Ireland show a greater preference than those of north Ireland for the synthetic style of speech. The accent of their words is more frequently medial and final than in the north of Ireland. As for the Scottish Gael, he invariably put [illegible] nt on the

first syllables of words. In this respect he is on a par with the Englishman, whose language emerged from subjection with its inflections lopped off and its accents advanced to the first syllables of all native words, and with a strong tendency to advance the accent of all words.

Did any such political resurrection on the part of the non-eclipsers take place? Indications are not wanting of an upheaval in those parts where I located the non-eclipsers. The Gael had his Viking epoch like other races. We are told that about three hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era, the great kingly centre of Ireland was in the north, at Armagh. The Cuchulin sagas, which seem to be based on genuine happenings, point to the existence of an early civilising centre in that locality. Later on, the same place seems to have been a centre from which Christian missions ramified. And, later still, there came colonies from Ulster into Scotland capable, by reason of their superior organisation, policy, and culture, of winning for themselves political power in that country. That they were preceded by other Gaels is almost certain. They came by Argyll. If they were non-eclipsers, it is not to be wondered at that the dialect of Argyll is free of eclipsis. If they were eclipsers, it certainly is strange that the dialect of Argyll is not an eclipsing one at this day. The dialect of a people is not always that of its rulers or its gentry or its would-be superior people. We have only to look around us for proof of this. The old English literature of Scotland is

very unlike the dialect which came to the surface prior to Burns's time—proof, I should think, that the common people's dialect during the currency of Scottish Literary English was very different from the latter. The plebeian develops a dialect of his own; and, when the dominating class undergoes a transformation, the plebeian dialect comes to the surface, more or less affected by the former ruling dialect. This makes it possible to conceive of the Dalriadic invaders of Scotland as eclipsers, while their followers may have been non-eclipsers. But the fact that eclipsis is absent in the very parts where the Dalriadic influence was strongest and longest felt, makes the supposition untenable.

Some one may ask: How is it that the earliest Scottish Gaelic publications, which were produced mostly by Argyll men, contain eclipsis? That is not difficult to answer. All Ireland came under the influence of eclipsis long ago. Early documents have eclipsis; and you may depend upon it, it was prevalent in the spoken long ere it was given effect to in the written language. After the Norse invasions, during which the older Gaelic power in the west went down, such literature as there was came again from Ireland. This new literature was that of an eclipsing language. The literary language of those who rose on the ruins of Norse supremacy in the west was an eclipsing one, and must have continued as the literary language, if not the language of the gentry, down to the Reformation period when the ties between Scottish

and Irish Gaels became loose. When Bishop Carswell published his prayer-book, the language which he wrote was an attempt to conform to the Irish style of spelling. For instance, ar tigh, as we would now say, is ar dtigh (pronounced ar digh). Our ar beòil is ar mbeòil (pronounced ar meòil). The more complete and older forms of these phrases were arn tigh, arn (arm) beòil. Eclipsers allowed the n of arn to soften the t of tigh to d and to kill the b of beòil. Following an opposite process, the non-eclipsers killed their n before t and b and allowed the root consonants of tigh and beòil to remain unaffected, thus—ar tigh, ar beòil. There is nothing in Carswell's book to indicate how the common people spoke their words. That the learned, when they spoke learnedly, pronounced their words much like what Carswell wrote them, is not improbable; but I surmise that Carswell and the gentry lapsed into another kind of Gaelic in ordinary converse. Carswell's hymn, preserved and published two hundred years later than his prayer-book, does not appear like the production of one who invariably used the eclipsed style or the learned style, which is used in the prayer-book. Even the prayer-book is strongly suggestive of a Scottish Gaelic speaker struggling to render his thoughts in an unfamiliar style.

Those who followed Carswell appear to have successfully struggled to rid themselves of the Irish style. As late as Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's time, the eclipsing style of spelling had not been shaken

off. It ultimately disappeared; and now there is hardly a vestige of nasal eclipsis in the written Gaelic of Scotland. A number of Irishisms in spelling, such as n- and t- have remained, but could very well be allowed to drop also. The pronunciation seems to warrant the retention of these disfigurations; otherwise they would have gone along with eclipsis. Their retention is clear proof that, if the spoken language warranted the retention of eclipsis in the spelling, it would have remained there. If the Gaelic literary style had been evolved in the North Highlands, I question very much if eclipsis would have been swept thoroughly out of the spelling.*

Two things which, I think, helped to retard the growth of eclipsis in Gaelic Scotland are that the principal consonants, c, p, t, g, b, d, are uttered with considerably greater force than in any language to which I have listened, and the putting of the accent on the first syllables of words. Leading consonants, by reason of their being before the accent, are less liable to weakening than if otherwise placed. Take the words: cinn nan caman. You will admit that, if pronounced: cinn nan camàn, the n of nan and the c of camàn would be more liable to coalesce than if pronounced as first submitted, with the accent on the first syllable of caman. Cinn na gcamàn is the eclipsed spelling; cinn na gamàn is the eclipsed pronunciation.

The great fact is, I think, established, that the

*See Appendix.

Highlanders of Scotland being, of all the Celtic peoples the least addicted to eclipsis, must early have had among them a strong non-eclipsing element, at one time politically supreme, although, latterly, subject to eclipsing rulers.

The spread of the Gaelic language in Scotland may be fairly gauged by the distribution of Gaelic place-names. Judging by these, we may say that all Scotland, with few exceptions, came within the scope of Gaelic influence; for there is scarcely a county in which some Gaelic place-names have not been left. Those parts which have at the present day only a meagre array of these names are the counties in the very south-east. In the western half of Scotland south of the Forth, while most of the modern farm names are English, a very large proportion of the old farm names are Gaelic. The language has lost about as much ground as it has retained. But the ground lost has always been much richer than that retained, and since the development of the mining industry, has become infinitely richer.*

The main reason for the backset which Gaelic influence suffered was, no doubt, the Norse invasions of the north and west coasts of Scotland, and the north and east coasts of Ireland. For a few centuries there was more or less conflict between the Gaels and the Norse, during which Gaelic policy became disorganised and weakened; and by the time it reasserted itself at the base and began a new

* See Appendix.

epoch of expansion, the Anglic people of south-eastern Scotland had established their influence. The Norman invasion of England expatriated many of the English gentry into Scotland where they were welcomed by a queen who spoke their tongue. They brought with them, it may be presumed, more advanced ideas of state policy, and were better equipped, as peoples emanating from rich and populous countries are, for working on the weaknesses of human nature, and worming themselves into place and power. Through time their influence sapped that of the native gentry, and the Gaelic language of the latter went down. The same process is going on in modern Gaeldom, much, I believe, in the way it progressed in the past; and, but for the high mountain ranges, the deep indentations of the sea into the land, and the poverty of the soil in the Highlands, the Gaelic language would have been dead long ago. In the Lowlands the language seems to have gone down fast, particularly towards the east and centre. One thing which tended to cause decay there was, probably, the fact that the Gaelic language, at the time of its meeting with and competing with the English, was a more recently imposed language than it was in the west and north. It is very likely that the earlier Celtic languages had not wholly died out during the reign of Gaelic in the Lowlands, but were living when English began to dominate.

That which stayed the decay of Gaelic in the west and north was, as long as it lasted, the steady inter-

course with Ireland. The latter country was not all hills, rocks, and bogs, but had its own fertile lowlands; and populous places arose where affluence and the arts which affluence fosters, developed and spread. The Highlands of Scotland felt their influence. This intercourse remained unbroken until after the Reformation. Ireland, being cut off geographically from the main portion of the British group of islands, remained little affected by the Reformation. The inhabitants of Lowland Scotland became Protestant, and those of the Highlands followed their lead, with the result that the people began to adopt towards their fellow Gaels of Ireland the prejudiced point of view of the Gall.

In Ireland, the first invasions by the Norman-English influenced the language of the country very little. The later wars from Elizabeth's time onward affected the area of the Gaelic language considerably; and, by and bye, that part of Ireland lying towards Scotland, while it did not altogether cease from being a Gaelic area, got out of touch with Gaelic Scotland. Previous to the potato famine the bulk of the Irish population was Gaelic-speaking and even districts quite near to the old Pale were then so also. A generation ago, Gaelic lived within twenty miles of Dublin. Since the famine, Gaelic as a spoken language, has gone down rapidly. The Roman Catholic clergy made no effort to arrest its decay. But now, when they have come to see the possibility of the language becoming a bulwark of their faith, they are beginning to give it their zealous patronage.

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Affinities of physique and character between the northern Gaels of Scotland and the southern Gaels of Ireland lend weight to the opinion that in olden times the people of those parts were affected by the same racial and lingual influences. The peoples of the northern and southern extremes of Gaeldom appear to me to possess more of the imaginative faculty than their intermediate brethren, to whom the charge of being hum-drum might with a degree of truth be applied. The imaginative faculty, which is so strong in the former, accounts for the fact that with them to appear to do a thing is doing it. It accounts also for the fact that most of the advances made in the causes which they have taken in hand have been made by spurts. Swagger may carry a

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The Celtic-speaking races which have survived to the present day are, in regard to certain habits of speech, divisible into two classes—those who aspirate certain consonants, and those who both aspirate and eclipse them. The former are located in Scotland. The latter are spread over Brittany, Wales, Ireland, and Man; and the northern Gaels of Scotland show a leaning towards eclipsis.* The greatest development in eclipsis is among the Brittonic peoples: the Welsh and the Bretons. The Irish make a close second. The smallest development is among the Scottish Gaels. Manx Gaelic holds a middle place, but nearer in this and some other respects to the Irish than to the Scottish dialect. If the Gaelic

* See Appendix.

southern Irish ones, to use the literary style. Both show a great preference for idiom which is appropriate enough to the concerns of every-day life and work, but often utterly incongruous when applied in literature of an order above the conversational style. Most Gaelic writers of the present time lay themselves open to the preceding objections; but the more guilty are those from the northern parts of Scotland and the southern parts of Ireland. The practice of using colloquial idiom in dealing with every subject, is banishing all feeling of dignity from Gaelic literature, and that accounts for the frequently expressed opinion of scholars who have only a literary knowledge of the language, that modern Gaelic literature is silly. It is a pity that all should not try to cultivate the literary style.

Affinities of physique and character between the northern Gaels of Scotland and the southern Gaels of Ireland lend weight to the opinion that in olden times the people of those parts were affected by the same racial and lingual influences. The peoples of the northern and southern extremes of Gaeldom appear to me to possess more of the imaginative faculty than their intermediate brethren, to whom the charge of being hum-drum might with a degree of truth be applied. The imaginative faculty, which is so strong in the former, accounts for the fact that with them to appear to do a thing is doing it. It accounts also for the fact that most of the advances made in the causes which they have taken in hand have been made by spurts. Swagger may carry a

man a good distance onward, but swagger sooner or later evaporates. Northern Gaelic and northern ideas, southern Gaelic and southern ideas have been for some time distinctly aggressive in their respective spheres. The unfortunate thing about both is that their tendency has not always been constructive, but too frequently disruptive.

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* See Appendix.

one spark of sympathy only advertise to the world the supreme ineptitude of the Gael for his own business; or who can not recognise that the principal work of the Association is the removal of the apathy that prevails in the country and not the enlivenment of Gaelic sentiment in towns; or who trusts to a wealth of imagination to achieve a corresponding wealth of results; or who prefers posing and posturing to prosaic work; or who is a Gall at heart by reason of his training, or his natural instinct for being on the fashionable side, or the side of the long purse and the big battalions. No; the men who are needed are men of character, above all things, independence, practical experience and Gaelic knowledge. Without these the Association is in danger of becoming a positive evil influence.

The membership of the Association requires increasing; and, as there are provisions in the constitution enabling separate societies to be represented in the Council of the Comunn, I do not see why more societies should not take advantage of them, and share in the work. The Comunn Gaidhealach is the society which more than others has an element of hope about it, due to the scope of its work and its non-sectional methods. It has many shortcomings which time, I hope, will put right; but it deserves recognition from the faithful notwithstanding these. The advancement of the Gaelic cause depends on the watchfulness exercised on behalf of this Association against traitors from within, more than enemies from without.

With that advice and this other I conclude. Read books bearing on the Welsh, Breton, Irish, and Manx peoples and languages, besides reading those bearing on your own people and language, if only to enable you to arrive at a better understanding of the place—low enough in all conscience—which the Gaels of Scotland hold in the struggle now going on, on behalf of the Gaelic and other Celtic languages and the peoples who speak them.

APPENDIX.

THE Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland amounted in 1901 to 641,142, or 14·4 per cent. of the whole population. In 1861 it amounted to 1,105,536 or 19·1 per cent. of the whole. The distribution of this population over the provinces, counties, and principal towns in 1901 is as under:—

PROVINCES.

Munster, -	276,268,	being	25.7	per cent.	of the	whole population.
Connaught,	245,580,	"	38.0	"	"	"
Ulster, -	92,858,	"	5·9	"	"	"
Leinster, -	26,436,	"	2.3	"	"	"

COUNTIES.

Galway, -	108,870,	being	56.5	per cent.	of the	whole population.
Mayo, -	99,764,	"	50.1	"	"	"
Cork, -	97,979,	"	29.8	"	"	"
Kerry, -	71,671,	"	43·2	"	"	"
Donegal, -	60,677,	"	34·9	"	"	"
Clare, -	43,486,	"	38·7	"	"	"

Waterford, -	29,460,	being	48.8	per cent.	of the	whole population.
Sligo, - -	17,570,	"	20.9	"	"	"
Roscommon,	15,372,	"	15.1	"	"	"
Limerick, -	12,352,	"	11.4	"	"	"
Tipperary, -	9,735,	"	6.1	"	"	"
Tyrone, -	6,454,	"	4.3	"	"	"
Cavan, -	5,425,	"	4.6	"	"	"
Monaghan,	5,324,	"	7.1	"	"	"
Armagh, -	4,487,	"	3.6	"	"	"
Leitrim, -	4,004,	"	5.8	"	"	"
Kilkenny, -	3,568,	"	4.5	"	"	"
Dublin, -	3,545,	"	2.2	"	"	"
Derry, -	3,476,	"	2.4	"	"	"
Louth, -	3,204,	"	4.9	"	"	"

The number of Gaelic speakers in the remaining counties is insignificant.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Dublin, -	9,453,	being	3.3	per cent.	of the	whole population.
Cork, -	7,737,	"	10.2	"	"	"
Belfast, -	3,587,	"	1.0	"	"	"
Waterford, -	2,140,	"	8.0	"	"	"
Limerick, -	1,708,	"	4.5	"	"	"

The Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland amounted in 1901 to 230,806, or 5.16 per cent. of the whole population. It has remained practically stationary for ten years. The distribution of the population over the counties and principal towns is as follows:—

COUNTIES.

Inverness, -	43,281	speaking Gaelic and English,		11,722	Gaelic only
Ross and Cromarty, -	39,292	"	"	12,171	"
Argyll, - -	34,428	"	"	3,313	"
Sutherland, -	14,083	"	"	469	"
Perth, - -	11,446	"	"	78	"
Bute and Arran,	2,764	"	"	20	"
Total, -	145,294			27,773	= 173,067
Total population of the above counties, - - - -					403,706

Proportion of Gaelic-speaking population to the whole, 42.8 per cent.

ISLANDS (included in above).

OUTER HEBRIDES—					
Lewis, - -	15,990	speaking Gaelic and English,		9,928	Gaelic only
Harris, - -	2,662	,,	,,	2,217	,,
Barra, - -	1,195	,,	,,	1,136	,,
North Uist, &c.,	1,975	,,	,,	1,619	,,
South Uist, &c.,	2,573	,,	,,	2,500	,,
INNER HEBRIDES—					
Skye, - -	9,837	,,	,,	2,858	,,
Mull, - -	3,060	,,	,,	428	,,
Lismore, - -	390	,,	,,	35	,,
Luing, - -	499	,,	,,	28	,,
Seil, - -	328	,,	,,	15	,,
Coll, - -	288	,,	,,	57	,,
Tirree, - -	1,156	,,	,,	894	,,
Jura, - -	460	,,	,,	69	,,
Colonsay, &c., -	241	,,	,,	44	,,
Islay, - -	5,136	,,	,,	644	,,
Gigha, &c., -	289	,,	,,	3	,,
Arran, - -	1,903	,,	,,	9	,,
Bute, - -	799	(mostly in Rothesay)		11	,,

THE PRINCIAL TOWNS.

Glasgow, &c., -	23,191	speaking Gaelic and English,		85	Gaelic only
Edinburgh, -	4,536	,,	,,	68	,,
Greenock, -	2,494	,,	,,	24	,,
Paisley, - -	969	,,	,,	8	,,
Perth, - -	787	,,	,,	2	,,
Dundee, - -	730	,,	,,	6	,,
Aberdeen, -	706	,,	,,	6	,,
Leith, - -	699	,,	,,	1	,,
Dumbarton, -	432	,,	,,	0	,,
Stirling, - -	428	,,	,,	4	,,

The population of the Isle of Man amounts to 54,752, of which 4,657 speak Gaelic and English, and 59 Gaelic only, being a percentage of 0.8 to the whole.

ECLIPSIS.

IRISH.—O'Donovan's definition of Eclipsis—which is, the suppression of the sounds of certain radical consonants, by prefixing others of the same organ—makes the sounds to rank after the written letters, and, being typical of the definitions given in most Irish grammars prepared for ordinary use, leaves the subject misapprehended by the ordinary student of Irish Gaelic. O'Donovan gives the following as examples of Irish eclipsis:—

ár mbo,	our cow,	pronounced	ár mó.
ár g-ceart,	our right,	„	ár geart.
ár n-doras,	our door,	„	ár noras.
ár bh-fuil,	our blood,	„	ár bhuil.
ár ngort,	our field,	„	ár ngort.
ar b-pian,	our pain,	„	ár bian.
ar d-tír,	our country,	„	ar dír.

WELSH.—Welsh grammarians treat the subject differently, and include eclipsis under a general classification, which they call Mutation of Initial Consonants; and, Welsh being phonetically spelled, the initial root letter is not preserved in the orthography when it undergoes the mutation referred to. The following is an illustration of Welsh eclipsis:—

cam, a step, ei gam, his step.
poen, pain, ei boen, his pain.
tad, father, ei dad, his father.

As a term applied to spoken languages, eclipsis may be defined as the interaction of the nasal consonant with others when the latter succeed the former in a phrase. Sometimes the nasal consonant is dead, and eclipsis the only evidence of its former existence. As a general rule, surds coming after a nasal consonant are softened to sonants, and sonants, in the same circumstances, disappear. Classified in this respect, the preceding examples would appear thus:

GAELIC.		SURDS.	WELSH.		
ar (n) pian	becomes	ar bian.	ei (n) poen	becomes	ei boen.
ar (n) tìr	„	ar dìr.	ei (n) tad	„	ei dad.
ar (n) ceart	„	ar geart.	ei (n) cam	„	ei gam.

SONANTS.

ar (n) bó	becomes	arm ó.
ar (n) doras	„	arn oras.
ar (n) gort	„	ar (ng) ort.

The extent to which eclipsis was in past times practised in speech and writing may be inferred from manuscripts and printed books; and the stages in its development downwards to its final disappearance may be learned from the same sources. The names of some of those are given under, and some extracts made which serve to indicate the downward growth referred to.

THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK, 1512 to 1526, contains literary matter evidently drawn from both the upper and lower classes. While some of the pieces show an amount of eclipsis equal to that of Irish literary writings, others come far short of it. Those which are least provincial in style have most eclipsis, and *vice versa*.

CARSWELL'S BOOK OF PRAYER, 1567, the first Gaelic printed book, is written in the literary dialect, with a fairly full complement of eclipsis.

THE FERNAIG MANUSCRIPT, 1688, appears to contain language which is purely provincial, and has a northern flavour. It is comparatively free from eclipsis.

AN CEUD CHAOGAD DE SHALMAIBH DHAIBHIDH, 1659, being the first Gaelic Psalter, containing 50 Psalms, was published at the instance of the Synod of Argyle. It is written according to the literary style, and has a full complement of eclipsis, as may be seen from the title and the first Psalm :—

"*An Ceud chaogad de Shalmaibh Dhaibhidh*, Ar a dtarring as an Eabhra, a Meadar Dhàna Gaoidhilg, Le Seanadh Earraghaoidheal. Neoch a dorduigh an seinn a Neaglaisibh, agus a Dteaghlichaibh, a ghnàthuigheas an chanamhain sin is na criochaibh ceudna, Col. III. 16 Biod focal Chriosd na chomhnuidhe ionnuibh gu saidhbhir 's a nuile ghliocas ar dteagasg, agus ar munadh dhaoibh a cheile a Shalmaibh agus a bhfonnaibh molta De, agus a gcainticibh spioradalta

ag deanamh ciùil don Tighearna le gras ann bhur gcriodheadhaibh. Do chuireadh so a gclo a Nglasgo, le Aindra Ainderson n' Mbliadhanna ar Dtigearna, 1659."

Beannaigh an duine sin nach gluais
a ngcomhairl' dhaoine daoi,
An 'slighe fhiar na mpeacach bao
na sheasamh fòs nach bì,
A ngcathair fanoid luchd an spors'
nach togair suidh gu brath
Achd gabhail toil do naomhreachd De
ga smuaintiug adh oidhch, is la.

KIRKE'S PSALTER, 1684, contains all the Psalms, and has a full complement of eclipsis. The title and the first Psalm is appended for comparison:—

Psalma Dhaibhidh a nMheadrachd. Do reir an priomhchanamain. Le Ma: Raibeard Kirk, Minisdir Shoisgeil Chriosd aig Balbhuidier, Maille re Ughdarras. A bfhuil neach gu dubhach inar measg? deanadh sè uruaidh; Abfuil neach ar bioth subhach? Sinneadh è Sailm. Ebisd: Sheum. Caibid. 5. Rann. 13. Ar a ngcur ngclò an Dun-Edin le M. Séumas Kniblo, Iosua van Selingen agus Seòn Colmar, 1684, 18 mo.

Beannuight' an dujne sin nach gluais
a ngcomhairle na ndaoj,
Nach seas a nsligh' luchd uilc 's an àit'
luchd-fochaid fós nach suigh.
Achd a nlagh Dé da bfuil a thlachd,
ga smuaineadh oidhch is ló.
Bi sé mur chraoibh ar suighiughadh
ré taobh na naibhne mór.

SYNOD OF ARGYLE'S COMPLETE PSALTER, 1694, went through many editions. It has a full complement of eclipsis. Appended is the title-page of the 1702 edition, and the first Psalm of the 1715 edition:—

Sailm Dhaibhidh a Meadar dàna Gaoidheilg, do reir na Heabhra: Agus na translàsioin is fearr a Mbéarla agus á Nlaidin, do

thionnsgnadh le Seanadh Earraghoidheal san bhliadhna 1659, agus anois air a ntabhairt gu crìch, do chum gu déanta an seinn a Neaghaisaibh agus a dteaglachaibh a ghnáthuigheas an chánamhain sin." (Here follows a Gaelic quotation, Col. iii., 16). "Le Ughdarras. Do chuireadh so ngclo a Ndún-Edin le Oighreachaibh Aindra Ainderson a Mbliadhna ar Dtighearna, 1702." 12 mo., pp. 276.

Beannuight an duine sin nach gluais
A ngcomhairle na ndaoi,
An slighe fhiar na mbpeacach bao
na sheasamh fos nach bí,
A ngcathair fanoid luchd an spors',
nach togair suigh gu brath.
Acht gabhail toil do naomhreachd De
ga smuaintiug'hadh 'oidhch is la.

ADMHAIL AN CHREIDIMH, the Confession of Faith, 1725, has a full complement of eclipsis. The title is as follows:—

"Admhail an Chreidimh, air an do Reitigh air ttus Coi mhthiona na n Diaghaireadh, aig Niarmhonister, an Sasgan; leis an Daontuighe ard-seanadh Eagluis na Halbann, chum na bheith na chuid eigin, do Choimhreite Creidimh, edir Eaglaisibh Chriosd annsna tri Rioghachdaibh. Air na Chlodhbhualadh (a nois an chead uair) aig Duineuduin le Thomais Lumisden agus Eoin Robertson, a Mbliaghan ar Dtighearna, 1725"

MACDONALD'S VOCABULARY, 1741, shows the earliest breaking away from eclipsis in written Gaelic. But whether that is due to careless, unmethodical work or conviction, is not apparent. The title is as follows:—

"Leabhar a Theagasc Ainminnin: no a Nuadh-fhocloir Gaoidheilg & Beurla, air Iontadh ò Laidinn & O'n Bheurla, ar son, maith Coitcheann na 'n Gaoidheal Albannach, Achd go spesialta, no Scoilthindeirce Gaidhealaigh sin, a chuiradh ar a ceois leis a Chomunn Dhaoinnaisio ga ngoirear, An Comunn an Albuinn go Craobhsgaolach an Eolis Chriosduighe. Maille re Fathsgriobhadh, no Leasuchadh do Thearmruinnin Diadhachd, &c. Le Alistair Macdomhnuill. Do chuireadh so a ngclo a n Dun-Edin. le Raibeard Fleming, a m Bliadhna ar d Tighearna, 1741."

MacFarlane's Psalter, 1753, is devoid of eclipsis, and eclipsis does not again appear in any subsequent publication of Scottish Gaelic. From this it may be inferred that Alexander MacFarlane, minister of Kilmelford and Kilninver, Argyllshire, was the first to set the modern Gaelic literary style. The title of the Psalter is as follows:—

Sailm Dhaibhidh ann Dan Gaoidhealach, Do reir na Heabhra, agus an Eidir-Theangachaidh a's fearr ann Laidin, ann Gaoidheilg, 's ann Gaill-bheurla. Do thionnsgnadh le Seanadh Earra-Ghaoidheal sa' Bhliadhna 1659, agus do chriochnaigheadh 's an 1694, r' an seinn ann Eaglaisibh 's ann Teaghlaichibh Gaoidhealach.

Agus, do ghlanadh anois o Mhearachdaibh lionmhor Clodh-bhualaidh air Iarrtus agus do réir Seolaidh an t Seanadh cheadna. Le Ughdarras. Entered in Stationers' Hall.

Clodh-bhuailt' agus r'an reic le Ioin Orr, Leabhair-reiceadoir. Ann Glas-gho MDCCLIII.

Since MacFarlane's time the language of Scottish Gaelic literature has undergone changes, all making towards the vernacular. But as the vernacular consists of many varieties in words, idioms and usages, there is great danger of the literary language falling into confusion and disrepute by going too far in that direction. Indeed, it is time the foremost scholars were taking the matter in hand and setting a safety limit to its development in the direction of the vernacular.

THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

By Henry Whyte ("Fionn.")

One of the most hopeful and pleasing features of the Gaelic revival is the awakened interest in the music and poetry of the Gael. But a comparatively short time ago it was difficult to get any one who could or would sing a Gaelic song in public, and the choice of songs was extremely limited. Now, however, matters are different. Gaelic songs are carefully rendered by capable exponents, and our native melodies are sought after by people who claim no Highland connection, but who appreciate them on account of their inherent grace and sweetness. Of recent years quite a number of Gaelic song books have been published, and the choice of songs is unlimited.

It has been well said that "Gaelic songs are remarkable for their richness in rhyme and other poetical graces, the originality and variety of their metrical forms, their exuberant vocabulary, and their sweet and simple medodies." Music and poetry are always placed in close association, and are generally regarded as of twin birth; and if this be true of music and poetry generally, it is true in an excessive degree in regard to the music and poetry of the Gael. All, or

nearly all, his poetry was intended to be sung, and it is an historic fact that the ancient bards who composed that poetry developed the melody by that æsthetic instinct which connects poetry with music, and, with this united result of genius, they recited and sang this glorious blending to the accompaniment of the ancient *clàrsach* or harp.

One of the leading characteristics of Gaelic songs is the extraordinary diversity and complexity of their measures. Rhyme in the modern sense of the word was not an indispensable quality in a Gaelic song or poem. Rhythmical cadence was a least essential in every poem, with a wealth of vowel rhyme and alliteration. Notably occurs that constant union of vowel sounds, sometimes carried through several stanzas, and which makes rich compensation for pure rhyme. The most common form is to make the vowel sound of the accented syllable in the first and third lines rhyme with an accented syllable in the middle of the second and fourth lines respectively, as in the following verse:—

Tha talla nan creag aig *laimh*,
Aite *taimh* chlanna nam FONN;
Far am faigh an t-ànrach *bàigh*,
A thig thar *bhàrca* nan TONN.

Or take the following imitation of Gaelic verse:—

She was washed to the strand by the *wave*,
And we made her a *grave* by the SHORE;
And we buried her there in the *night*,
And her fate, as was *right*, we DEPLORE.

The Gaelic bard makes abundant use of the ordinary measure familiar to students of English poetry—the

iambus and the trochee—but he also makes use of more complicated combinations which are impossible in English, and which can only be imitated in that language with difficulty. In the war song, "*Moladh an Leoghainn*"—The Praise of the Lion—set to the rousing air of "*Cabar-feidh*," Alexander MacDonald (*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*) has the following remarkable stanza, one of many, in praise of his own Clan. It has been most successfully translated and imitated by Mr. L. Macbean, Kirkcaldy, who is an adept at such work.

Clann Dònaill tha mi 'g ràdhtainn,
  An sàr chinneadh urramach;
Is tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh
  Air nàmhaid buaidh-iomanach;
Iad feardha, tapaidh, dàna,
  Cho làn de nimh ghuinidich
Ri nathraichean an t-sléibhe
  Le 'n geur-lannaibh fulangach;
Cruas na creige, luaths na dreige,
  Chluinnteadh fead am builleannan;
Na fir dhàna luthmhor nàrach
  Fhoinnidh làidir urranta;
Cho garg ri tuil mhaoim-sléibhte
  No falaisg ghéir nam monaidhean.

Clan Donald, ever glorious, victorious nobility,
A people proud and fearless, of peerless ability,
Fresh honours ever gaining, disdaining servility,
Attacks can never move them but prove their stability,
High of spirit they inherit merit, capability,
Skill, discreetness, strength and featness, fleetness and agility,
Shields to batter, swords to shatter, scatter with facility
Whoever braves their ire and their fiery hostility.

It will be observed that in the first six lines of the

Gaelic verse the long sound of *à* is carried throughout. In the following verse, taken from Duncan Ban Mac Intyre's poem in praise of "*Coire-cheathaich*," or the Misty-dell, the long *ù* sound is maintained throughout the whole verse:—

'Sa mhadainn chiùin-ghil, an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Air bun na stùice b'e sùgradh leam;
A' chearc le sgiùchan a' gabhail tùchain,
'S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail crom;
An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig',
A' cur na smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;
An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran ùinich
Ri ceileir sùnndach bu siùbhlach rann.

For our purpose at this time Gaelic songs may be classified as follows:—

1. Historic songs or poems, called in Gaelic *Orain mhòra*.
2. Descriptive or pastoral poems.
3. Songs of labour.
4. Love songs.
5. Drinking songs.
6. Lullabies, etc.
7. Fairy songs.
8. Laments.

I.—Historic Poems.

Among the best known historic poems are *Iain Lom's* song descriptive of the Battle of Inverlochy, several on the '45 by Alexander MacDonald *(Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair)*, and his contemporaries, songs about the Battle of Killiecrankie (called in Gaelic *Raon-Ruairidh)*, and the Massacre of Glencoe. These songs are usually sung to airs which partake much of the nature of the recitative or chant, and capable of varied expression.

II.—Descriptive or Pastoral Poems.

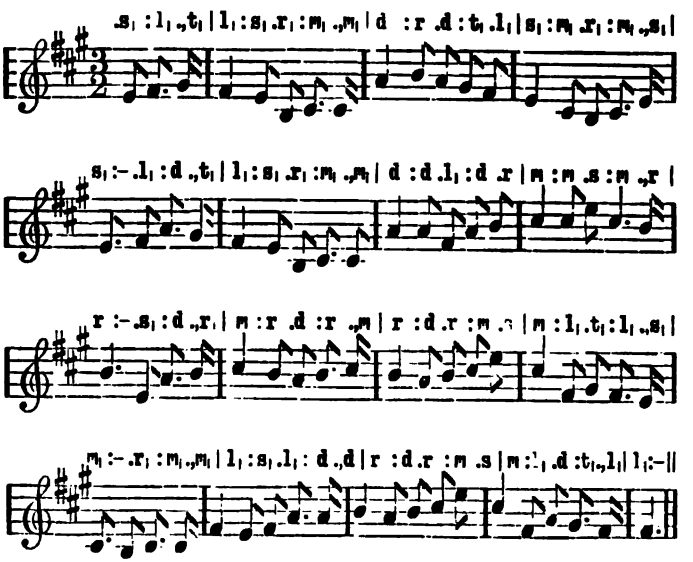
These include poems descriptive of the seasons of

the year, as well as pastoral poems generally. Almost all our great bards, such as Alexander Mac Donald, Rob Donn, Duncan Bàn Macintyre, and Ewen Mac Lachlan, have poems on the seasons. One of the best poems of this class is *Allt an t-siùcair*, by Alexander Mac Donald, where the poet employs no less than forty-six adjectives to describe the corrie through which the burn flows. Other poems belonging to this class are Duncan Bàn Macintyre's praise of Ben Dorain—written in imitation of the movements of a pibroch—and his poem descriptive of *Coire-'cheathaich*, the Misty Corrie.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

(The Misty Corrie).

KEY A. *Moderato.*



V

'S e Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlach,
  An coire rùnach is ùrar fonn.
Gu lurach miad-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sùghar
  Gach lusan flùr a bu chùbhraidh leam;
Gu molach dùbh-ghorm, torrach, luisreagach,
  Corrach, plùranach, dlù-ghlan, grinn,
Caoin, ballach, dìtheanach, canach, mìsleanach,
  Gleann a' mhìlltich 'san lìonmhor mang.

Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine
  Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn,
Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
  'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;
'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
  Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunnd eas lom,
Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
  A' ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

'Sa mhaduinn chiùin-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh,
  Aig bun na stùice b'e 'n sùgradh leam;
A chearc le giùcan a' gabhail tùchain
  'S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail crom;
An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig,
  A' cur na smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;
An druid 's am brù-dhearg le móran ùinich,
  Ri ceileir sùnndach bu siùbhlach rann.

The following translation is from Mr. L. MacBean's "Songs of the Scottish Highlands":—

My Misty Corrie, by deer frequented,
  My lovely valley, my verdant dell,
Soft, rich, and grassy, and sweetly scented,
  With every flower that I love so well;
All thickly growing and brightly blowing
  Upon its shaggy and dark green lawn,
Moss, canach, daisies adorn its mazes,
  Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

The watercresses surround each fountain
  With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
  Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
  The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
  It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming,
  Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
  And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near!
The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
  With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
  Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

III.—Songs of Labour.

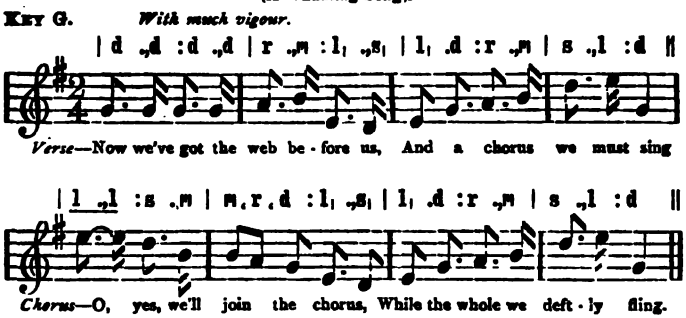
These embrace waulking songs, rowing or boat-songs, called in Gaelic *Iorram*, quern songs, milking songs, and all such songs as were used to lighten labour and cheer on the workers. Waulking songs, or *Orain luathaidh*, are numerous in the language, but as the process at which they were employed is now but seldom witnessed, it may be well to describe it. In many parts of the Highlands it is still the custom for each family to make its own clothing, or at least contribute considerably to its manufacture by carding and spinning the thread which goes to make it. When the web of "plaidin'" comes from the loom, it is much too thin for ordinary wear, and so it has to be waulked in, or thickened. This process is called in Gaelic, *luathadh*, or *fùcadh*—waulking—and has been a

prolific source of stirring song and catching melodies. It was always performed by females, generally in the open air, and the mode of procedure was somewhat as follows:—Some romantic recess by the side of a burn was selected, where a platform of coarse wicker work was erected, on the centre of which the cloth to be waulked was placed. All the free-hearted, gay, and musical young women of the neighbourhood were invited, and came of hearty goodwill. So many of them, bare-armed and bare-legged, seated themselves around the cloth on the platform, and the others, forming a relay of generally an equal number, took their position in attendance, supplying water and home-made chemicals wherewith to drench the cloth, and changing places at intervals with their friends on the platform. The cloth was pulled and pushed, rolled and tossed, backward and forward, and from side to side, in magical gyrations, but all the time under well-known principles of manipulation, strictly adhered to, however "fast and furious" the mirth grew. In this way the cloth was thoroughly shrunk, and became sufficiently thick to be suitable for clothing. In these operations, not only vigorous but simultaneous action was essential. This could only be secured by song—everyone joining heartily in a simple chorus, so that all might keep exact time. Waulking songs were generally extemporaneous, and disclaimed all pretentions to poetry. They consisted of one or two lines, sung as a solo, followed by a hearty chorus. The following lines, in imitation of a well-known waulking song, are set to a melody long

associated with the interesting process of *luathadh*, and may give my readers a fair idea of the form and character of these songs. The chorus is repeated after each distich :—

ORAN LUATHAIDH.

(A Waulking Song).



Music tends to lighten labour,
Sing then gaily with good swing.

Sing of ancient bards so famous,
To their lays we fondly cling.

Tell of gallant deeds of daring
That won favours from the king.

Raise your voices, merry maidens,
Till we make the welkin ring.

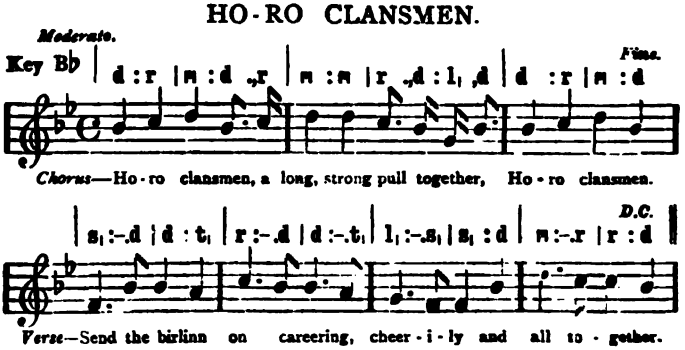
The Gaelic words associated with this *Oran Luathaidh* begin :—

Dh'éirich mi moch maduinn Cheitein
  Fàil ill é, ill ù, ill ó,
Hiùraibh ó, na hó-ro eile,
  Fàil ill é, ill ù, ill ó,
'S moch an diugh a rinn mi eirigh.
  Fàil ill é, ill ù, ill ó, etc.

The famous Jacobite bard, *Alasdair, mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, wrote two of his best known productions to the airs of waulking songs, "*Hò Mhórag*" and "*Hè 'n clò-dubh.*"

Iorram is the name for a boat song, and, as might be expected, this class of song is well represented in our Hebridean lore. Alexander MacDonald has a famous one in his poem "*Biorlainn Chloinn Raonuill.*" These songs were sung as an incitement to the rowers, and to ensure unanimity of action. The following imitation of an *Iorram* is from the pen of the late Rev. John Mac Leod, D.D., Morven, who in his day was reckoned one of the best boatmen on the West Coast:—

HO-RO CLANSMEN.



Bend your oars and send her foaming
O'er the dark and flowing billows,
Hó ro! clansmen! etc.

Give her way, and show her wake
'Mid showering spray and curling eddies,
Hó ro! clansmen! etc.

Through the eddying tide we'll guide her
Round each isle and breezy headland,
Hó ro! clansmen! etc.

Quern songs were common at one time, but they are now all but unknown. An example will be found in a collection of Gaelic songs called "*An Duanaire*," while the music of one of these quern songs will be found in Maver's "Genuine Scottish Melodies."

Milking songs are associated with the sheiling—the theme of many of our finest Gaelic songs. Among the best known sheiling songs are *Banarach dhonn a' chruidh*, to the air of which Burns composed his song in praise of the "Banks of the Devon;" and the ever-popular "*Crodh-Chailein*"—which is probably the genesis of the tune "Lochaber no more." Of the sheiling and its merry band, Neil Mac Leod writes :—

'N am an cruinneachadh do'n bhuailidh
B'e mo luaidh a bhi 'nan còir;
Bhiodh a duanag aig gach guanaig,
Agus cuach aice 'na dòrn;
Bhiodh mac-talla freagairt shuas
E ri aithris fuaim a beòil;
Ach cha chluinnear sin 'san àm so
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi òg.

When the lassies gaed a-fauldin',
Aft I joined the merry thrang,
In their hands their milkin' coggies,
An' frae ilka voice a sang;
While the echoes sweet and clear
Wad gi'e answer frae the ben—
But we hear nae mair their liltin'
In my bonnie native glen.

IV.—Love Songs.

Of this class of songs, known as *Orain ghaoil*, it may be said that their number is legion. Every bard of any standing considers it his duty to compose several such songs, while every Highland youth under the spell of the magic passion pours forth his soul in Gaelic lyrics untranslatable. Nor is the love-stricken swain content with speaking of his loved one in general terms, he enters into minute details which are most embarassing to any one who attempts an English translation. One of our oldest love songs is that contained in the M.S. of the Dean of Lismore, which is as old as the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is the composition of *Iseabal ni Mhic Cailein*. It may be of interest to present the first verse in the phonography of the Dean :—

YSSBELL NE V KELLAN.

Margi za gallir in grawg
  Ga bee fa fane abbrum ee
Degkir skarrichtin ra phart
  Troyg in chayss in vellum feyn.

Here then is the transliteration of the song into modern Gaelic orthography :—

ISEABAL NI MHIC CHAILEIN.

Mairg do'n galar an gràdh,
  Ge b'e fàth fa'n abraim e,
Deacair sgarachdainn r'a phàirt,
  Truagh an càs 'sa bheileam féin.

An gràdh sin thugas gun fhios,
  O 's e mo leas gun a luaidh,
Mur faigh mi furtachd tràth,
  Bithidh mo bhlàth gu tana truagh;

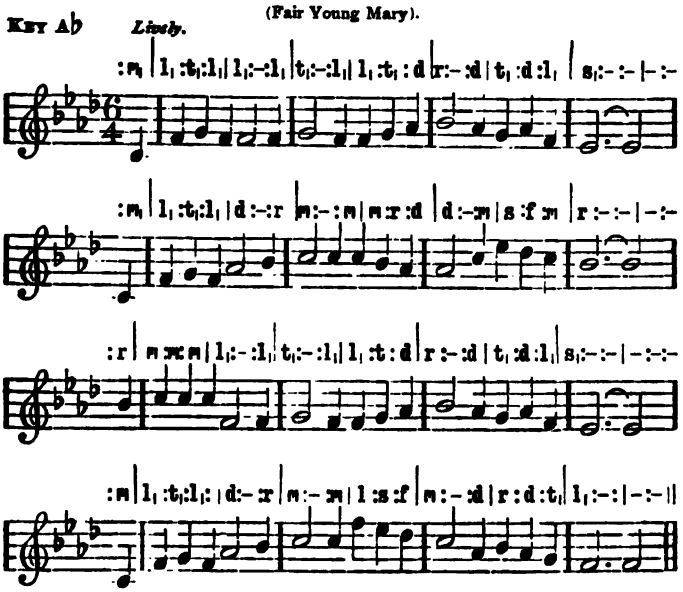
Am fear sin do'n tugas gràdh,
Is nach faodas ràdh os n-àird,
Da cuiridh mise am buan chioma,
Domh féin is ceud mairg.

The most of our love songs are by the bards, but some of our best are by the bardesses, or to speak more correctly, by broken-hearted maidens who, in most cases,

"Learned through suffering what they taught in song."

One need only refer to "*Fear a' bhàta*"—The Boatman—"*Och, och, mar tha mi*," "*Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn*," and many others that will suggest themselves to the Gaelic reader. Duncan Bàn Macintyre's song in praise of his *Màiri bhàn òg* has always been regarded as one of the finest in the language—and the air associated therewith is worthy of the words.

MHAIRI BHAN OG.
(Fair Young Mary).



A Mhàiri bhan òg, 's tu 'n òigh th'air m'aire,
  Ri 'm bheò bhi far am bithinn fhéin,
O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam,
  Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,
Le cùmhnantan teann 's le banntaibh daingeann,
  Le snaoim a dh'fhanas 's nach tréig,
'S e d'fhaotainn air làimh le gràdh gach caraid
  Rinn slàinte maireann a'm chré.

The following translation is by Mr. L. Mac Bean:—

Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary,
  With thee, my beautiful bride;
In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary,
  A bond the clergy have tied;
This covenant sure approved by heaven,
  Secure shall ever abide;
And since with good will thy hand was given,
  I thrill with pleasure and pride.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
  And pride, shall ever be shown;
Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
  And fair and sweet has she grown.
My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
  Ere ever her love I had known;
But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly
  My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well nourished,
  A scene of beauty to view,
I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
  Of bright and beautiful hue:
That bough from above, desiring greatly,
  With love unto me I drew;
None else could have moved that tree so stately,
  'Twas only for me that it grew.

As an example of a modern love song, I cannot do better than submit a song by the late John Maclean, Tiree, which is associated with a variant of the air to which Burns' made his song, "A'e fond kiss":—

HI ORÒ 'S NA HORO ÉILE.

(Hee orò, tho' we maun sever).

Key E. *Moderato.*

:d .m |s :-.l :d .s, |l, .d :l .s |d' :-.t,l :s .r |m .s :-

Seisd—Hi orò 's na ho-ro éile, Hi orò 's na ho-ro éile,
Chorus—Hee orò tho' we maun sever, Hee orò tho' we maun sever,

:l .s |d' :-.m :r .d |l, .s, :-.d :m .s |l :-.s :r .m |r .d :-||

Hi orò 's na ho-ro éile, Gur tu mo luaidh ri'm bheò cha cheil mi.
Hee orò tho' we maun sever, I lo'ed ye lang, I'll loe ye ever.

'N uair a bha mi 'm chaileig ghòraich,
Thug mi gaol is gràdh do'n òigear
Aig a bheil a phearsa bhòidheach;
'S cha ghràdhaich mi ri m' bheò fear eile.

Chaidh mi choill nan crann 's nan gallan;
Chuir mi sùil am fiùran maiseach—
B' ann an Glasacho nam bùthan
A thug mi rùn do 'n diùlnach fearail.

Meur a's grinn' air peann a sgrìobhas,
'S a chuir gleus air teudan fìdhle;
'S e do cheòl a thogadh m' inntinn
An uair a bhithinn sgìth fo smalan.

Do chùl dualach, cuachach, bòidheach,
Falt do chinn mar ite 'n lòn-duibh;
Do dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan ròsan,
Is iad fo dhealta ceò na maidne.

For remainder of words, see *A' Chòisir Chiùil*, p. 2.

I was daft when ye cam' wooin'
Wilin' glances ye were strewin',
Sune they wrocht my heart's undoin',
And I will lo'e a new ane never.

Hand the pen sae gracefu' guidin',
Or across the vi'lin glidin',
Tunefu' harmony providin',
That fills my heart wi' joy for ever.

. . . . . .

But I cherish aye the notion—
Hand in hand we'll sail life's ocean;
Grant me then yer heart's devotion,
And I will never lo'e another.

The translation is by Mr. A. Stewart, Polmont.

V.—Drinking Songs.

In submitting a few examples of the drinking songs of the Scottish Gael, it is unnecessary to enter upon any lengthy disquisition regarding his drinking customs. The Gael was ever hospitable, and doubtless exercised this virtue in a princely manner. It may, however, be noted that the oldest drink amongst the Highlanders is not whisky, but wine or ale. Many of our oldest Gaelic songs refer to "*Fìon dearg na Spàinnt*"—red Spanish wine—or *leann*—ale, generally home-brewed. According to General Stewart of Garth—a reliable authority—whisky was not at all common in the

Highlands till the close of the eighteenth century. In that exquisite love song in praise of *Màiri bhàn òg*, already referred to, the poet refers to the fact that he first met his Mary in an inn or tavern, which he designates *tigh-leanna*, an ale-house.

"Chunna mi'n òigh aig bòrd tigh-leanna."

In the Red Book of Clan Ranald—*(An Leabhar Dearg)*—there is a song intimating the overflowing gratitude of a Clan Ranald bard after the exuberance of a Hebridean feast in Dunvegan Castle in the days of Rory Mor Mac Leod. Among the many interesting relics in Dunvegan, there are two at least which go to prove the munificence of his feasts. These are Rory Mor's drinking horn and Rory Mor's cup. The horn is said to hold a considerable quantity, and quaffing off its contents, in claret, was one of the feats to be performed by each chief as he became of age.

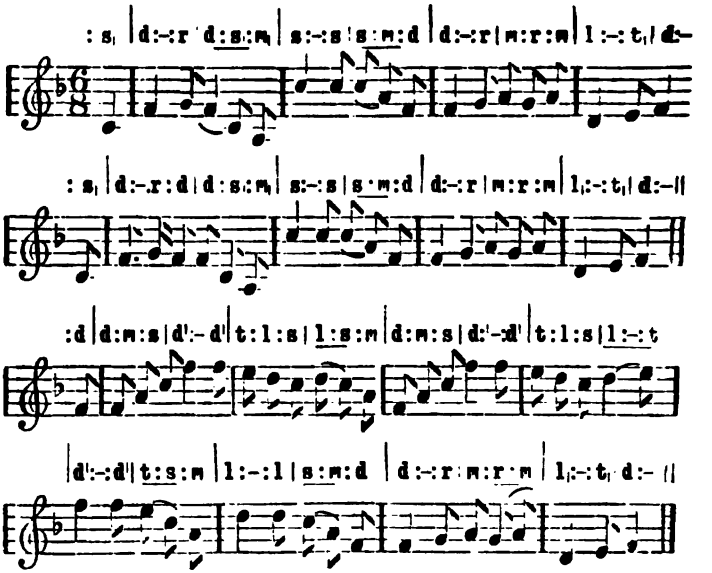
The following may be accepted as a good example of a drinking song. It is the composition of Duncan Bàn Macintyre, and is entitled *Oran a' bhotail.* The air is known in the Highlands as "*Cia mar is urrainn sinn fuireach o'n dram?*" and will be found in Captain Fraser of Knockie's collection. The air is known in Ireland as "The Legacy." The translation is from the pen of the late Sheriff Nicolson, and he prefaces it with the following characteristic note:—"The following lively song may be taken as a specimen of the Celtic in contrast with the Teutonic vein of joviality. It is set to a well-known air, now claimed by the Irish, but known in the Highlands a century

ago. Let it be known to those of ascetic temperament that this fine old bard, though no teetotaller, was a perfectly respectable person, and died in Edinburgh in 1812, at the patriarchal age of 88."

ORAN A' BHOTAIL.

(Song of the Bottle).

KEY F. *Lively.*



'Nuair shuidheas sinn socrach 's a dh'òlas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc uainn na chuireas sinn ann;
Thig onair is fortan, le sonas a' chopain;
C'ar-son nach biodh deoch oirnn mu'n tog sinn ar ceann.
Gu'n toir an stuth grinn oirnn seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn binneas 'nar càil,
Chaisg i ar n-iota, 'n fhior dheoch mhilis;
Bu mhuladach sinne na'm biodh i air chall.

When quietly we settle to drain a bottle
  Our purse ne'er misses the coin we spend;
The joy of the goblet brings glory and honour,
  So let us be jolly before we end!
The fine stuff inspires with fire and melody,
  Tuned by its charms our talk goes round;
Our thirst it has slaked, the rare sweet liquor,
  Sad men were we if it could not be found.

A health to the brave ones, the sons of the Gael,
  Whose custom was ever the bowl to drain;
True lovers of nectar, whate'er was the settling,
  To scatter their treasure gave them no pain.
He that has gold will get what he wishes for,
  He that is prudent need not come here;
He that is niggardly, ne'er can we suffer him;
  But the true gentleman, let him draw near!

It cools us finely when brightly shining
  The sun o'er the mountains doth blaze on high;
When hard the frost is, it warms the cockles
  Of him who in haste to the inn doth fly.
Cheerful it makes an elegant company,
  Sitting at the table or footing the floor;
Then do we raise sweet strains of melody,
  Fitly repeating the last lines o'er.

Royal the work is, the stream of the 'stillery,
  Balm that can soften the heart that's poor;
'Twill make him merry, whoe'er is willing,
  And drive all the churl out of him that's dour.
There's none in the nation, gentle or commoner,
  That is not craving its virtues to share;
Struggle let be, in rearing the family,
  How can we ever the dram forswear.

So long we've been sitting, that now it is fitting,
  Our drink being finished, to bed we fare;

No less was required to fire our spirits,
  A big draught at morning our heads will repair.
He that is pithless, this will inspirit him;
  He that is weary, 'twill cheer his soul;
The sick it will raise, and make him merry;
  The cure for all ills is the well-filled bowl!

Several of our Gaelic bards composed drinking songs, such as "*Oran rìoghail a' bhotail*," and "*Mo Bhobag an dram*," by *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, and "*Moladh an uisge-bheatha*," by William Ross.

VI.—Lullabies.

May I presume that the majority of my readers were, like myself, brought up in blissful ignorance of the modern nursery? Lulled to sleep on our mother's knee, we still love to think of the Gaelic melodies that were poured in our ear, and we never hear one of those sweet and simple airs but we think of our happy childhood, and long

"For the touch of of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still."

How well we remember the soothing tones of the following *Tàladh* or Lullaby:—

O, caidil 'Eóghnachain, caidil, caidil, 'Eóghnachain,
O, caidil 'Eóghnachain, Eóghan agam fhéin.

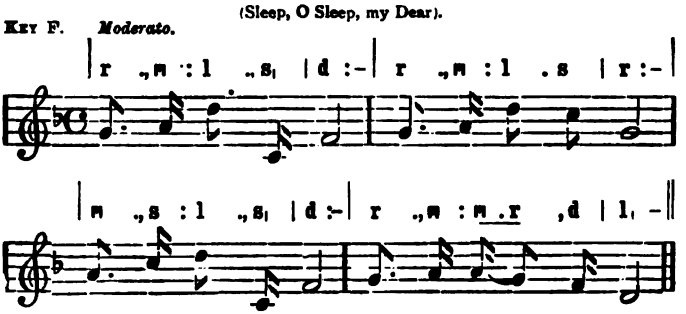
We also recollect the things that were promised us if we would be good and sleep:—

Brochan bùirn, brochan bùirn,
  Brochan bùirn gheibh mo leanabh;
Nuair a bheireas am mart maol,
  Gheibh mo ghaol brochan bainne.

Here is a sweet Hebridean Lullaby from the "Gesto Collection":—

CAIDIL THUS' A GHAOIL.

(Sleep, O Sleep, my Dear).



Caidil thus' a ghaoil!
Caidil thus' a ghaoil!
Caidil thus' a ghaoil!
An leabaidh chaol nan clàr.

Cha bhi mise uait,
Cha bhi mise uait,
Cha bhi mise uait,
Mach air uair no dhà.

Caidil hù o hó,
Caidil hù o hó,
Caidil hù o hó,
Dean, O dean do thàmh.

Sleep, O sleep, my dear,
Slumber without fear,
I am sitting here
By thy cosey bed.

I am ever by,
Sleep and do not cry,
Close thy keeking eye,
Rest thy little head.

Slumber on, my love,
Gentle as a dove,
Angels from above
Guard thy little bed.

It is a trite remark that the songs of a country reflect the manners and customs of its people. This is in a large measure applicable to our folk-lore, but one would hardly expect to find an incitement to clan feuds and ravages in nursery rhymes and lullabies. The Clan Mackay were so famous at cattle-lifting that they earned the title of "*Clann 'ic Aoidh nan creach*," while the Clan Farlane marched gaily to the light of the moon—MacFarlane's buat, as it was called—to their midnight depredations, and were not ashamed to have as their pibroch

Thogail nam bò, thogail nam bò,*
Thogail nam bò theid sinn.

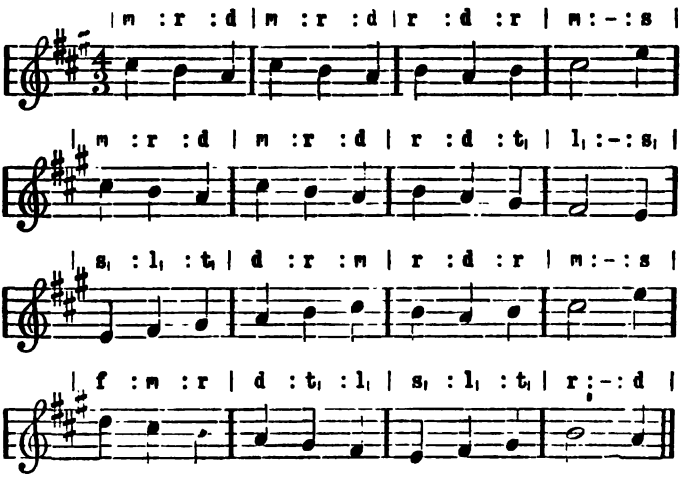
We will not be astonished to find that the brave sons of loyal Lochaber should be adepts at cattle-lifting, but it is characteristic of the age in which such pastimes as *creachan* were common, to find their perpetration enjoined on the rising generation from the cradle, as is the case in the following quaint lullaby, which was taken down from the singing of an old woman in Lochaber, who crooned it as she nursed a little child on her knee. It is called "*Cagaran gaolach*"—*cagaran* being a term of endearment:—

* It is interesting to note that this ancient pibroch—words and music—was recently recovered and published by Provost MacFarlan, Dumbarton.

CAGARAN GAOLACH.

(Gaelic Lullaby).

KEY A. *Andantino.*



Cagaran, cagaran, cagaran gaolach,
Cagaran foghainteach, fear de mo dhaoine;
Goididh e gobhair dhomh, goididh e caoirich;
Goididh e capull is mart o na raointean.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhair is goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan, 's dùin do shùilean,
Dean an cadalan beag na mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan, 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan: slàn gu'n dùisg thu.

Hushaby, bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie,
When ye're a man ye shall follow your daddie,
Lift me a coo and a goat and a wether,
Bringing them hame to your minnie thegither.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie,
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mammie;
Hare frae the meadow and deer frae the mountain,
Grouse frae the muirlan' and trout frae the fountain.

Lullaby, lullaby, bonnie wee dearie,
Sleep! come and close the e'en, heavy and weary;
Closed are the weary e'en, rest ye are takin'—
Soun' be yer sleepin', and bricht be yer wakin'.

When we know the early education which Lochaber boys received, we can readily credit the story that is told of an old man who lay dying at High Achintore, near Fort-William. Being informed that Lochiel was returning from France, and the estate, confiscated at the '45, restored to him, he raised his feeble body in bed, while his dim eye brightened, and his trembling voice waxed stronger as he shouted—"*Tha dia mór nan Camaranach againn fhéin a' tighinn dachaidh, agus tòisichidh a' mhèirle mar a bha i riamh*"—"Our own great god of the Camerons is coming home, and thieving will begin again as it used to be." There are many other old songs and rhymes associated with the Highland nursery, such as "*Buain na rainich*," "*Goiridh òg o*," "*Bealach a' Mhòr-bheinn*," etc., etc., which we never hear without exclaiming—

"O sid am fonn a chuala mi an uair a bha mi òg,
Mi cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar 's mo chridhe 'snàmh na ceòl."

VII.—Fairy Songs.

In dealing with this class of songs it is not necessary to discuss at any length the "little people" who are alleged to have given form to these attrac-

tive melodies, whose notes we used to love in days of boyhood. That they had a local habitation is abundantly evident from the number of fairy knolls—called in Gaelic *sithein*—that we find in every part of the Highlands. Almost every one of these knolls has one or more stories attached to them, telling how someone was concealed in those hills for a year and a day, or perhaps a century. There is also the fairy flag at Dunvegan, and the curious traditions associated with it, as well as numerous songs and rhymes said to have been recited or sung by the fairies. Nor are such stories and songs confined to the Scottish Highlands; we find them quite common in Ireland and the Isle of Man. Here is a story connected with the Isle of Colonsay, but also associated with other districts in Scotland and Ireland. Once upon a time there lived at Balnahard a humpbacked man. He left his house on Hogmanay, intending to reach Scalasaig, where he meant to buy all that was needed to hold the New Year festivities in royal state. When passing a green knoll alone, above Killoran Bay, he suddenly came upon the fairies dancing on a hill-side. The tune to which they were keeping time consisted of a rhyme on the days of the week. He looked upon them for a time in great astonishment, and, having a good ear for music, he felt that there was something wrong with the reel—it was out of time and tune. It seems that the fairies forgot the Gaelic name for Wednesday—*Di-ceudain*—and so the rhyme was lacking and the measure halting. Observing this, Donald chimed in with "*Di-ceudain!*" (Wednes-

day), and the fairies at once took up the time with renewed vigour, and merrily danced on the sward, to the great delight of Donald. The dancing having ended, the hillock opened, and the fairies disappeared, taking Donald along with them. There they detained him for a year and a day, and wishing to reward him for his kindness in assisting them with the dance, they resolved to take off his hump. This they did, and sent him, with their thanks, back to the world again a straight-backed man. There was another hump-backed man in the island, and hearing how it fared with Donald, he resolved to try and get the fairies to remove his hump also. Passing the Fairy Hill one night, John found the fairies merrily dancing to the very tune which Donald had corrected for them. In the endeavour to imitate his friend, he shouted *Dir-daoin* (Thursday), which unfortunately had the effect of putting them all wrong, though they were right before. The dance instantly stopped, and the fairies laid hold of poor John, and took him underground to consider how they should punish him for upsetting their tune and spoiling their dance. Their decision was to place the hump they had taken off Donald on the top of John's own. So, instead of getting rid of his hump as he had hoped, John returned burdened with another, and was in a worse case than before.

Here is a very old fairy song attributed to a fairy sweetheart *(leannan-sìth)*, who was not too well treated by her human lover. It is known by the name of "*Buain na rainich*"—Cutting Brackens:—

Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
  Buain na rainich, buain na rainich;
Tha mi sgìth 's mi leam fhìn,
  Buain na rainich daonnan.
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
  Cùl an tomain daonnan;
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain,
  H-uile latha m' aonar.

I am tired, all alone
  Cutting brackens, cutting brackens,
I am tired, all alone
  Cutting brackens always;
Round the hillock, o'er the hillock,
  On this hillock only;
Round the hillock on this hillock,
  Every day so lonely.

The following *Tàladh* or croon is said to have been sung by a kind-hearted fairy who, calling at a house, found a child lying in its cradle, its mother having apparently deserted it. The Gaelic words are a little irregular in measure, but a little acquaintance with the melody will enable one to sing them. The translation is a somewhat free one, but gives a good idea of the rhythm of the melody:—

TALADH.

Nam bu leam fhìn thu thàlaidhinn thu,
Nam bu leam fhìn thu thàlaidhinn thu,
Nam bu leam fhìn thu dheanainn do bhrìodal,
  A thasgaidh mo chrìdh' gu'n tàlaidhinn thu.
Thàladhainn thu, gu'n tàladhainn thu,
Thàladhainn thu, gu'n tàladhainn thu,
  Dean cadal mo leanabh,
  'S mo ghaol agad cheana,
A chagair mo chrìdh', gu'n tàlaidhinn thu.

walls. He got up, seized his pipes, and marched off to his own home at Borreraig, consoling his grief by playing as he went a lament for his chief, which is one of the most melodious and plaintive pipe tunes on record. The Gaelic words associated with the tune are as follows:—

CUMHA RUARAIDH MHOIR.

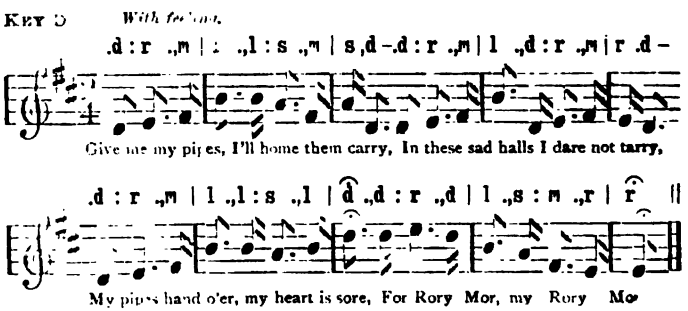
Tog orm mo phìob is théid mi dhachaidh,
Is truagh leam fhìn a léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phìob 's mi air mo chràdh
Mu Ruaraidh Mór, mu Ruaridh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob, tha mi sgìth;
'S mur faigh mi i théid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phìob, tha mi sgìth,
'S mi air mo chràdh mu Ruaridh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob, tha mi sgìth;
'S mur faigh mi i théid mi dhachaidh;
Clàrsach no pìob cha tog mo chrìdh,
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh Ruaraidh Mór.

The following translation or paraphrase may be accepted by my non-Gaelic readers:—

RORY MOR'S LAMENT.



Fetch me my pipes, my heart is breaking,
For Rory Mor his rest is taking;
He wakes no more, and to its core
My heart is sore for Rory Mor.

Give me my pipes, I'm sad and weary,
These halls are silent, dark, and eerie;
The pipe no more cheers as of yore—
Thy race is o'er, brave Rory Mor.

Other Laments will suggest themselves, such as "Mac Crimmon's Lament," with its painful refrain:—

Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimein,
An cogadh no sìth cha till e tuille,
Le airgead no nì cha till MacCruimein,
Cha till gu bràth gu là na cruinne.

There is also that wild wail known as *Cumha Iain Ghairbh Ràrsaidh*—Raasay's Lament, composed by his sister. The music will be found in L. MacBean's "Songs of the Gael."

'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhadhlainn
  Gun fhaoilte gun fhuran;
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
  O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach.

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
  O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach:
O'n a chailleadh am bàta
  Air na bhàthadh an curaidh.

One of the saddest of our Highland *cumhachan* or laments is that which is associated with Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and dates as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Tradition has cast a halo of

romance around this ancient lament. It seems there was a prediction that Mackintosh of that day was destined to die through the instrumentality of his beautiful black steed. Whatever he felt, the Chief determined to show his people that he treated the prediction lightly, and so he continued to ride his favourite, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends to the contrary. On the day of his marriage the Chief rode his black charger, which became more than usually restive. He became so restive that the Chief, losing control over himself and his horse, drew his pistol and shot him dead. Another horse was at once procured for him, and he proceeded to the church. After the ceremony was over, the bridal party set out on their homeward journey. The bride and her maids, upon white palfreys, preceded, and the bridegroom and his friends followed. In passing, the Chief's roan horse shied at the dead body of the black horse, and the rider was thrown to the ground and killed on the spot. A turn on the road hid the accident from those in front, and thus the bride, unconscious of the fatal fall of her husband, continued her way home the happiest of brides. Tradition relates that she not only composed the beautiful and weird air of the lament, but chanted it as she moved forward at the head of the bier at her husband's funeral, and marked the time by tapping with her fingers on the lid of the coffin. This, it is said, she continued to do for several miles from the family castle at Dalcross to the burying place at Petty, near Inverness, and ceased not until she was torn away

from the coffin when it was about to be lowered into the grave.

CUMHA MHIC - AN - TOISICH.

(Mackintosh's Lament).

KEY A♭ *Slow and solemn.*

| m:-:m | s:-:| m:-:r | d:-:-| r:-:r | m: :-| r:-:d | l,:-:|

Och nan och leag iad thu! Och nan creach leag iad thu!

| d:-:l,|d:-:l, | d:-:l,|s,:-:s, | l,:-:s,|m:-:m | r:-:-|d:-:-

Och nan och gun d' leag iad thu Am bealach caol a' ghàraidh.

| m:-.r:m|s:-:s | m:-.r:d|d:-:-| r:-.d:r | m:-:m | r:-.d:l,|l,:-:-

Moch-thrath an diugh bha mi'n am òigh Thàinig tuàth nòin 's bha mi mhnaoi oig,

| d:-:l, | d:-:l, | d:-:l, | s,:-:s, | l,:-:s, | m:-:m | r:-:-|d:-:-

Ach mu'n d'laigh a' ghrian 's na n.òil, Am bhanntraich bhrònaich bha mi

The following English words are from the pen of Mr. M. MacFarlane, and breathe the spirit of the sad tale :—

Hark, the pipe's piercing wail
Sounding clear on the gale,
As they bear adown the vale
My brave, my noble marrow.
Pride of the Highlands, chief of his clan!
Ever in danger leading the van;
Death ne'er laid a fairer man
Within his chamber narrow.

Day of dule! day of woe!
Day that saw my love laid low;
Thou shalt ne'er from memory go
While life's dim lamp is burning.
In the morn a bride was I,
Wife when noon-day's sun was high;
Ere its glow had left the sky
I was a widow mourning.

Life is drear now to me;
They have taken him from me;
What again can gladden me?
What dispel my sorrow?
Love was sweet, and I was gay;
Love was short, now joy's away;
Grief has come, but grief will stay,
Renewed with every morrow.

It may be added that the music of this lament was first printed in Patrick MacDonald's "Collection of Highland Airs, 1781," where it is also called "*Cumha Mhic a h-arasaig*." A set of traditional Gaelic words associated with this *Cumha* will be found in Gillies' "Collection of Gaelic Poems and Songs, 1786."

There are other laments or songs of sorrow which must be familiar to my readers, such as "*Cead deireannach nam Beann*"—The Last Farewell to the Bens—in which Duncan Ban Macintyre bids farewell to his native mountains. "*MacGriogair o Ruadh-shruth*," and "*Fuadach nan Gàidheal*."

In bringing this paper to a close, I think I have shown that in the "Songs of the Gael" we have

bequeathed to us a rich legacy which it is not only our duty to guard with "miser care," but to hand down to future generations intact—improved by the musical culture of the age in which we live. In closing the book may I ask the reader to join with me in singing—

"Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nìos sinn nuair bha sinn fo leòn;
'S i dh' ionnsaich sinn tràth ann an làithean ar n-òig',
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an laigh sinn fo'n fhòid."

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